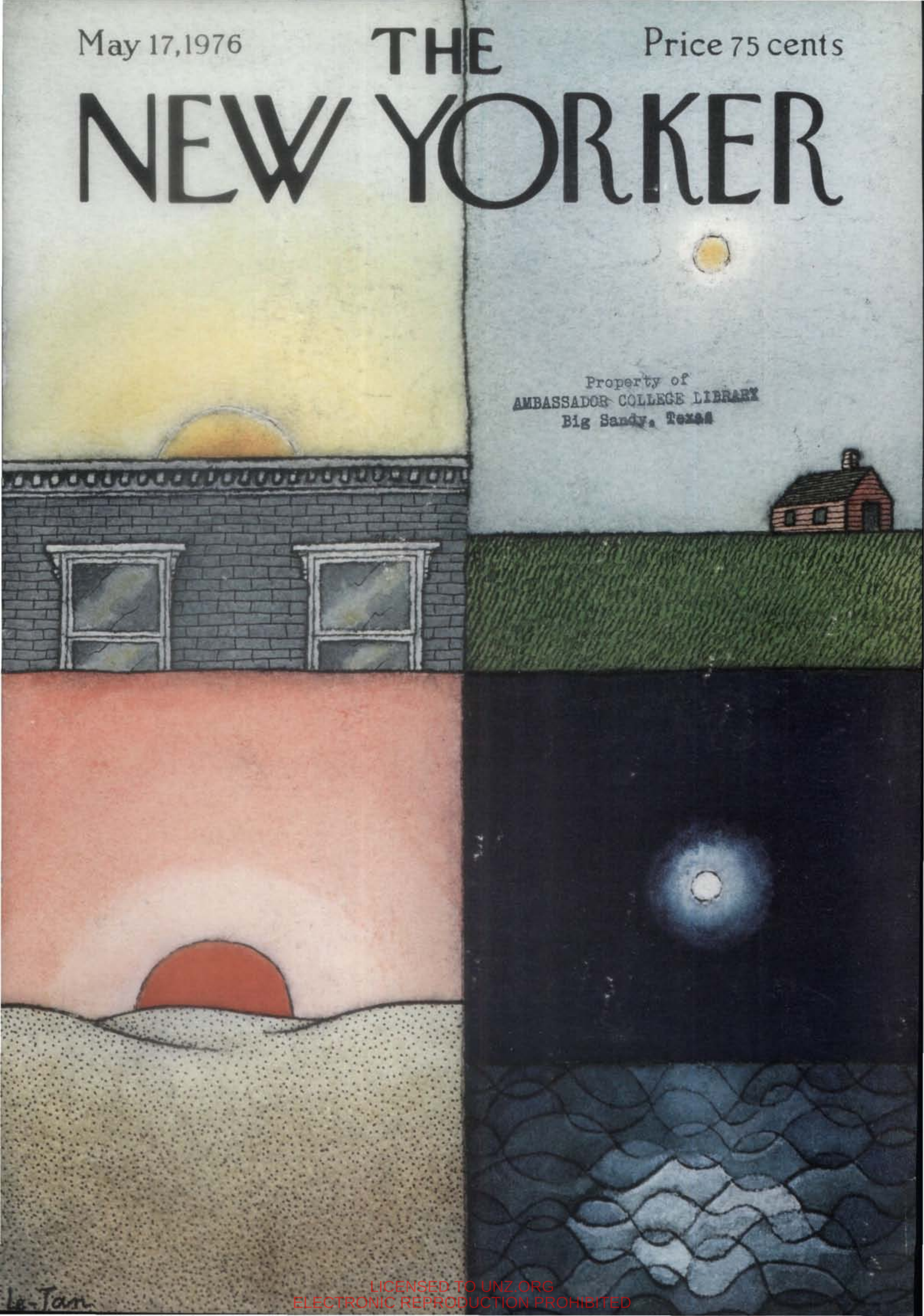
May 17, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

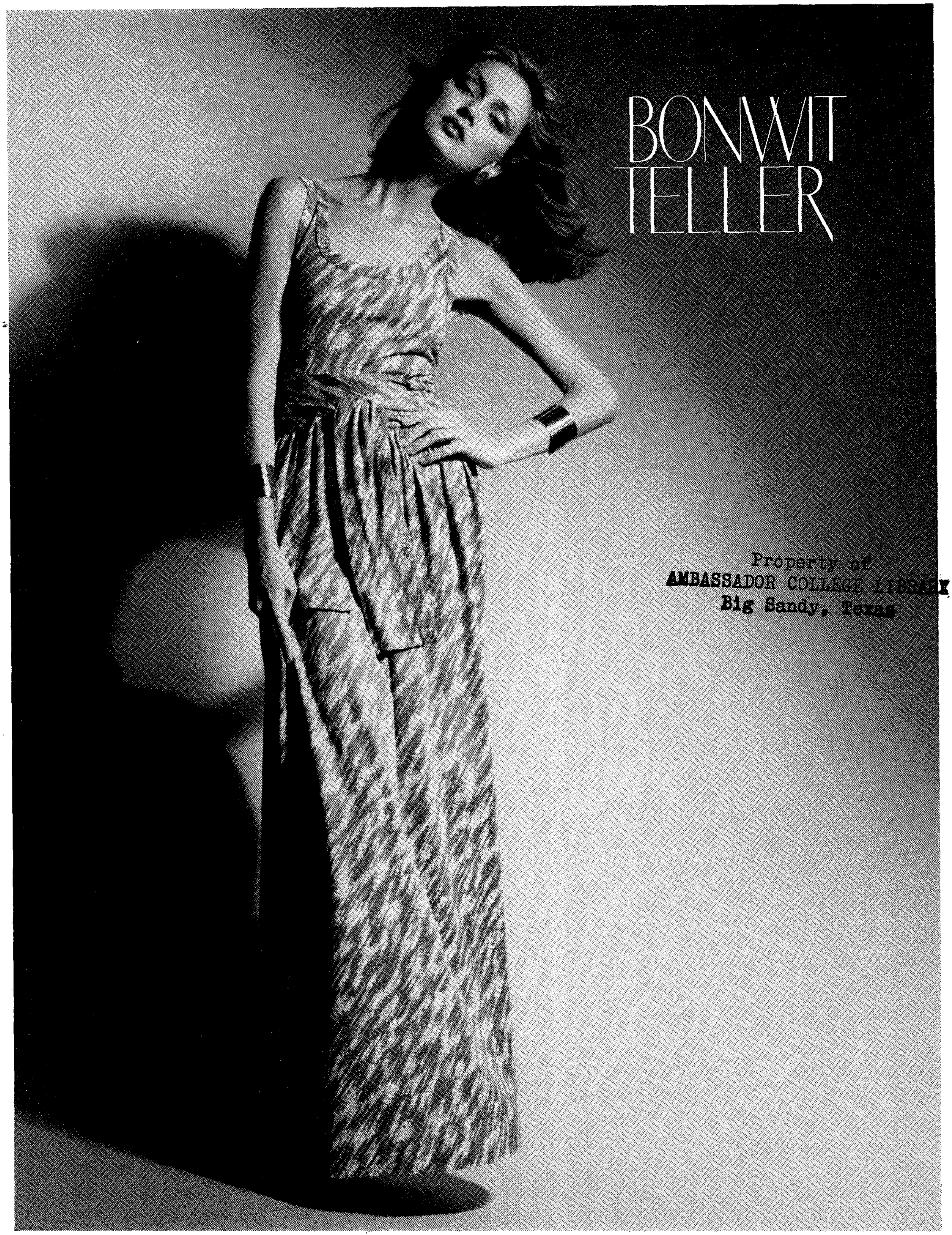
Price 75 cents



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

A legend in its own time. Waterford is still blown by mouth and cut wholly by hand. The light of your life. Waterford® Crystal.
Free Booklet. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10040

WATERFORD® ILLUMINATES.



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

It's barely summer. But Diane Von Furstenberg has the Tank with enough style for a month of sun days. Perfect for lounging, evening and travel. Just slip on, obi self-sash and go! Cotton and rayon knit in red and white or marine blue and white for 4 to 14 sizes, 98.00 (in Beverly Hills 100.00) Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable. Sport Dresses Bonwit Teller Fifth Ave. at 56th, New York and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris is all the people onstage in this sortie into the life of Emily Dickinson. Though never Miss Dickinson, Miss Harris reads the Dickinson verses well. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Cherry Orchard—Kim Hunter in a revival of the Chekhov play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Des Journées Entières dans les Arbres—A one-and-a-half-week engagement of the Jean-Louis Barrault production, written by Marguerite Duras, and starring Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesday through Friday, May 12-14, at 8, and final performances Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 8.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Wednesday, May 12, at 2 and 8: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8; and Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 3; Tuesday, May 18, at 8; and Wednesday, May 19, at 2 and 8: H. M. S. PINAFORE. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, May 23.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. Reopens Friday, May 14. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical FOLLIES is the last in this season's series of productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

In the Wine Time—All the action of Ed Bullins' remarkable play, which was first done in Harlem in 1968, takes place in a black slum back in the fifties, and the dialogue is the heightened, poetic street language that is all his own. The production, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perfectly matches the script in feeling and spirit. Robert Christian gives a wonderful performance as the cussing, constantly drinking, humorous, heroic hero, and among the other good actors are Loretta Greene as his wife, and Richard Gant, Martha Short-Goldsen, Alvin Alexis, and Marilyn Randall. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave is well worth mooning over in this late play by Ibsen. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Legend—A new comedy by Samuel Taylor, starring Elizabeth Ashley, F. Murray Abraham, and George Dzundza. Robert Drivas directed. Preview Wednesday, May 12. Opens officially on Thursday, May 13. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Das Lusitania Songspiel: The Theatre Songs of Bertolt Brecht and Titanic—A double bill made up of a musical curtain-raiser, with lyrics by Christopher Durang and music by Stephen Sondheim and four other composers, followed by a black comedy by Mr. Durang. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Saturdays at 5, and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"THE TOGETHER DUDE" . . . . *Charles McGrath and Daniel Menaker* 34
"HEAT" . . . . *Jean Rhys* 36
PROFILES (GANDHI—II) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 38
"MELODIC TRAINS" (POEM) . . . . *John Ashbery* 40
"GIN" (POEM) . . . . *David St. John* 52
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 124
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 125
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C. (JOURNAL—I) . . . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 126
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 159
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 162
BOOKS . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 168
BRIEFLY NOTED 170

COVER: *Pierre Le-Tan*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, Edward Frascino, Donald Reilly, Arnie Levin, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey, Eugène Mihaesco, Lee Lorenz, Jack Ziegler, John Norment, Ed Fisher, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, William Steig, Dean Vietor, George Booth, Edward Koren, Al Ross, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, Charles Barsotti, William Hamilton, Dana Fradon*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LII, No. 13, May 17, 1976. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1976 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $24.00.

© 1976 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Beauty in the open air begins with healthy looking hair.

Estée Lauder's Azurée Hair Improvement Series for all the summer reasons.

The sun. The salt water. The heat. The humidity. The hardest season on your hair is here. And here is all the help you need for now, for all seasons:

Azurée Extra Moisturizing Creme Shampoo
for hair that's extremely dry, damaged, bleached.

Azurée Extra Fullness Oil Reducing Shampoo
for normal to oily hair that needs extra body.

Azurée Single Application Natural Shampoo
for hair that needs frequent but gentle shampooing.

Azurée Herbal Pack Hair Conditioner
for damaged hair that needs a heavy-duty treatment.

Azurée Protein Structurizer
for hair that needs extra body, extra strength.

New Azurée Natural Hair Spray (Non-aerosol)
for all hairstyles that need gentle holding power.

Estée Lauder

musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each complete in itself and presented at succeeding performances, make up one great big play. The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, May 12, at 2; Friday, May 14, as well as Monday, May 17, and Wednesday, May 19, at 8; and Saturday, May 22, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, May 12, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 2; and Tuesday, May 18, as well as Thursday, May 20, and Saturday, May 22, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, May 13, and Saturday, May 15, at 8; Wednesday, May 19, at 2; and Friday, May 21, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Old Glory—A trilogy of plays ("Endecott and the Red Cross," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and "Benito Cereno") by Robert Lowell that are being performed as a single, double, or triple bill: **ENDECOTT AND THE RED CROSS** and **MY KINSMAN, MAJOR MOLINEUX:** Wednesday, May 12, at 1:30, and Sunday, May 16, at 8. . . . **TRILOGY:** Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 7; Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 6; and Sunday, May 16, at 1:30. . . . **BENITO CERENO:** Thursday, May 13, and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30; Tuesday through Friday, May 18-21, at 8; and Saturday, May 22, at 1:30 and 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Pacific Overtures—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pokey—The two characters in this splendid, lively one-acter by Stephen Black are a rock star who wakes up with a hangover in the jail of a small Texas town, and her wary, personable young jailer. The commendable actors are Laura Esterman and John Heard, and the commendable director is Lynne Meadow. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

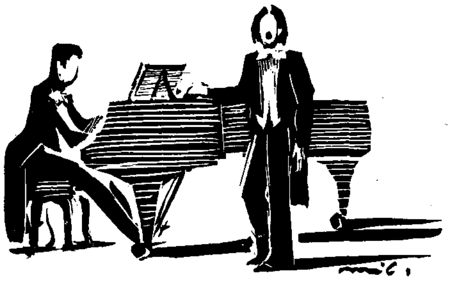
The Primary English Class—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. Jill Eikenberry gives a fine, strong performance in the leading role. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rex—Nicol Williamson looks, as usual, twice lifesize and has been well costumed by John Conklin; everything else in this musical about Henry VIII and his pursuit of a male heir is curiously meagre and emotionless. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue in the leading roles. Austin Pendleton directed. Previews through Monday, May 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 18. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 12, and Saturdays, at 2:30.)

Serenading Louie—This play by Lanford Wilson about a pair of Yale alumni whose marriages are falling apart is very frail indeed. It is almost saved by the performance, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, but not quite. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 19, at 2:30.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—In the Groves of Academe dwell many dragons. Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara are the leading dragons in this production of the harsh and very funny Albee play, directed by the author. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. Winner of a Pulitzer Prize. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS,** 6,681 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10 and 7:30; Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 13, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Thursday, May 13, at 10 and 7:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 12, at 8:45: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack" (preview). A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8: "Piano Concerto in G Major," "Union Jack"

A suit for long seasons

Gabar and Tom Brigance team together to make you look as nice in August as in May. Floral pattern on the left is $40, comes in contrasting greens on shocking pink or blues on burnt orange. Matching cover-up is $36. On right, white snow leaf twines through bright blue background with cheerful green accents. $38 for the suit, $8 for matching scarf. Even sizes 8-18. Mail orders: MF&S, Wianno Plaza, Osterville, Mass. 02655. Please add $1.50 for handling.

MARK FORE & STRIKE
INC.

A world of beautiful resort fashions
for Ladies and Gentlemen.

PALM BEACH • DELRAY BEACH • NAPLES • SARASOTA • WINTER PARK
CHATHAM • OSTERVILLE • EAST HAMPTON • BAY HEAD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(première), and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Firebird," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2: "Jewels." ... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 1: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Dybbuk Variations," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 7: "Bugaku," "An Evening's Waltzes," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in Three Movements." ... ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: "Firebird," "Square Dance," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

ROYAL BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 12: "Elite Syncopations" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "The Dream" and "Song of the Earth."... ¶ Friday evening, May 14, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 15: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 5—Tuesday, May 18, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 879-9779), and Wednesday, May 19, at 2 and 8: "La Sylphide," "The Lesson," and Act III of "Napoli."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8, and Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "Liberian Suite," and "Black, Brown, and Beige."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Hidden Rites," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Echoes in Blue," "Reflections in D," "Caravan," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Hidden Rites," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Black, Brown, and Beige."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 16: "Echoes in Blue," "Reflections in D," "Black, Brown, and Beige," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 16: "Caravan," "The Mooche," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 18: "Black, Brown, and Beige," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 19: "Streams," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Liberian Suite." ... ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "Caravan," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 21: "Hidden Rites," "The Mooche," and "Black, Brown, and Beige."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Caravan," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 22: "Black, Brown, and Beige," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 23.)

ODORI FESTIVAL OF JAPAN—A program of dance, drama, and folk songs. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and, on the bandstand, mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Trumpeter **ART FARMER**, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **SAM JONES**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** are the musicians through Saturday, May 15. Beginning Wednesday, May 19, **MIKE LONGO**, a pianist and Dizzy Gillespie alumnus, will head up a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and his band, the Eleventh House, wind up on Thursday, May 13. Friday through Sunday, May 14-16, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, a wry, witty lyricist and a humorously gyrating performer, trades sets with the Pousette-Dart string band. On Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, Elliott Murphy and his band perform some fine rock numbers. On Thursday, May 20, saxophonist Eddie Harris will arrive with his energetic crew. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Pianist Tom Garvin and bassist Dennis Erwin perform through Saturday, May 15. Pianist John Hicks will arrive with his bassist on Monday, May 17. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one.... ¶ Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-thirty most weeknights.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD**, who are, along with Dory Previn, Malvina Reynolds, and others, minstrels for the women's movement, share the facilities with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

BAR
IN PERSON
Getz

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, May 18, Carrie Smith will sing along with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 16, soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER** and their quintet, Soprano Summit, will work out from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but first-rate jazzmen and quite a few of their admirers are crowded together inside. **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, Ellington's drummer for thirty-odd years; and a third swing-oriented player get together Sundays through Tuesdays. Wednesdays through Saturdays, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Music from ten to three. On Sunday, May 16, Chiasson and Little will team up with pianist Hal Galper from five to two. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club—even though it looks more like Orson's, its uptown counterpart. Right now it's presenting (through Saturday, May 15) trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN'S** quartet at ten and midnight. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Although **ROY ELDRIDGE** will take a couple of weeks' leave after Wednesday, May 12, his accompanists—Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—will linger. Max Kaminsky will fill in for Eldridge for four nights—Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, and Monday, May 17. **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** will take on the bandleader duties for a week, beginning Tuesday, May 18. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CAROL SLOANE** is a horn singer who improvises constantly and who loves to scat—scat-singing being the closest a singer can get to sounding like a horn. She is also a feverish performer. She smiles, dances, and keeps time with whatever part of her geography is at work. She is accompanied by **AL COHN**, **NORMAN SIMMONS**, **GEORGE MRAZ**, and **RON TRAXLER**, who get generous, and welcome, solo space. Through Saturday, May 15. On Tuesday, May 18, the great **JOE VENUTI** will return to these quarters, bringing with him pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, guitarist **AL CAIOLA**, and bassist **AL HALL.** Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

ORSON'S, 112 Central Park S. (265-6850)—A new three-part affair—a large dining room in back, a connecting bar and hallway, and a large music foyer that pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** calls home every night but Sunday. Music from nine to two. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—

Exclusivity? Ours alone.
Initials? Yours alone.

Crouch & Fitzgerald.
Where status gets down to cases.

Polished natural jute tweed, supple cowhide,
suede cloth lining, uncompromising construction.
For men and women who take pride in quality.

Flap case with two
inside gusseted pockets,
outside open back pocket.
Unusual imported
brass lock,
solid brass fittings.
17 x 11. **$95.**

Top-zipper and gusseted
single compartment
with personal pouch pocket.
Disappearing handles,
removable shoulder strap.
17 x 11. **$60.**

Two outside open pockets, top-zippered center
compartment with personal pouch-pocket inside.
Disappearing handles, removable shoulder strap.
17 x 11. **$85.**

Crouch & Fitzgerald
NEW YORK SINCE 1839
400 Madison Avenue (48th St.) N.Y., N.Y. 10017 ■ (212) PL 5-5888

Mail and phone orders filled promptly. Please order by style and price. Free shipping within our 50 mile U.P. Zone radius. Outside please add $1.75. N.Y.C. residents add 8% tax. N.Y. State, add taxes applicable. American Express and all major credit cards honored. Please indicate card name, number and expiration date. Complimentary monogramming and gift wrapping.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pianist Barry Miles and his quartet, Silverlight, perform through Sunday, May 16. On Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, ex-Byrd Chris Hillman will come in with his country-rock group. On Wednesday, May 19, Billy Swan, a Nashville recording fixture for years, will begin his renditions of such fine rockabilly songs as "Lover Please" (which he wrote), "Don't Be Cruel," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll." Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**Hank Jones**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**Sy Oliver's** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a frenetic singer and comedienne, goes on at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Sundays in this appealing cabaret. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This very pleasant upper West Side retreat presents a worthwhile assortment of jazz musicians almost every night, including its Sunday-night special—**Chuck Wayne** and **Joe Puma** guitar duets. On Mondays, **Dave Matthews's** twelve-piece aggregation squeezes into the nook that serves as a bandstand. Saxophonist Eddie Daniels pilots a lively combo on Thursdays; on Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, vibraharpist Vera Auer works with a trio; and **Chet Baker**, who has returned from some four months of gigging around Europe, will bring back his quartet on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 18-19. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Snacks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The farsighted management keeps extending the guitar festival that has been going on here for nearly three months. **John Abercrombie**, a young guitarist to keep your eye on, works with a trio that is a bit far out and pointlessly lyrical. He'll be around through Saturday, May 15; Sunday through Tuesday, May 16-18, Bob Yelin will be the featured player; and beginning Wednesday, May 19, **Ted Dunbar** and two noteworthy colleagues—bassist **Ron Carter** and pianist **Kenny Barron**—will exchange ideas. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. The best things going on here currently include tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's quintet, which performs on Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13; trombonist **Roswell Rudd** and his ensemble, Friday through Sunday, May 14-16; saxophonist Rene McLean (son of Jackie) and *his* group, Tuesday through Thursday, May 18-20; and, on Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, bassist **Cecil McBee** and his Latin-jazz sextet. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The very fine guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and his quartet finish up on Sunday, May 16. On Monday, May 17, and for the rest of that week, sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—known collectively for some ten years as the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** band—will trickle in, assemble themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand (which barely accommodates them), and light into some rousing, hard-hitting material, and sometimes a ballad or two. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer and drummer **Mel Tormé** and drummer and black belt **Buddy Rich** share the Empire Room through Saturday, May 15. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine and midnight. Rich's sixteen-piece organization helps out. Dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: on Mondays and Tuesdays, **Eddie Durham**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric guitarists, heads up a quartet. On Wednesdays, **Jo Jones**, who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience the whole time, is here with a robust foursome. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **Buddy Tate**, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Flutist **Richard Clay**, bassist **Ron Carter**, pianist **Kenny Barron**, and drummer **Al Foster** finish up here on Saturday, May 15. On Wednesday, May 19, pianist Norman Simmons; Major Holley, a Slam Stewart-inspired bassist; and drummer Richard Pratt will come in. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **Jaki Byard**. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Dick Cone is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 12, at 5:45: **Adam Darius**, mime. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 5:45: **Kaleria Fedicheva**, ballet dancer.

Randy Weston—With the Collective Black Artists Ensemble in a program of his music. (Town Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8.)

Raphael—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, May 19, at 8 and 11.

Nektar—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, May 21, at 8 and 11:30.

Return to Forever (with Chick Corea)—Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Old fuddy-duddies, crafty infants, and characters in between, sculpted about half life-size in linen mâché and trimmed with real accoutrements (spectacles, roller skates, hats, baseball mitts, medals, champagne glasses) suitable to their age and station, make up this exhibition, which is dominated by a preposterous motor vehicle called the "Franklin E. Neubury Dream Mobile," with an Edwardian-looking driver and a pint-size hanger-on in a droopy petticoat who carries a parasol. Through June 12. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings. Through June 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—It seems odd that these abstract, Constructivist paintings, with their skillfully arranged clockworks of checks and balances, should already have acquired the aura of quaint antique pieces. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leland Bell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by a figurative painter who leans toward bold patterns and has an almost choreographic sense of rhythm. Through May 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Booth—Cartoons and drawings, many of them involving the cats and dogs with electric emotions who play such a prominent role in his works. Through Saturday, May 15. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit, constituting a survey of nearly half a century of work by this artist, who is now seventy-two. Early paintings, including cityscapes and social-conscious canvases, are at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and works on paper, including some of his recent mystical, colored drawings dotted with egg-shaped symbols, are a couple of doors up the street, at Carus, 1044 Madison Ave. Through May 29.

Enrico Donati—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through May 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Oil paintings with a soft color-field quality, subdued in both size and color compared with his previous dramatic works; a couple of these new ones suggest earth and sky making preparations for a rainbow, and in others the rainbow seems to have broken into bits. Through May 29. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases, plus two circular sculptures in wood. Through June 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jean Hélion—This lively French artist was a friend of both Mondrian and Léger, and in this show, which begins with his early abstract period and moves on to his current representational works, the influences of both men are discernible, as is a pronounced Gallic élan. Through Saturday, May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Hans Hokanson—Large carved-wood sculptures, among them an oversize duck and a nine-foot tenpin. Through May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Hultberg—Landscape paintings suggestive of futuristic cities. Through June 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Agnes Martin—A double exhibit of this artist's large, delicate abstractions. Early works, most of them six feet square, done between 1961 and 1966 and exploring the possibilities of a small grid pattern, are at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through June 2), and the later canvases, all six feet square, of pale stripes, are at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through May 29).

Knox Martin—Erotic drawings based on Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." Through May 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Maggie McCurdy—Creatures of a happy sort of underworld, combining gnomes and beasts that reflect Mayan, Assyrian, Gothic, and fantasy-land mythology. Printed on cloth, they are stuffed and then installed, like bas-reliefs, in fitting environments of their own, made of wood and small oxidized-steel plates. Through Saturday, May 22. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Jules Olitski—Life drawings in crayon and charcoal. Through June 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Portraits and Maine and Hamptons landscapes in oil and watercolor, done in his easygoing representational style and completed last year. Through May 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors of coastal scenes in Canada and Martha's Vineyard, and deep-forest vistas in New Jersey. Through May 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

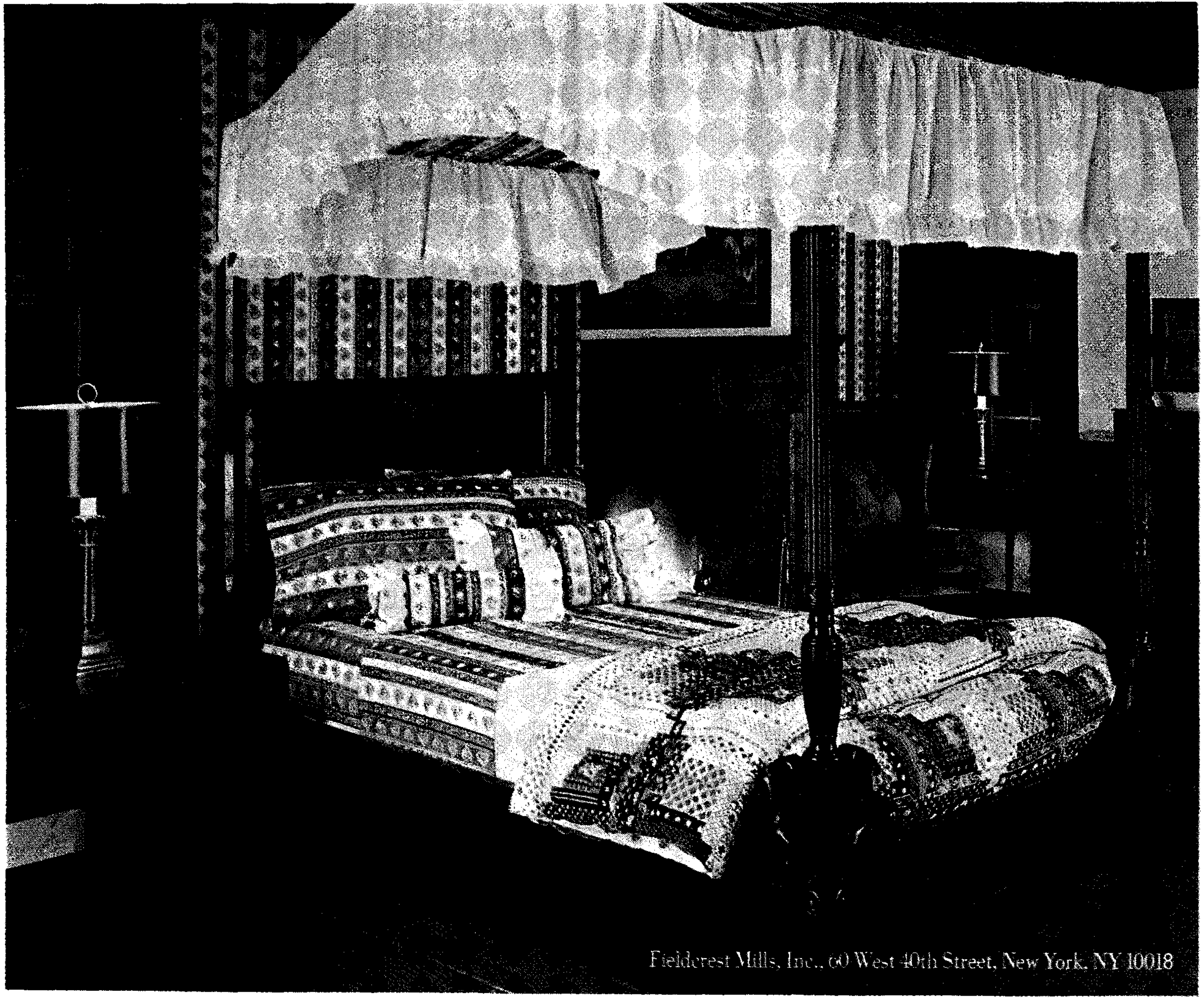
Joseph Shannon—Realist paintings of groups of figures in such places as offices, art galleries, and waiting rooms. Through June 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Oil-on-paper figure studies, first solo show in New York. Through May

American Commemorative

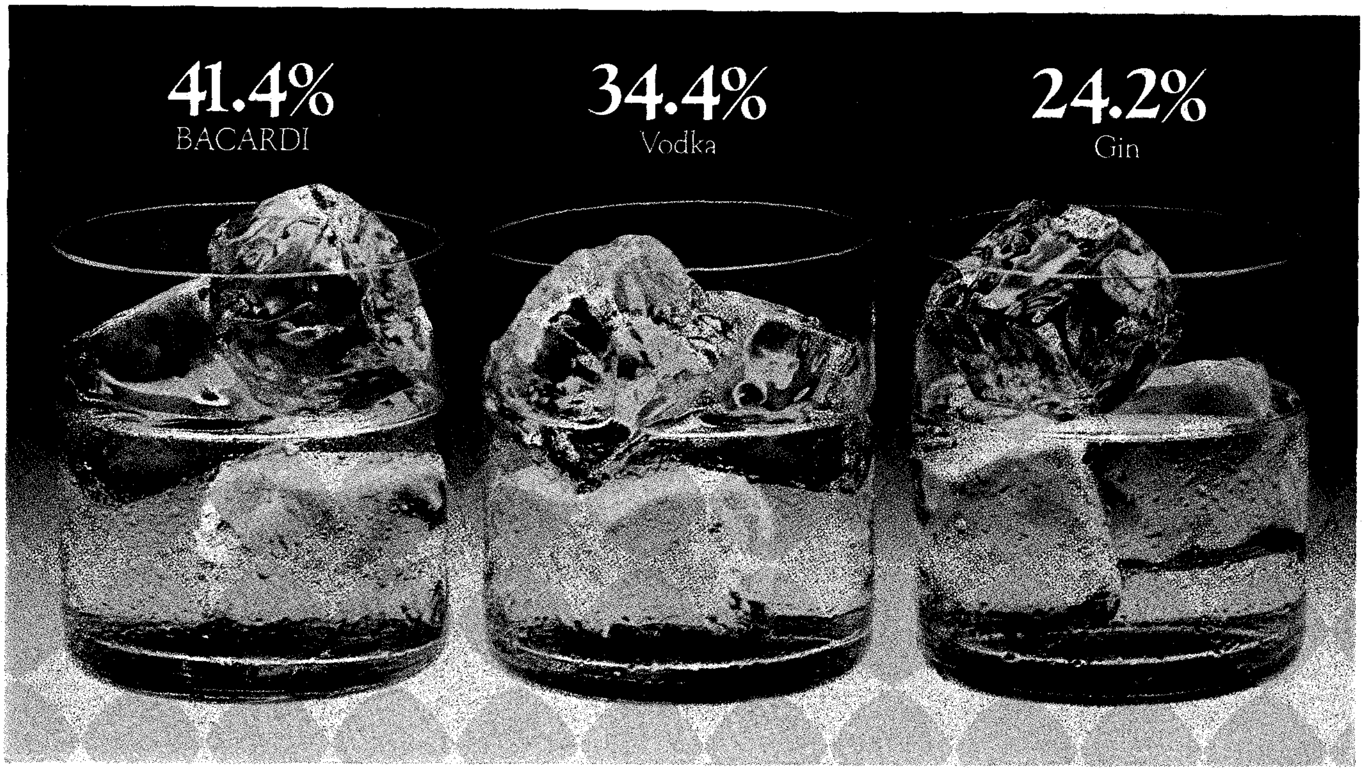
The Smithsonian Institution provides design inspiration for American Commemorative, a new bed and bath collection from Fieldcrest. The design is based upon an authentic quilt which was used in the Middle West during the 19th century. The original, called a "log cabin" quilt, was fashioned from small strips of fabric, intricately cut and pieced together like the logs in a cabin to form an overall design of richly contrasting colors. Blended into the pattern is a flower motif and other designs from nature common to quilts of this type. Here, to make a lasting impression of beauty, quality and authenticity, is American Commemorative—a classic and contemporary collection of towels, sheets, pillow cases, comforter and other accessories for the American home of today.

Fieldcrest®



Fieldcrest Mills, Inc., 60 West 40th Street, New York, NY 10018

Bacardi rum tops vodka and gin in the ultimate martini test.



The Ultimate Martini test?

It's one in which there aren't any olives, lemon twists or even the slightest hint of vermouth to change the basic liquor taste.

It's just ice and the liquor itself.

Which is exactly how 550 drinkers in 21 cities tasted a leading gin, a leading vodka and Bacardi rum in an independent taste test.

And without knowing which was which, 41.4% of them preferred Bacardi, 34.4% vodka, 24.2% gin.

Why Bacardi? Smoothness and taste, we were told. And for a dry martini, there just aren't better reasons. So put in your vermouth and your olive. And enjoy!

Taste a winner. The Bacardi rum martini.

BACARDI® rum. FOR DETAILED TEST RESULTS, WRITE DEPT. MT. BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FL. 33137. RUM 80 PROOF.
BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud / Dennis Clive—Life drawings and dizzying landscapes of the steep streets of San Francisco, where the artist now lives. Also his more familiar cakes. / Bright-colored ceramic models of trailer trucks executed by a Pennsylvania artist who has an eye for the monster quotient in these highway juggernauts. Through May 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A pastel by Christo, a gouache by Magritte, and a sculpture by Anthony Caro are among the works on view. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by a group that includes Lee Adler and Legh Myers. Through May 28.... **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: New works by contemporary artists Helen Hoie, Clyde Lynds, and others. Through May 26.... **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A benefit show on loan from the Brooklyn Museum. Among the forty-two oils and watercolors in this survey of American painting are works by John Singleton Copley, Thomas Eakins, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Sheeler. Through May 29.... **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A sample of work by five artists—Dubuffet, Calder, Picasso, Miró, and Milton Avery. Through Saturday, May 22.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through June 25.... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian and Southeast Asian stone and bronze sculptures and Indian miniature paintings, all dating from the third century through the nineteenth. Through May 29.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Examples (by Ingres, David, Clodion, and others) of French neoclassical paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 15.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists whose works in various mediums are on view. Through June 30.

The Cuzco Circle—A glowing collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them, but with some surprising touches of their own; for instance, Barachiel, a fine figure of an archangel in his padded Flemish brocades, carries a ponderous musket. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **CHRIS BURDEN** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **HANNE DARBOVEN** at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **STEVEN GLUCKSBERG** at Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **PETER MILLER** at Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Beauchamp—Large color-field paintings, plus a series of self-portraits. Through June 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Button—Representational gouache paintings of buildings in the West. Through June 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Max Ernst (1891-1976)—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 29. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Thomas George—Brush-and-ink drawings by an American artist whose depictions of Norwegian mountains indirectly led to an invitation to China, where he happily worked away, in Kwangsi Province, on those snaggletooth peaks peculiar to Chinese landscapes. The result is a nice blend of Western energy and Eastern subject matter. Through Saturday, May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Abstract paintings and drawings done between 1930 and 1940. Through May 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jerome Hill (1905-72)—Post-Impressionist paintings by the bon-vivant grandson of the railroad baron Jim Hill; among his mentors were Bonnard, Signac, and Prendergast, whose influences show strongly in his works, and who are represented here by paintings of their own, which were part of Hill's personal collection. Through May 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	12	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Robert Indiana—Cutouts, mostly in red, white, and blue paper, of costume and stage settings for a forthcoming out-of-town production of the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera "The Mother of Us All." Through May 29. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jack Lubin—Figurative and landscape paintings. Through June 1. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Pousette-Dart / I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—Recent works by this master of glimmering surfaces, whose "Presences," as he calls them, now include a stark black disc on a relatively flat background, entitled "Circle of Night." Through Saturday, May 15. / About fifty paintings covering all phases of this geometric abstractionist's career and pointing up the symbols she employed in her canvases. Through Saturday, May 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Susan Shatter—Huge watercolors (the largest is just under nine feet long) of huge subjects—the Grand Canyon and other stretches of the Colorado River—by an artist who warmed up for the task by painting the rocky shores of Greece, one example of which is present in the current show. Note: In the front room of the gallery is a display of sixty-six eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Indian miniature paintings, showing multiple-armed heroes conquering hideous monsters without a change of their serene expressions. Through Saturday, May 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Todd—Recent abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through May 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A thirty-three-foot-long still-life comprised of four shaped canvases; the shapes of the canvases are determined by the subjects—a set of automobile keys, a toothbrush, a cigarette, and a ring with a ruby-red stone. Altogether, it must be the largest still-life in the whole history of Pop Art. Also, new additions to his series on cigarette smokers. Through Saturday, May 22. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Drawings, paintings, and constructions with a strong flavor of Wild West fantasies done by a California artist who writes long messages on his works and has a taste for bad puns ("Vague-a-Bond" and "He Ain't My Heavy, He's My Other") and a sort of cowboy disdain for the niceties of craftsmanship. Through Saturday, May 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A three-dimensional caricature of lower Manhattan and parts of mid-Manhattan, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists. It can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit for the City of New York, which needs the money. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of American landscape painting by six artists, including William Thon and Robert Vickrey. Through May 28.... **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibition arranged by gallery director Jock Truman (who has been planning it for two years) of work by seventeen artists who have broken new ground by not going along with any given aesthetic concept but by making things they couldn't *not* make. The show is entitled "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art," which perfectly describes (to make a selection) Bruce Robbins' set of four seven-foot ladders, lovingly constructed of wood, metal, leather, gesso, and so on; Jeffrey Lew's huge sheet-iron books, with marbled-looking end pages but no words; and Rex Lau's hobo signs, which were transcribed from the originals and painted on plaster cutouts. Through Saturday, May 15.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Bader / Jean Nikolić—A new crop of paintings by this superrealist who specializes in diners and is constantly finding rare species along the roadside. / So-called "verbal paintings," which in this instance means words scrawled in wet paint or with wet paint. Sometimes there seems to be a relationship between the color and the message; "Stained Bananas" is done in yellow. Through Saturday, May 15. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—A single large work consisting of enamel applied to steel plates. Through June 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Maude Boltz—Wall pieces made of laminated wood hung with curtains of braided ribbon and suggestive of American Indian decorations, plus folded and pressed sheets of paper stained with watercolors. Through Wednesday, May 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Brenda Corbin—Abstract sculptures in mixed mediums. Through May 29. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Bernard Dreyfuss / Helaine Blumenfeld—Wall and floor pieces that combine painting and sculpture and seem at first glance to have been painted with streaks of fire and glazed over with a marblelike surface; closer inspection shows that the otherwise abstract patterns are made up of drawings of brooms, which seem to be an obsession with the artist. ("My Wife Was a Witch" is the title of one work.) / Eight pieces of sensuous, writhing bronze and marble sculpture, some of them in units and others done in groups that fit together in a variety of ways. Through Saturday, May 22. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

David Hare—The myth of Cronus is the theme of these new paintings and sculptures. Through June 8. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Alan Kessler / Caroline Gassner Kaplowitz—Realist paintings of plants in foil-wrapped flower pots. / Carved-wood sculptures of boxes that look as if their tops are being pushed open by a liquid overflow (also carved wood). Through Wednesday, May 19. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Large, glistening sculptures in aluminum and stainless steel, usually involving two geometric shapes nested together—a half moon cradled in a precisely congruent arc, for instance. Through May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene Street.)

Paul Rotterdam—Shaped canvases, painted a dull black, that have some of the bleak quality of closed iron shutters, and drawings done in black graphite, that evoke the same cold, locked-out feeling. Through May 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

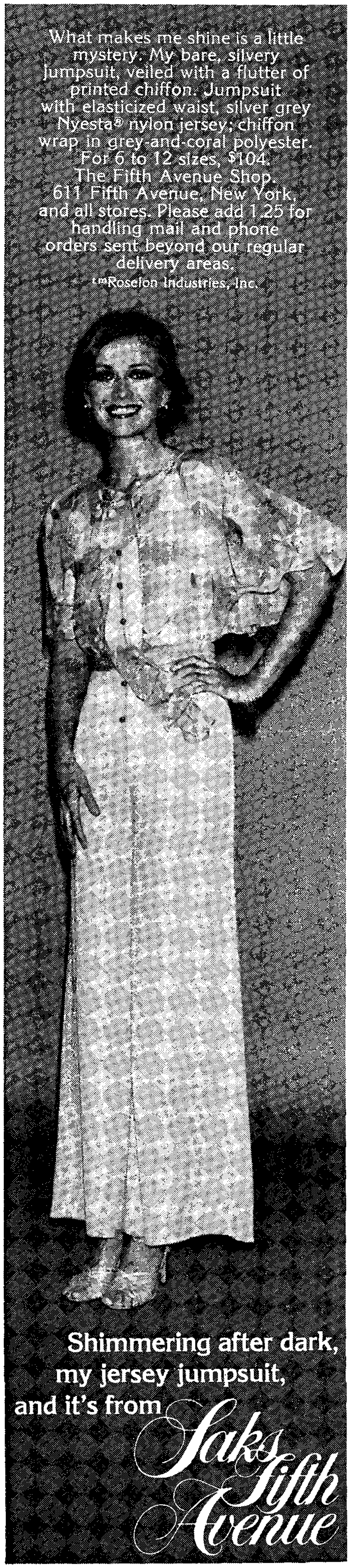
Betye Saar—Small boxes trimmed with tiny dolls, tinsel butterflies, faded photographs, bits of lace, worn spectacles, and so on, which evoke a sort of musty nostalgia. Through May 29. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—A re-creation of a piece from Cornell University's 1968 "Earth Art Show," consisting of a group of mirrors (about two feet square) with rock salt poured on them, and related drawings and photographs. Through Wednesday, May 19. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Fumio Yoshimura—Seven full-size bicycles carved from raw lindenwood—chain, sprocket, spokes, tires, and all—and hanging from the ceiling introduce this show of incredibly intricate wood carving; other pieces include an antiquated Remington upright typewriter, complete in every detail; a long, leafy avocado stem sprouting from a seed; the skeleton of a large grouper; and a shopping cart loaded with a bag of groceries and an umbrella. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: A show of members' work in stone, wood, plastic, and other mediums. Through June 5.... **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Naoto Nakagawa, sculptures by Avital Oz, and paintings and sculptures by Paul von Ringelheim. Through Saturday, May 15.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **THEODATE COATES-JEFFERSON** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **NAN MEYER** and **CHRISTOPHER SUND** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **ANNA THORNHILL** at Maisel,



What makes me shine is a little mystery. My bare, silvery jumpsuit, veiled with a flutter of printed chiffon. Jumpsuit with elasticized waist, silver grey Nyesta® nylon jersey; chiffon wrap in grey-and-coral polyester. For 6 to 12 sizes, $104. The Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.
tmRoselon Industries, Inc.

Shimmering after dark, my jersey jumpsuit, and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

141 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrett—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Friday, May 21. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Don Freeman—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Wallace French—Wall sculptures based on rectangular arrangements of elongated geometrical shapes cut out of wood and enamelled, plus preparatory drawings for the sculptures. Through May 28. (Berman, a gallery that shares a warren-like office with an architectural firm at 9 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through June 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Judith Shahn, Benny Andrews, and five other artists. Through Saturday, May 22. (Glass, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

●

Nancy Crampton—The image of a writer, painter, or musician that becomes fixed in the public imagination is often the result of a single, strong photograph—such as Man Ray's solarized profile of the young Marcel Duchamp, Arnold Newman's portrait of Igor Stravinsky leaning on an open concert grand, and Richard Avedon's study of the pain of Ezra Pound. This exhibition reveals Nancy Crampton to be one of the most artful of young image-makers working today, and includes portraits of Alexander Calder, Willem de Kooning, Claes Oldenburg, Philip Johnson, Norman Mailer, John Updike, Anne Sexton, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Susan Sontag, and many other famous figures in the arts. Among Crampton's most vivid conceptions are Louise Nevelson standing with three of her sculptures, seeming to be part of the one she is standing behind, and looking like a stern, aged priestess in her heavy makeup, turban, and floor-length mink coat; Tom Wolfe, in a white suit and vest, insolently posed in front of an elegant town-house door, with the pleased look on his face of one who has just pushed an old lady down the stairs; Alexander Calder, a small, inconsequential figure lost in the incredible, mad mess of wires, ropes, strings, tools, and debris that fills his studio; and Susan Sontag, dressed like a male flamenco dancer and sitting, in an elegant, assertive arrangement of limbs, on a low table in front of a Futurist-style Olivetti poster, with a clear, direct expression on her face—a picture that looks like a passage from the subject's writings. There is a picture of John Lennon and Yoko Ono at a dinner table which is more memorable for the peculiar-looking food on the table (the only recognizable dishes are a banana and what the gallery owner identifies as a sea slug) than for its famous nominal subjects. Through Saturday, May 22. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Lotte Jacobi—Rare vintage portraits done in the thirties by the great German-born photographer of Berlin writers, painters, sculptors, musicians, dancers, and actors, together with portraits made in this country after she came here in 1935 (among them the wonderful picture of Einstein in a black leather jacket, with his hair standing on end, caught in a moment of tender revery as he looks up from his work), plus examples of the "photogenics"—abstractions done with a small flashlight on photosensitive paper—that Miss Jacobi began to experiment with in the forties and that she is said to consider her most significant achievement. Through June 10. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Inge Morath—This show of photographs taken in Spain in the mid-fifties and in Cambodia in 1970 by the distinguished Magnum photographer does not live up to the promise of its dazzling announcement picture—a white horse being led down an empty, palm-lined street in Paloma—and points up the problem of exhibiting photographs that were originally made for publication in magazines or books. A few other exceptions—a portrait of Picasso's sister, an abstract composition of a woman taking a siesta with a newspaper over her face, a mysterious picture of mannequins in a store window, and a study of three women in black dresses, which is also a study in human nature—mitigate the disappointing preponderance of travel-book illustrations. Through May 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Carmen Quesada—The small, delicate, concise pictures of this young photographer are in the conventional art tradition of landscape and street photography but are markedly original and individual. A horse-drawn cart ominously silhouetted against the sky and seen from behind as it is about to go careering over a rise on a road toward some mysterious, unholy destination, and a horizontal view of two small figures making their way across a plain high in an endless eternity of snow-covered mountains are two images that linger in the mind and are like no other photographs one has seen. A group of platinum prints are presented with sketch-like versions of each finished print inserted on the lower-left-hand corner of the mat—to indicate, perhaps, the lengths one must go to today to make platinum prints. Some large pictures that are included in the exhibition entirely lack the stylistic distinction of the smaller works. Through May 30. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

●

Thomas Barrow / Grant Mudford—Prints, both toned (brown or pink) and black-and-white. / Black-and-white photographs of building façades. Through May 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Keith Dobran—Black-and-white photographs of still-life subjects (an avocado, a passionflower), and abstractions. Through Monday, May 17. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Jack Feder—Miniature landscapes and cityscapes. Through Saturday, May 22. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Fred Fehl—Three hundred photographs of dancers, actors, and musicians in performance. Through Sept. 4. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Serve Louvat and Jean de Biré—Prints from the original glass negatives of two turn-of-the-century photographers. Through June 2. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—About a hundred photographs, including portraits, still-lifes, and architectural studies. Through June 19. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs by painters and sculptors, among them Dorothea Rockburne, Sol LeWitt, and George Segal. Through May 28. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Exhibitions of photographs. David Plowden and Michael P. Smith. Through Sunday, May 16. . . . ¶ Clarence John Laughlin and John Klosty. Through June 6. (Open Sundays.) . . . **midtown y gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: Three Mexican photographers—Graciela Iturbide, Paulina Lavista, and Colette Urbajtel. Through Sunday, May 16. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by John Vachon, Richard Gray, and Pedro Luis Raota. Through May 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of cyanotypes—some of them contemporary and some taken as early as the eighteen-eighties—by professionals (such as Clarence White and Bobbi Carrey) and amateurs. Through May 28. . . . **soho photo**, 34 W. 13th St.: Fifty prints by Belgian photographers Jan Colpaert, Carl Uytterhaegen, and Gaston Vermosen, along with works by gallery photographers. Through May 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography "The Photographers' Choice." Through June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine

The best selling foil shaving system in the world is now in America.

Introducing the incomparable eltron™ 660 shaver.

This is the famous foil shaving system made in West Germany by Braun, A.G. It is one of the most painstakingly crafted shaving systems in the world. Perhaps that is why it is also the best selling.

The Eltron 660 shaver not only shaves you close, it also shaves you comfortably. Most shavers offer one or the other. But Braun, with 25 years of experience in the electric shaver field, has engineered an innovative and intelligent solution to both problems.

The electro-formed foil is tissue paper thin and flexible to shave "skin-close". While the smooth platinum coating insures greater shaving comfort. Scientifically designed and patented hexagonal holes and narrow slots trap and cut every kind of hair. And the narrow head shaves you more easily in those difficult areas of the face.

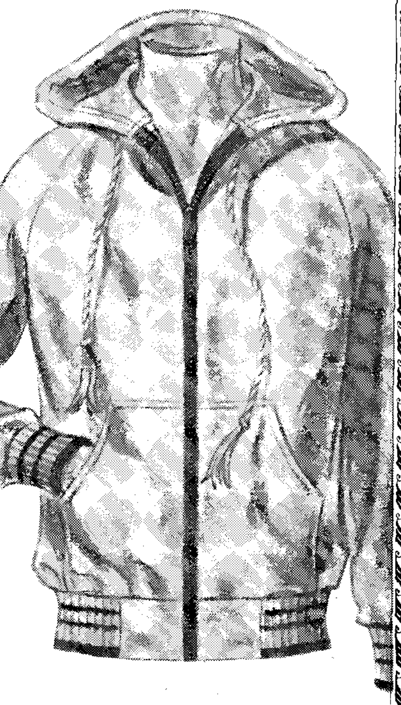
The new Eltron 660 dual voltage (120/220 AC) shaver and its elegant companion, the rechargeable Eltron Intercontinental. Both of such superb quality, they are backed by the longest warranty* offered by any line of shavers.

Now, for the first time, available in fine stores throughout America.

eltron shavers
Made in W. Germany by
BRAUN, A.G.

*Full three year international warranty.

Marketed by: Cambridge Shaver Imports, Inc., Cambridge, MA 02142.



Brooks Brothers

COTTON TERRY

Just the ticket for beach, jogging or lounging around... our new exclusive terry cloth jacket has a zipper front, kangaroo pockets and drawstring hood. In white with navy trim navy with white trim or yellow with navy. Sizes small, medium or large. $22

To order by mail:

Send to ______

Address ______

City ______

State ______ Zip Code ______

Quantity	Size	Color	Price

Brooks Acct. No. ______

American Exp. No. ______

Expiration date ______

Remittance enclosed $ ______

Please add sales tax where applicable. Outside N.Y. United Parcel Delivery Area add $1.50 to cover postage and handling.

☐ Send Charge Account Application

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Starts Thursday, May 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through June 1. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5. . . . ¶ Dance concerts at the museum: The first four of five performances by the Multigravitational Aerodance group, which works in the air on elasticized ropes, Fridays and Saturdays, May 14-15 and 21-22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. (One, more recent, is a celestial-looking throne room constructed by a religious Washington janitor in his spare time and discovered after his death a few years ago.) The exhibit goes on, chronologically, to super-classical statues (Washington as Phidias might have depicted him), Hiram Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, works by the Calders (father and son), and on to David Smith and the earth-works Conceptualists. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Print Making/New Forms" includes works by Rauschenberg, Marisol, and Jody Shields. Through Wednesday, May 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new installation of decorative art objects (American glass and pottery, Chinese Export porcelain, and other pieces) drawn from the Society's collections. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit of the American Ballet Theatre's scenic and costume designs from the last thirty-six years. Through July 24. . . . ¶ Theatre photographs by Fred Fehl. Through Sept. 4. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Abstract paintings and drawings, ceramic sculptures, and wall hangings by Bing Davis. Through June 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing performances of two Verdi operas. "Giovanna d'Arco": Saturday, May 15, at 8; Sunday, May 16, at 2; and Friday, May 21, at 8. . . . ¶ "Requiem": Saturday, May 22, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Scenes from "Faust," "Rigoletto," "La Bohème," and "Lucia di Lammermoor," staged by Harvey Vincent. The second of two performances. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, May 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At AVERY FISHER HALL: Pierre Boulez conducting the final performances of the regular season, Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2; and Saturday, May 15, at 8:30. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of American music on Thursday, May 20, at 8 (with William Warfield, narrator). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting another program of American music on Friday, May 21, at 8 (with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Jerome Lowenthal, piano).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, May 12, at 8: A varied program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8: A performance of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," with Janis Martin, soprano; Isola Jones, mezzo-soprano; Norman Bailey, baritone; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

Montreal Symphony—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 17, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last in a series of concerts of Mozart concertos, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting, with Karla Moe, flute. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Ani Kavafian, violin, who perform without a conductor. Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and Sidney Johnson, tenor, are the

THE ROAD CAR. DRIVE IT!

Above: The Saab GLE. Standard equipment includes a specially designed interior, automatic transmission, power assisted steering, gold-accented die cast aluminum wheels, electric remote controlled outside mirrors. Available only in Sepia Metallic Finish.

There's only one way to find out how good a road car really is.

Drive it.

That way you can find out for yourself if the car is as good as it should be.

With a Saab, for instance, you'll discover it can handle anything the road puts in front of it. Hills. Curves. Or wide open spaces.

And it's easy to handle besides.

The front-wheel drive will give you some new angles on cornering. You'll be pulled, instead of pushed, through every curve. So you'll really feel the road. And the car will hold the road in even the strongest cross winds.

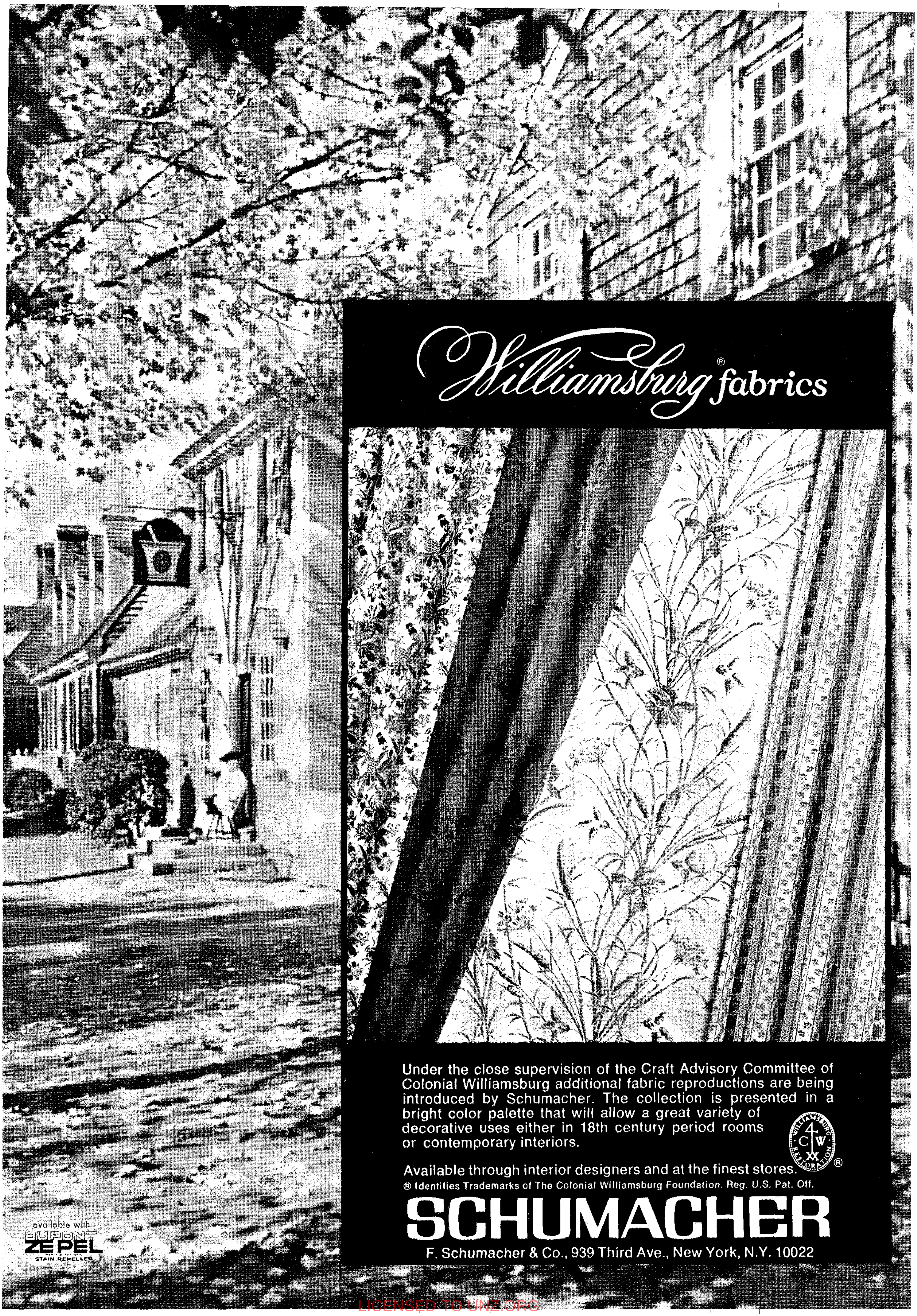
The rack-and-pinion steering will show you how a car can go in exactly the direction you want it to. When you want it to.

And the fuel-injected, 2-liter overhead cam engine will give you the kind of performance you'd only expect from a sports car.

Of course, the Saab has other features, too. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes for fast stops. Manual or automatic transmission. Room for five people. And a rear seat that lets down for extra luggage room.

But to really appreciate a Saab, you have to drive one. So we'd like to invite you to do just that. And see what a real road car is like.

SAAB
THE ROAD CAR.



Williamsburg® fabrics

Under the close supervision of the Craft Advisory Committee of Colonial Williamsburg additional fabric reproductions are being introduced by Schumacher. The collection is presented in a bright color palette that will allow a great variety of decorative uses either in 18th century period rooms or contemporary interiors.

Available through interior designers and at the finest stores.

® Identifies Trademarks of The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SCHUMACHER

F. Schumacher & Co., 939 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 15, at midnight.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Antonia Brico conducting the final concert of the season, with Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 16, at 3.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 2:30.)

The Ensemble of New York—Charles Wuorinen conducting a program of music by John Cage, Jacob Druckman, Jay Gottlieb, and Mr. Wuorinen himself. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

"Samson"—Johannes Somary directing Handel's oratorio performed by the Amor Artis Orchestra and the Horace Mann and Hunter Choruses, with soloists. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Friday, May 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with Jane Anderson, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; David Smith, tenor; and Alan Baker, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Antonio Barbosa—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-0277.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 12, at 8, the second of two programs presenting the Bartók cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8, a varied program.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the last in a series of programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final program of the season (two performances) will be played by Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Paula Robison, flute; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 5.)

Philomusica—With Christine Whittlesey, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 14, at 8.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Neva Pilgrim, soprano, and Paul Zukofsky, violin. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 14. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 16, at 8.)

Young-Nam Kim and Paul Schoenfield—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 17, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Final concerts of the season. (Greenwich House Music School, 48 Barrow St. Wednesday, May 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 20, at 8:30.) Admission to both concerts by contribution.

Robert Black—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Peter Basquin and Daniel Morganstern—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Evening of Choral Theatre—Gregg Smith directing soloists from the Gregg Smith Singers and the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association, with Gary Steigerwalt, piano, in a benefit program that will include a staged version of William Schuman's "The Mighty Casey." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 7:30.)

Carnegie Hall Concert-Celebration—Martina Arroyo, Leonard Bernstein, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Vladimir Horowitz, Yehudi Menuhin, Mstislav Rostropovich, Isaac Stern, the Oratorio Society of New York, and members of the New York Philharmonic in a benefit program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, May 14, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston, Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, at 8. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 18-19, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 20, at 4:05.

Professional Basketball—American Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Nets vs. Denver. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Thursday, May 13, at 8, if necessary.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. Sunday, May 16.)

Racing—At **Belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 15; the Shuvee Handicap, Sunday, May 16; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Garden State Park**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 22. . . . **Pimlico**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Los Angeles. (Yankee Stadium. Monday, May 17, at 7:30. For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, May 15, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

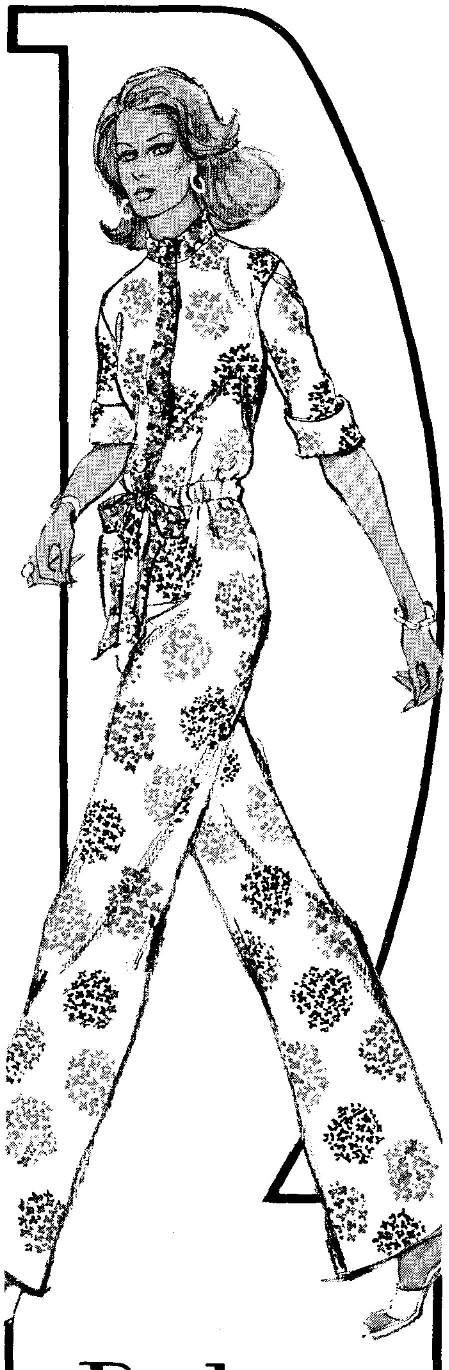
Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17. . . . **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, May 18, through Saturday, July 17. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Money in Early America—An exhibit of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. Opens Thursday, May 13. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

The Great Outdoors—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 12, at 2: English pottery and porcelains and Continental porcelains and faïence, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 14, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. . . . ¶ Friday, May 14, at about 11:30 and at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from various sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 18, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including a number of works on architecture, and autograph letters; from the estate of H. Page Cross and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 13. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including silver, gold, bronzes, porcelains, and icons; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 14.



Dalton

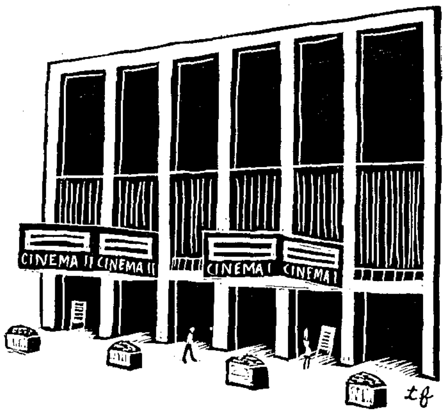
The Dalton woman . . . contemporary, captivating. In fashions timelessly appealing, yet pure today. Sizes 6 to 16. About $70.00. Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West.

Also makers of James Kenrob sportswear and Hadley Active sportswear. Dalton of America, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

We recommend washing in Woolite
For the clothes you care about

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 14: "Breathless" and "Pierrot le Fou."
May 15-16: "Masculine Feminine" and "Tout Va Bien."
May 17-18: "A Woman Is a Woman" and "A Married Woman."
May 19-20: "My Life to Live" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 18: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile."
From May 19: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through May 18: "Earthquake" and "Airport 1975."
From May 19 (tentative): "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 18: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From May 19: "Swept Away."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 18: "All Screwed Up."
From May 19: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through May 18: "Nashville."
From May 19: "The Story of Adèle H."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Young Frankenstein."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 18: "Grizzly."
From May 19: "The Missouri Breaks."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bad News Bears."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 18: "Stay Hungry."
From May 19: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 20 (tentative): "Young Frankenstein."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Seven Beauties."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 18: "Mean Streets."
From May 19: "Whiffs."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"La Chienne."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 13: To be announced.
May 14: "Last Tango in Paris."
May 15: "A Clockwork Orange."
May 16: "Cleopatra."
May 17: "Cries and Whispers."
May 18: "Hello, Dolly!"
May 19-20: To be announced.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through May 13: To be announced.
May 14: "Romeo and Juliet."
May 15: "The Red Shoes."
May 16: "Aida."
May 17: "Some Like It Hot."
May 18: "The Magnificent Ambersons."
May 19-20: To be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 18: "Taxi Driver."
From May 19: "Robin and Marian."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Echoes of a Summer."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 19: "Birch Interval."
From May 20: To be announced.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 18: "The Magic Flute."
From May 19: "The Story of Adèle H."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From May 19: "Robin and Marian."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Grizzly."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Family Plot."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 18: "Stay Hungry."
From May 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 18: "Baby Blue Marine."
From May 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through May 18: To be announced.
From May 19: "The Missouri Breaks."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 18: "Taxi Driver."
From May 19: "Robin and Marian."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 18: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "Gunga Din."
From May 19: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From May 19: "The Missouri Breaks."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Underground."
Theatre 2: Through May 18: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy." From May 19: "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 3: "Boesman and Lena."
Theatre 4: "Inside Marilyn Chambers" and "Behind the Green Door" (both X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Breakheart Pass."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 12: "Robin and Marian."
From May 13: "The Blue Bird."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 15: Theatre closed.
From May 16: "That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From May 19: "Smile Orange."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 18: "Lucky Lady" and "Sky Riders."
From May 19: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "Plaza Suite."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"End of the Game."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bambina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bad News Bears."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Legacy."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Underground."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 18: "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Paper Chase."
From May 19: "A Piece of Pleasure."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 18: "Baby Blue Marine." From May 19: "Robin and Marian."
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Goodbye Norma Jean." From May 14: "Echoes of a Summer."
Theatre 3: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 18: "Swept Away" and "All Screwed Up."
From May 19: "Smile Orange."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 18: "Earthquake" and "Airport 1975."
From May 19: "The Missouri Breaks."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 18: "Barry Lyndon."
From May 19: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "Harry & Tonto."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 12: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.
May 13: "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals.
May 14: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "Straw Dogs." (†)
May 15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny.
May 16: "Giant" (1956), directed by George Stevens, with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
May 17: "Le Joli Mai" (†) and "Letter from Siberia." (†)
May 18: "The Panic in Needle Park" (†) and "Born to Win." (†)
May 19: "Le Chant du Départ" (1976), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier; and "Lili Aime-Moi" (1975), in French, directed by Maurice Dugowson.
May 20: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò; and "Teorema." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 12: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
May 13: "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
May 14: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (†) and "Tristana." (†)
May 15: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969), directed by Richard Attenborough, with John Mills, Maggie Smith, Laurence Olivier, and Michael Redgrave.
May 16: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne

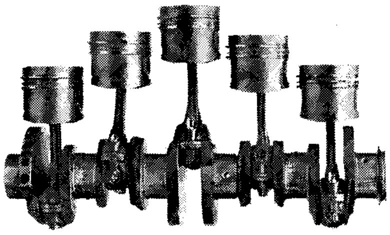
The 5-cylinder Mercedes-Benz 300D. Another engineering milestone that has quietly inspired a change in traditional automotive design.

The Mercedes-Benz 300D has quietly changed the rules of the automobile game. This 5-cylinder Diesel automobile offers a unique combination of performance, luxury, economy and quality. It is the most powerful, the most complete and the swiftest Diesel passenger car ever sold. Since Mercedes-Benz introduced the first production Diesel passenger car 40 years ago, that is only fitting.

No tune-ups—ever

Consider the benefits of this Mercedes-Benz. The 300D uses economical Diesel fuel. Countrywide, every gallon averages 4¢-7¢ *less* than regular gasoline.

Diesel fuel also has more energy per gallon than gasoline, so every gallon not only costs you less, it takes you farther. And, Diesel fuel is plentiful. Thousands and thousands of stations sell it all across America.



The 5-cylinder 300 Diesel achieved EPA mileage estimates of 28 mpg (highway) and 22 mpg (city). While your mileage depends on how and where you drive and your car's condition, compare these estimates to any full-sized sedan.

Another plus: With the 300D you can forget about that expensive automotive custom known as the conventional tune-up. Because it has no spark plugs, points, distributor, condenser or carburetor, the Mercedes-Benz 300D *never, ever,* needs one.

One more thing. While the 300D is not as big, not as heavy and not as thirsty as most full-sized sedans, this 5-passenger automobile is every bit as practical and comfortable. After all, it is a Mercedes-Benz.

The forerunner's reward

Over the past five years Mercedes-Benz automobiles have held their value better than any other make of luxury car sold in America. It stands to reason that the 300D will be no exception. After all, since this automotive forerunner is years ahead today, it is bound to be a sound asset while the others are trying to catch up tomorrow.

The incomparable Mercedes-Benz 300D sedan. An engineering milestone which has quietly advanced passenger car design a giant step.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

©Mercedes-Benz 1976

What the passenger car should be coming to: The incomparable Mercedes-Benz 300D.

Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

May 17: "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karel Reisz, with David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963), directed by Adolfas Mekas, with Peter H. Beard.

May 18: "La Chaise Vide" (1974), in French, directed by Pierre Jallaud; and "On S'Est Trompé d'Histoire d'Amour" (1974), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertuccelli.

May 19: "High and Low" (†); and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

May 20: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "A Lesson in Love." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

May 12: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

May 13: "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

May 14-15: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

May 16: "The Ten Commandments." (†)

May 17: "Spartacus." (†)

May 18: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Walker and Farley Granger; and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

May 19: "Smile" (†) and "The Last American Hero." (†)

May 20: "Dark Star" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Brian Narelle; and "Fantastic Voyage." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through May 15: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Second Chorus" (1940), directed by H. C. Potter, with Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, and Burgess Meredith.

May 16-18: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Penny Serenade." (†)

From May 19: "Svengali" (†) and "Counsellor-at-Law." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 13 at 2:30: "Zero for Conduct" (1933) and "A Propos de Nice" (1930), both in French, directed by Jean Vigo; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 13 at 8:30: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: Comedy shorts from 1896 to 1913, by Edison, Porter, Griffith, Sennett, Bunny, and Finch. . . . ¶ May 14 at 6 and May 15 at noon: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), directed by Mack Sennett, with Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin, and Mabel Normand. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: Comedy shorts from 1896 to 1913. . . . ¶ May 15 at 5: "A Submarine Pirate" (1915), directed by Syd Chaplin and Charles Avery, with Syd Chaplin; and "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" (1919), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Ford Sterling. . . . ¶ May 16 at noon: Charlie Chaplin shorts from Keystone and Essanay (1914-15). . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "A Florida Enchantment" (1914), directed by, and with, Sidney Drew; and "Tillie Wakes Up" (1917), directed by Harry Davenport, with Marie Dressler and Johnny Hines. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5: "Wavelength" (1967), directed by Michael Snow; and "Zorn's Lemma" (1970), directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ May 17 at noon: "A Pair of Silk Stockings" (1918), directed by Walter Edwards, with Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "A Submarine Pirate" and "Yankee Doodle in Berlin." . . . ¶ May 17 at 6 and May 18 at noon: "Chimmie Fadden Out West" (1915), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Victor Moore, Camille Astor, and Raymond Hatton. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "A Florida Enchantment" and "Tillie Wakes Up." . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford and Norman Kerry. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Mickey" (1918), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand, George Nicholas, and Lew Cody. . . . ¶ May 20 at 8:30: "A Pair of Silk Stockings." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 16: A program of films by Morgan Fisher, Richard Serra, and David Shulman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting May 18: "Loose Ends," directed by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak, with Chris Mulkey, John Jenkins, and Linda Jenkins. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Griffith, Mekas, Ozu, Davidovich, Hutton, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Jonas, and others. Showings May 12 at 7; May 13-14 at 7 and 9; May 15 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; May 16 at 8; May 18-19 at 7 and 9; and May 20 at 7 and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 13-16: A program of seventeen animated abstract films. . . . ¶ Starting May 20: A program of twelve cartoons. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Aida (1954)—With Sophia Loren, gorgeous, dubbed. In Italian and English. (Cinema II; May 16.)

Airport 1975 (1974)—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (12th St. Cinema, and Symphony; through May 18.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Gramercy, and New Yorker; through May 18.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Baby Blue Marine—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by John Hancock. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 18.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours incessant slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Bambina—With Irene Papas, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Paris.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Olympia; through May 18.)

Birch Interval—Sad lapse. With Eddie Albert and Rip Torn, directed by Delbert Mann. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 19.)

The Blue Bird—With Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; directed by George Cukor. (Music Hall; starting May 13.)

Boesman and Lena—A film up to Beckett's plays, written by the remarkable South African writer Athol Fugard. We are in the company of two coloreds who make a small living out of selling empty bottles. They are loathing, scurrilous, locked in intimacy, each other's ball and chain and best friend. The woman says, "I want my life. Where's it?" It is time, the apartheid country feels, for them to throw themselves away. But "How do you do that when it's yourself?" (5/10/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Born to Win (1971)—An unjustly neglected film. Maybe the mixture of moods (comedy and horror) frightened off the producers: they didn't open it, they just let it out. George Segal gives his most prodigious and imaginative performance as a hipster junkie who is so giddy that he really digs the hustling lower depths he inhabits. The film isn't totally satisfying, but even at its most ragged, it holds one's interest. With Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss. Ivan Passer directed, from David Scott Milton's screenplay. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18.)

Breakheart Pass—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Guild.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Art; through May 14.)

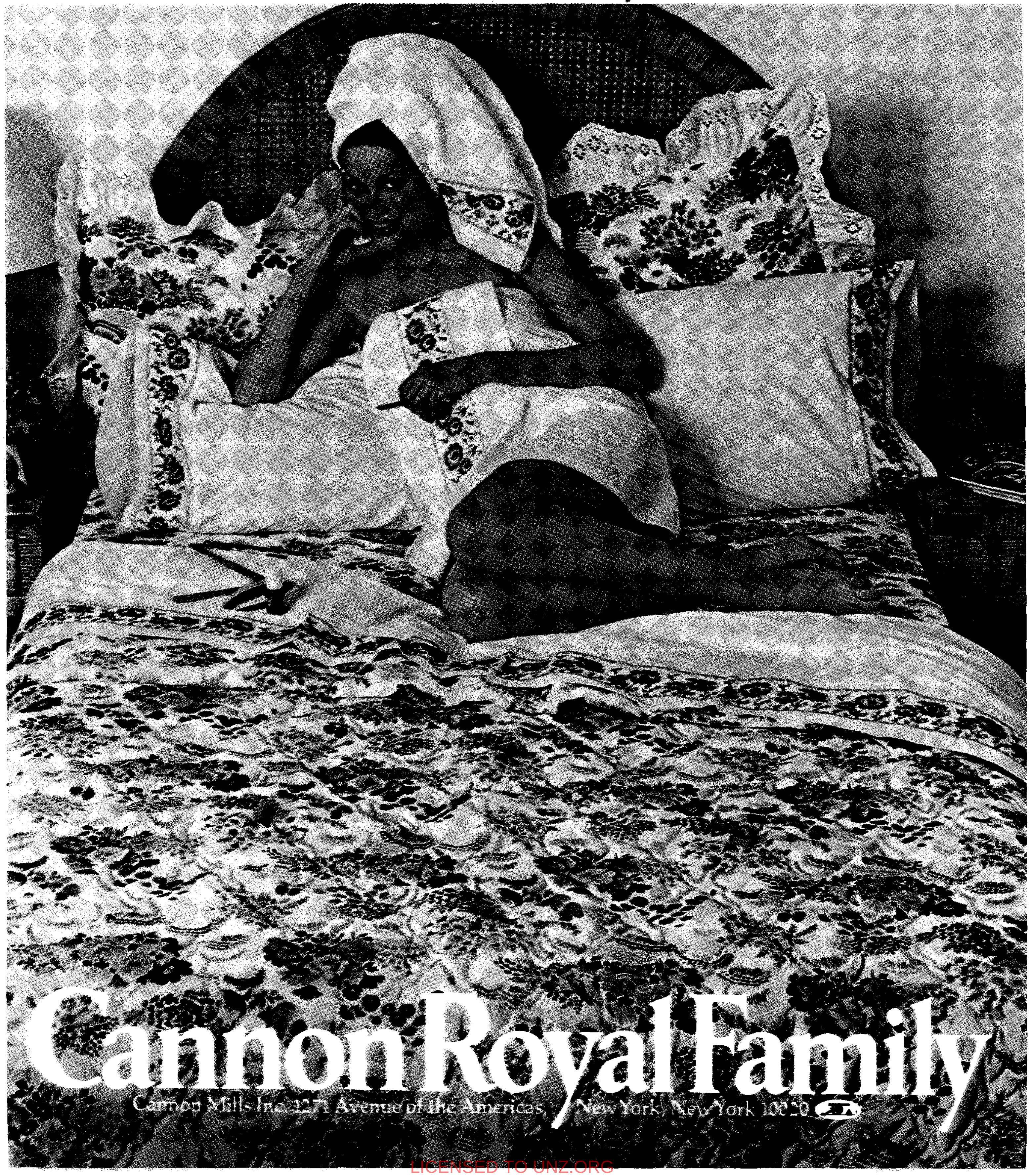
La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's prodigal film, showing commercially in this country for the first time—amazingly—with subtitles. It's a story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who wears a clerkly black hat and pince-nez and is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (D. W. Griffith.)

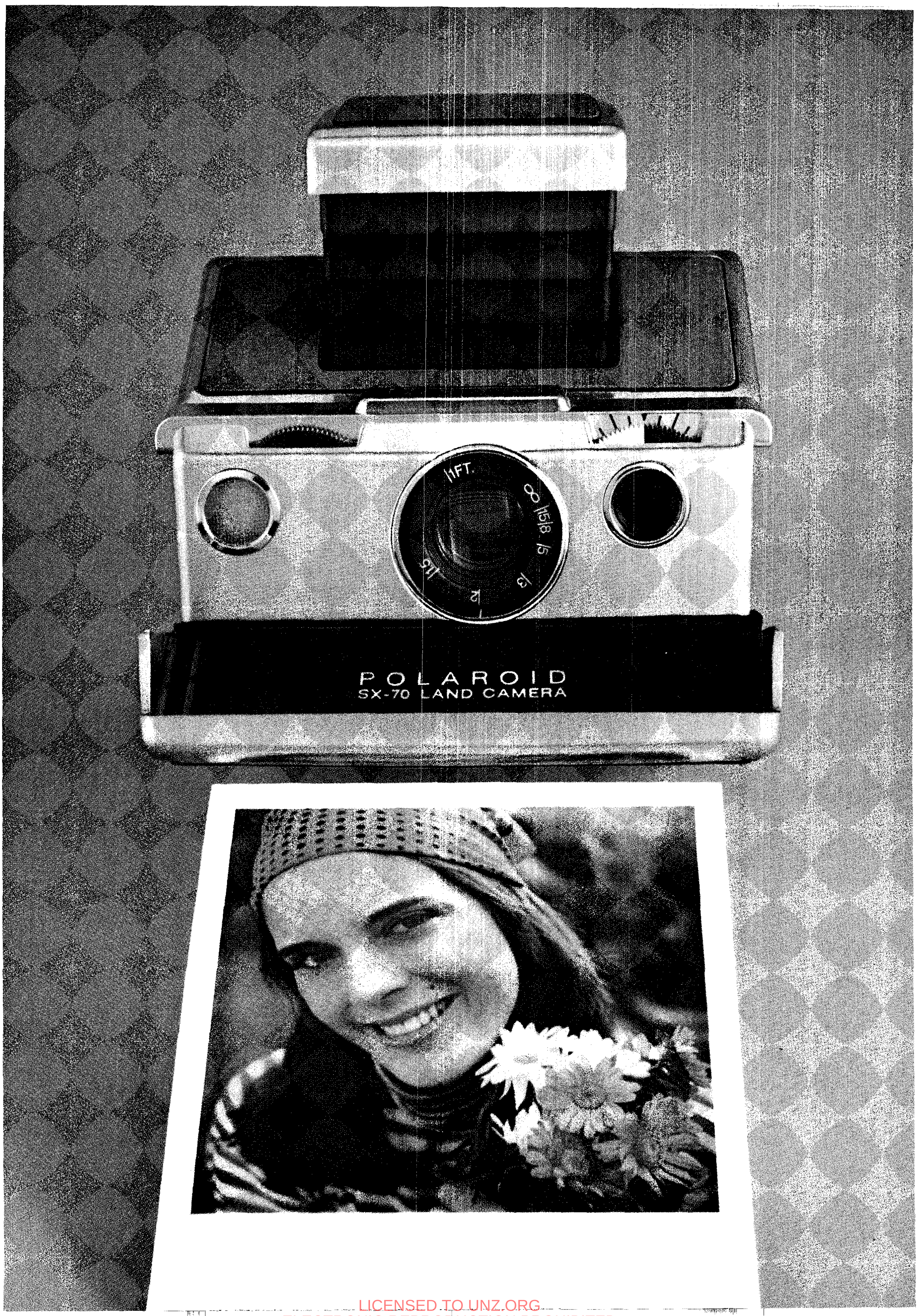
Cleopatra (1963)—High life in Lower Egypt, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex

Have you ever slept in a bed of Oriental flowers?

Rest your weary head on "Mikado," one of our most relaxing designs. Slip onto our fitted no-iron sheets. Lean back on our embroidered pillowcases and lacy-looking shams. Pull up the top sheet, also bordered delicately with schiffli embroidery. Wrap yourself with matching towels, in white, birch grey or sandalwood. Then cover your entire flower bed with our matching quilted bedspread. (All items are cotton/polyester.) And "Mikado" will be there both day and night.

flower bed & bath collection


Cannon Royal Family
Cannon Mills Inc. 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020


POLAROID
SX-70 LAND CAMERA

©1976 Polaroid Corporation.
"Polaroid" and "SX-70"®

Why what you watch happen happens so beautifully.

It is not only the color picture that develops in daylight before your eyes that makes the SX-70 the most revolutionary Polaroid Land camera ever made. The very design of the deluxe SX-70 frees you to concentrate on the picture in your mind instead of how you are going to get it.

Through-The-Lens Viewing

Through a system of mirrors, you actually look (and focus) through the lens. So what you see in the viewfinder is exactly what you get in the picture. This system is called a "single-lens reflex," and the SX-70 is the only folding reflex camera in the world.

Extreme Close-Ups

Take another look at that girl in the picture. See how big her face is? The SX-70 was designed to let you focus from infinity all the way down to 10.4 inches from your subject. That's closer than you can get with almost any other camera without a special lens.

Automatic Exposures

In daylight, the SX-70 reads the light and sets the electronic shutter and lens opening—all automatically. When you're indoors taking flash pictures, the camera sets your exposure automatically as you focus. And it can also take automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds.

Rapid-Fire Shots

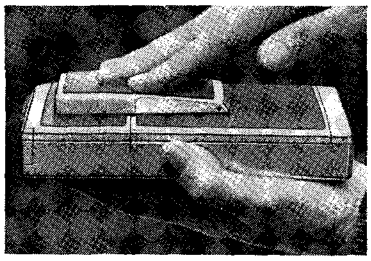
Most photographers would probably agree that what makes for a truly exceptional photograph is capturing that special moment—the moment that's not staged but spontaneous. The SX-70 allows you to take rapid-fire shots as fast as one every 1.5 seconds. (If you've never taken pictures this way, you must try it; you'll be surprised how good a photographer you really are.)

Much, Much More

Polaroid's SX-70 has a 12,000 rpm motor that propels the big, 3⅛" x 3⅛" color print out of the camera hard, flat and dry—with nothing to peel, nothing to throw away. Nothing to do but watch it develop.

There's just one more thing we'd like to mention. That is the fact that all this advanced machinery is contained in a 24-ounce body (velvety chrome and leather, by the way) that folds down to a flat 1" x 4" x 7".

You see, we felt it was extremely important to make this camera so compact that you can easily carry it anywhere and miss as few of those beautiful moments as possible.



Polaroid

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Cinema I; May 16.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I; May 15.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine, who, when he grew up, directed "Operation Mad Ball." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 19.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. In Swedish. (Cinema I; May 17.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema Village; through May 18.)

Earthquake (1974)—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat; it's an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (12th St. Cinema, and Symphony; through May 18.)

Echoes of a Summer—With Richard Harris, Lois Nettleton, and Jodie Foster; directed by Don Taylor. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 14.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Little Carnegie.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Fantastic Voyage (1966)—The sci-fi idea is ingenious, promising both poetry and excitement: a medical team is miniaturized, goes into the bloodstream of a scientist to destroy a blood clot on his brain; the team has only sixty minutes for the journey and operation and getting out. But Richard Fleischer and his crew manage to reduce the idea to commonplaces. There's the usual little argument about whether to take the heroine, Raquel Welch, along ("A woman has no place on a mission like this"), and we know who the villainous saboteur is as soon as we hear one of the scientists spouting atheism. The body entered looks pretty, shiny clean, and expensive, like a new refrigerator, and the adventures inside are no more mysterious than a trip through Disneyland. Stephen Boyd is the stalwart hero; with Edmond O'Brien, Donald Pleasence, and a lot of bubbly special effects. It isn't terrible, just disappointing. (Elgin; May 20.)

Grizzly—A giant bear runs wild in a national park. With Christopher George, Andrew Prine, and Richard Jaeckel; directed by William Girdler. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 18.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An exhilarating, slapstick trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Stealing the plot of their own "The Front Page," Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this wonderful hokum together. (It was supposedly "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem.) The stars are Cary Grant, having the time of his life in a roustabout role, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this rousing, superbly photographed production. Joel Sayre and William Faulkner did some of the rewrite work. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 18.)

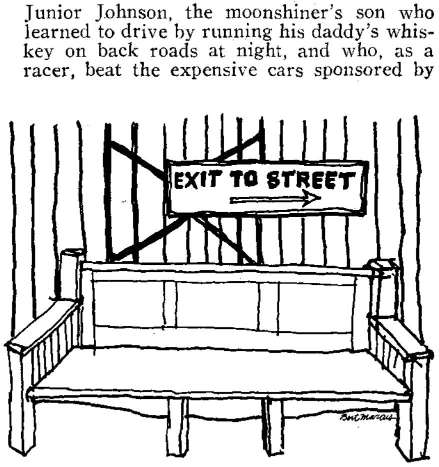
Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Olympia; starting May 19.)

Hello, Dolly! (1969)—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Cinema I; May 18.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

Le Joli Mai (1963)—In May, 1962, the month the war ended in Algeria, the French documentarian Chris Marker recorded a series of casual, impromptu interviews with Parisians and discovered that they would rather think of anything but politics. This Anglo-American version of his film is marred by a commentary spoken in almost mockingly accented English by Simone Signoret, but Marker's distinctively lyric and generous approach to his subject keeps the picture afloat—though just barely. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and who, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (Elgin; May 19.)



Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. X-rated. (Cinema I; May 14.)

Legacy—With Joan Hotchkis, directed by Karen Arthur. (Cinema Studio.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

Letter from Siberia (1957)—Chris Marker's hour-long, delicately comic documentary about a remote Siberian village. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 18.)

Lucky Lady—A mangy insult to the audience. Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Playboy; through May 18.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (72nd Street East; through May 18.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch. Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Cinema II; May 18.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 18.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 18.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Art; May 17-18.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Art; May 15-16.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil.

With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Baronet; through May 18.)

The Missouri Breaks—With Marlon Brando as a professional gunman and Jack Nicholson as the leader of a gang of horse rustlers in the Montana badlands of the eighteen-eighties. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Symphony; starting May 19.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Art; May 19-20.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Kips Bay; through May 18.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 19.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Milos Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Thalia. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Festival; through May 18.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 18.)

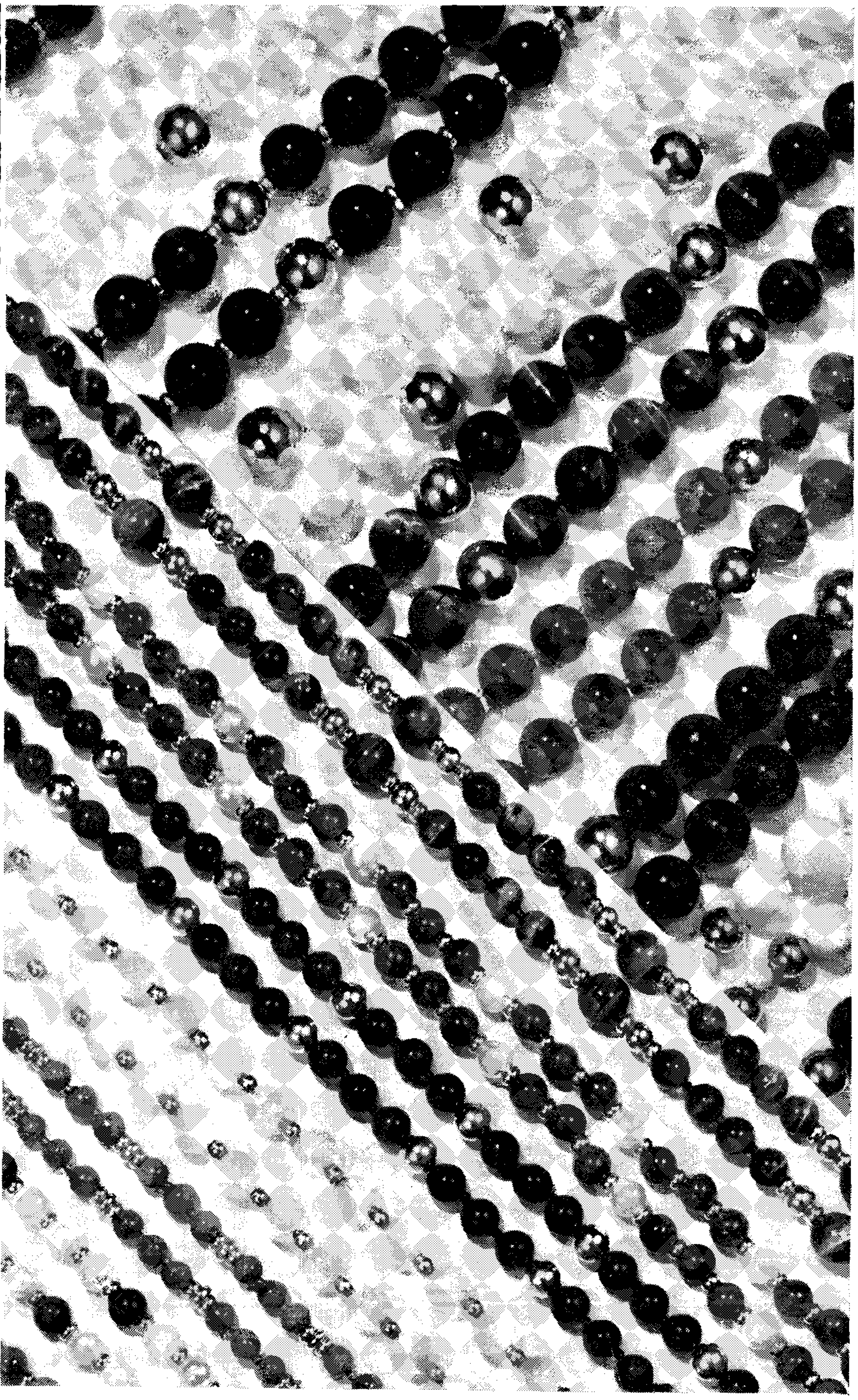
Penny Serenade (1941)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, who had made audiences laugh in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," jerked tears this time. They play a childless couple who adopt an infant, learn to love it, as well as feed it and bathe it, and then lose it. The director, George Stevens, dragged his feet (the picture is over two hours long) and he wasn't very subtle, yet he respected the sentimental story and made it convincing to a wide audience; many people talk about this picture as if it had really been deeply moving. With Edgar Buchanan and Beulah Bondi; the screenplay is by Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16-18.)

A Piece of Pleasure—With Paul and Danielle Gegauff, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 19.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Art; through May 14.)

Plaza Suite (1971)—A malevolent and unfunny three-part thing by Neil Simon about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Playboy; starting May 19.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the



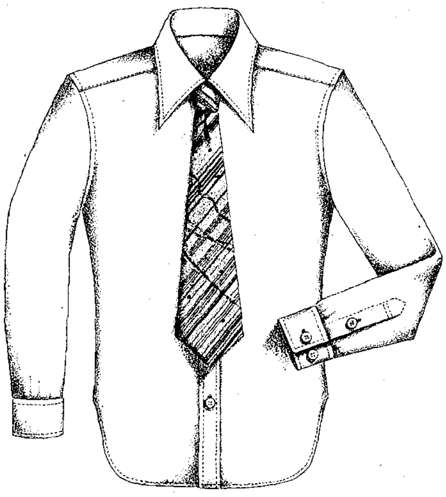
FROM OUR LARGE COLLECTION OF COLORFUL STONE
AND FOURTEEN KARAT GOLD NECKLACES
PRICED FROM $120. TO $1,050.

Stones shown are: Tiger's eye, amethyst, black jade,
lapis lazuli, carnelian, white coral, chrysoprase,
green jade, red coral, rose quartz, cultured pearl.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK SPECIAL PHONE ORDER (212) 759-9110 · FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET
ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS

For those of the silk ilk.



100% silk. By Bill Blass.
Slightly tapered.
In blue. White. Ecru.
Sizes 14½-17.
And only $60.
For those of the thrift shift.

whitehouse & hardy
Designer clothing.
And nothing but designer clothing.
Fifth Ave. at 54 St.

Whitehouse & Hardy
54 St. & Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen: I am of the silk ilk. Please send me the Blass Silks below at $60 each.

SIZE	COLOR	Quant.

COLOR SUB. OK☐
CHECK ☐ CHARGE NO. ____________
BA☐ MC☐ AX ☐ W & H ☐
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

No C.O.D.'s. Phone orders accepted. Add $1 for shipping and handling. Add applicable sales tax. New York residents add 8% sales tax. We honor AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD, BankAmericard, Master Charge and Whitehouse & Hardy Charge.

cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Cinema II; May 15.)

ROBIN AND MARIAN—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall; May 12. . . . ¶ Columbia I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 19.)

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; starting May 19. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; starting May 19, tentative.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Cinema II; May 14.)

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 18.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Plaza.)

SKY RIDERS—Filmed in Greece; about a kidnapping by terrorists and a rescue by a group of hang gliders. With James Coburn, Susannah York, Robert Culp, and Charles Aznavour; directed by Douglas Hickox. (Playboy; through May 18.)

SMILE—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; May 19.)

SMILE ORANGE—A Jamaican film, with Carl Bradshaw, directed by Trevor D. Rhone. Occasional subtitles for the Jamaican dialect. (Festival, and New Yorker; starting May 19.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Cinema II; May 17.)

SPARTACUS (1960)—Unusually entertaining spectacular film (three and a half hours), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas as the slave gladiator Spartacus, who leads a rebellion of his fellow-slaves against the might of Rome. Spartacus makes some conscientious speeches—out of Howard Fast (who wrote the novel) by way of Dalton Trumbo (who did the screenplay)—but there's so much else going on that it's easy to brush off the moralizing. Laurence Olivier is in endearing form as Crassus, the talented Jean Simmons has never been more beautiful, and Woody Strode is magnificently noble. The large cast seems to be having a high good time. It includes Peter Ustinov, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis, Nina Foch, Herbert Lom, John Gavin, John Ireland, John Dall, and John Hoyt. Hearst's San Simeon was used for some of the locations. (Elgin; May 17.)

STAY HUNGRY—With Jeff Bridges and Sally Field, directed by Bob Rafelson. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; through May 18.)

THE STORY OF ADÈLE H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Kips Bay, 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; starting May 19. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; starting May 19, tentative.)

STRAW DOGS (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 18.)

SVENGALI (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 19.)

SWEPT AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (New Yorker; through May 18. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting May 19.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Columbia I, and Waverly; through May 18.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson's got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—almost four hours of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. (Elgin; May 16.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 20.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals, dramas, and comedies. Also included are special new dance numbers performed by co-hosts Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. (Ziegfeld; starting May 16.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Art; May 15-16.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's lyrical essay-film, but the "her" of the title seems to be Paris as well. Social comment, made in the most personal of styles, delicately. In French. (Art; May 19-20.)

Underground—A documentary about the Weather Underground, including recent interviews with members of the group. Filmed by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, and Haskell Wexler. (Quad Cinema, and Regency.)

Whiffs—With Elliott Gould, Eddie Albert, Harry Guardino, and Godfrey Cambridge; directed by Ted Post. (Baronet; starting May 19.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Art; May 17-18.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through May 20, tentative.)

"If I have to go to New York, I want all of it."

Boy, do I complain when I have to go to New York on business. It's a hassle and a grind and too much work.

Except when I get there.

Then, for the week, I always wish that I lived there.

I can always find some little "chatchka" from Design Research or Georg Jensen to bring back and show off.

If I have to go to New York, I want all of it. I stay at The Biltmore. Whether I'm in the lobby, or my room, I know I'm in New York. (Then there's that great check out system. I just drop off my key. They bill me later.)

Once I had to stay in one of those big chain hotels that could be in any city in the country and probably is.

Then you should have heard me.

The Biltmore

43rd & Madison
(800) 221-2690. In New York State, call
(800) 522-6449. In the city 661-1717.

Call your corporate travel office or travel agent.

For members only.
ERNO LASZLO
LIGHT CONTROLLING LOTION
MEMBERSHIP CARD
NAME
SKIN CLASSIFICATION
THE ERNO LASZLO INSTITUTE

This is the membership card to the famed Erno Laszlo Institute. The most beautiful women in the world have it. And they have made the Erno Laszlo program world famous.

You get this card after you meet with one of our Institute trained specialists and she determines your skincare needs and prescribes your personal beauty ritual.

It means your skin profile is recorded and filed at the Erno Laszlo Institute. And that you are entitled to its many privileges and special services. But most of all, it means you can buy Erno Laszlo products.

Meet with our Erno Laszlo specialist. Give yourself clean, beautiful skin.

At Bergdorf Goodman and other selected fine stores across the country.

The Erno Laszlo Institute
10 East 53 Street
New York 10022.

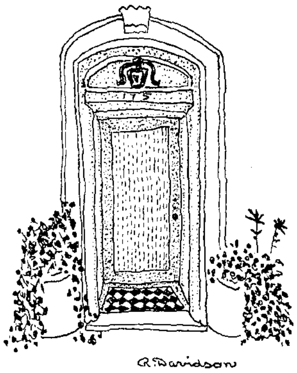
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN American politics in recent years, there has been an important change in the way things happen. Until the last few decades, government action was ordinarily taken in accordance with visible, established procedures: first an action would be proposed in public, then a decision to take action would be made, and then the action would be taken. Today, in broad areas of the nation's political life the sequence has been drastically altered. In the new sequence, first an action is taken, then it is revealed (perhaps by an enterprising newspaper reporter), and, finally, the public is asked whether it wants the action to continue or to be stopped. This method of deciding things gives a great advantage, of course, to the executive branch of the government, since it shifts the weight of inertia, which is usually associated with inaction, to the side of continued action. In a modern bureaucratic state, it turns out to be much harder to stop something that is already going on than to prevent something from starting in the first place, and there are many activities that few people would dare initiate but many people will accept once they are happening. Among these, it seems, are the abuses that have lately been uncovered in the intelligence agencies. And now, with the publication of the report on those abuses by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities, the nation's belated moment of decision about what these agencies should be doing has arrived. Senator Walter Mondale summed up the situation the other day by saying, "In the past, Congress has been able to excuse its lack of vigilance on the grounds that it didn't know [what has been going on]. Now it does. And if we know it and don't do anything about it, then we're really saying 'O.K., let 'er rip.' "

If the recent vote of the Senate Rules Committee against setting up a permanent committee to oversee the agencies is any indication, it seems that the decision *will* be to let 'er rip. The other day, one candid C.I.A. man, speaking of the C.I.A.'s power and Congress's weakness, said to a reporter from the Washington *Post*, "We've won too much." In these circumstances, there is every reason to believe that the abuses of the last forty years will continue for the next forty years. We can't help feeling, however, that some changes would occur if the nation were making its decisions the way it is supposed to under the Constitution—that is, if someone in politics were to *propose* the actions that are likely to take place, rather than wait for something to happen and then see whether or not it can be stopped. Accordingly, drawing entirely on the public record of what the intelligence agencies have already done, and including as quotations only things that intelligence agents have actually said, we have set down a few words representing what such a proposal, if it were to be made by one of the Presidential candidates, might look like:



Ladies and gentlemen: The bedrock of intelligence work at home is, of course, the surveillance of ordinary Americans. At this very moment, there are, in my opinion, some million and a half Americans who should be watched. Therefore, if I become your President, I shall recommend, first of all, that the prohibition against spying by the C.I.A. within the United States be lifted. In addition, I shall recommend that the F.B.I. establish a General Name Index, which will contain the names of, say, one-half million of the most dangerous Americans, and that the Internal Revenue Service establish a second list of one-half million. This second list will be especially important, since the Internal Revenue Service will be empowered not only to investigate citizens but to punish them through use of their tax returns. At the moment, the F.B.I. is supposed to investigate only those incidents which may involve the breaking of a law. I shall recommend that this requirement be dropped. But, most important of all, I shall recommend that the F.B.I. establish a list of from twenty to twenty-five thousand names of people to be rounded up in the event that I declare a national emergency, and that this include any journalists, writers, or political activists whose views are, in the opinion of the Director of the F.B.I., questionable. Norman Mailer is an example of the sort of person I have in mind.

In order that all this activity may go forward smoothly, no means of communication can be privileged. Letters must be subject to opening by the authorities; all phone conversations must be subject to wiretapping; and all telegrams must be subject to government inspection. When these methods fail to bring results, I shall recommend break-ins into homes and offices. What cannot be learned from letter-opening, wiretapping, the government interception of telegrams, and break-ins I will attempt to discover through informants. I propose a budget of seven and a half million dollars for the hiring of political informants, which is twice what we will be spending to hire informants on organized crime.

It would be unfair, of course, if any American were to be exempt from the possibility of surveillance. The lists of those to be investigated will not stop with radicals—or "dissidents," as they say in the agencies—but will include church groups, news organizations, publishing houses, businesses, universities, and voluntary associations of every kind, such as women's groups. The government will be keeping a close eye on the activities of all these. Among individuals, the late Eleanor Roosevelt, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, and Senator Adlai Stevenson III typify the sort of people we must spy on vigilantly. Nor will those in government have any special dispensation. The agencies will keep me as closely informed about what is going on in our own government as about what is going on in foreign governments. Every bureau and department in the government will be penetrated by informants. Ours is a tripartite system of government, and the two other branches will also be carefully watched over. I will gather information on Justices of the Supreme Court through electronic surveillance; I will keep a watch on members of Congress in the same way; and not only will I investigate the staff of my rival in the next election but I will place taps on the phones of the opposition in my own party at its next Convention. The White House itself will be under the eye of the police, and no conversation that goes on there will be unavailable to my ear. In fact, in the whole of America there will be no conversation, whether it is on the phone or in person, no letter, and no telegram that is not available to your government. We may not intercept every communication, yet there will be no communication that is outside our power to intercept. Even I myself may be watched over, in the event that I decide to place myself under surveillance with a tape recorder.

But universal access to information is not enough. Intervention will be required. The agencies must not be merely passive; they must take an active, dynamic role. To be sure, simple wiretapping and other such procedures will serve an aggressive purpose, by making all the dissidents, whether or not they are under surveillance, more careful of what they say. When the phone of one member of Congress is known to have been tapped, all members of Congress will fear that their phones are tapped. When one Supreme Court Justice is known to be under surveillance, all the Supreme Court Justices, as well as all the other judges in the country, will be on notice that they can be placed under surveillance, too. When a few informers have penetrated each of the nation's most important institutions, then everyone in those institutions will be shadowed with the suspicion that he may be an informer. These procedures alone will, in the words of an F.B.I. man who has been advising me on the New Left, "enhance the paranoia endemic in these circles" and "get the point across that there is an F.B.I. agent behind every mailbox." Under my Administration, paranoia will be cured by making the delusions true: I guarantee that I personally will stand behind every mailbox. But, as I have said, in addition to these procedures a big program of positive action is required. Domestic clandestine propaganda will be one important tool. One of the great problems of our day is the public's mistrust of government. The government can evade this mistrust by publishing books and articles surreptitiously—get its points across by borrowing the good name of sources that are still trusted. When my men have written or sponsored a book, they will review it, too—in the tradition of President Nixon, who wrote himself letters of congratulation after giving his televised speeches. Still more important, I propose a program of disruption. It will be the policy of my Administration to break up the marriages of political dissidents, by writing anonymous obscene letters to their spouses. In the case of groups that may be inclined to violence, I propose that the government incite them to attack one another, by sending inflammatory letters to one group in the name of another. "Shootings, beatings, and a high degree of unrest" are what my advisers from the F.B.I. hope to promote, and I will give them all the assistance I can. It will be standard procedure, of course, to disrupt the plans of anyone planning to demonstrate against my policies. In confronting a threat on the order of the civil-rights movement, all these methods will be combined: the press will be fed embarrassing details of people's lives or misinformation concerning them, and the full arsenal of wiretaps, break-ins, informers, and so on will be brought to bear. In such cases, moreover, I shall recommend that the government try to get individuals to commit suicide by threatening to release information about their personal lives which was gained through electronic surveillance. Agents will not themselves commit crimes of violence in my Administration. That would be going too far. Only paid informers will be permitted to carry out beatings, plan bombings, and the like. In this way, the proper balance will be struck between law enforcement and lawbreaking.

One final word. As President, I expect to make full use of the whole range of intelligence techniques that I have described, but I do not plan strict oversight of the intelligence agencies. The chain of command must be loose. The agencies must be given latitude to act on their own whenever and wherever they see a need. Things will therefore occur that I have not proposed here. In intelligence circles, the phrase "the need to know" is often used. But I shall be sensitive also to the well-known need not to know. For in those circles some matters arise which are so secret that even he who takes the action will never find out what the action was.

* * *

New Hall

WONDERS will never cease, but they sometimes take a while to come into being. The American Museum of Natural History's new one-and-a-half-million-dollar Hall of Minerals and Gems, which will open next week, with a display of over six thousand specimens, stems from the part-time sorting out a hundred years ago by Louis P. Gratacap of a modest assortment of mineralogical items stored higgledy-piggledy in the Central Park Arsenal. Mr. Gratacap—then a twenty-five-year-old chemist for the Metropolitan Gas Light Company—had a passion for minerals, and volunteered his services after hours; the museum, whose building was not to open for another year, had borrowed working and exhibit space in the two upper stories of the Arsenal. Gratacap eventually became the full-time head of the museum's mineralogy department, and for nearly forty years he built up the department's collection. He liked labels and diagrams, but he detested oral public instruction. "To teach . . . a sort of wandering caravan of stragglers and the odds and ends of the streets, hustling through the halls, is to me a dreary and repulsive business," he once wrote the president of the museum; and we realized the other morning, as we made a pre-opening tour of the hall, that there has been an improvement in educational conditions on Central Park West. The hall contained such public-instruction features as two sunken mini-amphitheatres, with adequate seating in each for a hundred schoolchildren, and special rooms for the audiovisual presentation of subjects like the interaction of energy and matter, and the story of copper (where found, how mined, present and future uses, and conservation). "We'll have docents in the teaching pits, who will describe the properties of minerals," Dr. D. Vincent Manson, consultant to the department of minerals, who accompanied us, said. "Eight years of planning have gone into the hall. We've put the meteorites in front, as a good starting point for the minerals. They and the rocks and precious stones were selected from a collection of eighty-five thousand items."

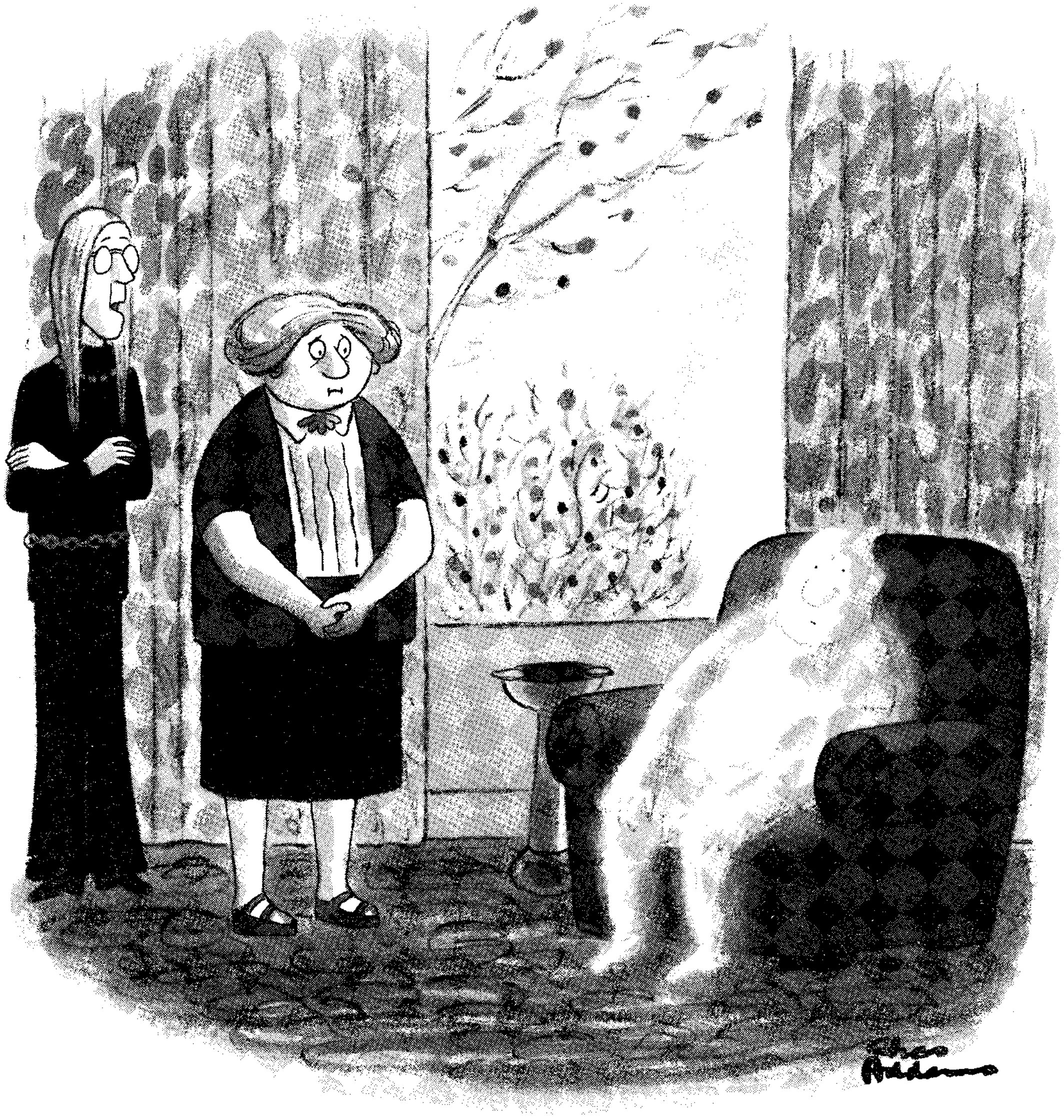
We learned that the hall, whose floors and walls are carpeted in dark brown, evocative of the earth, occupies a third of an acre, and has bumped the old Indians of the Southwest, who are now temporarily retired. (They will in time, it is hoped, be installed in a brand-new hall.) Some of the cases were still empty, we noticed, and we were informed that they were awaiting such distinguished occupants as the Star of India sapphire (563.35 carats), the deLong Star ruby (100.32 carats), and the Patricia emerald (632 carats). A two-and-a-half-ton slab of jade from Poland and a five-hundred-and-ninety-six-pound pale-yellow uncut topaz from Brazil were in place, however, and there were scores of attractively mounted, well-lit cases of opals, garnets, tourmalines, aquamarines, and so on. Many of the larger nonprecious exhibits, like smoky quartz from Switzerland, were freestanding, and we were told that the public will be *invited* to touch them.

The hall is curvilinear, and has been laid out on multiple levels, with ramps and stairs leading to many of its displays. We recommend visiting it in sneakers. We called up the museum after our tour to find out when the docents would be in the teaching pits, and were put in touch with an Office of Public Affairs spokesman, who said, "We don't really like the term 'teaching pits.' We prefer 'teaching areas.' Unpaid docents, who use the whole hall as a teaching school, will take youngsters to the amphitheatres mornings during the school year, but we expect visitors to sit down there and contemplate beauty at any time."

Fanfares

AS the downpour began last May Day morning, around eleven, we found ourself with a dozen CBS-TV staff members wedged into the miniature control room of a big white mobile broadcast trailer parked outside Avery Fisher Hall. The control-room wall facing us was covered with TV monitors, all of them showing members of the New York Philharmonic warming up for the entrance of Michael Tilson Thomas, the director of the Buffalo Philharmonic. The occasion was the last of this season's Young People's Concerts—events that Ernest Schelling initiated in 1924 and that Thomas inherited from Leonard Bernstein four years ago. For this particular program, to be broadcast sometime in October, Thomas had chosen "Fanfares and Fugues"—specifically, a collection of old trumpet calls, the fanfare that opens Monteverdi's "Orfeo," the March from "Tannhäuser" (which is based on a fanfare), the first movement of Bach's third Orchestral Suite (in which a fanfare is used to announce a fugue), and the fourth movement of Aaron Copland's Symphony No. 3 (which begins with a fanfare and also includes a fugue). The man in charge of taping the performance for television was Robert Myhrum, who usually directs soap operas, and who is noted around the industry for an ability to crack jokes and cue cameras at almost the same moment. As eleven-thirty neared and the dress rehearsal was due to begin, however, Myhrum, hunched over the control console in front of the wall of monitors, seemed rather tense. So did everyone else in the trailer, and the atmosphere reminded us of Mission Control just before blast-off. Unlike most television programs taped these days, a live symphony concert cannot be reshot. Taping the dress rehearsal, which lacks an audience, provides a little backup in case something goes wrong during the performance, but essentially the procedure is as risky as the live presentation used in the old days of TV.

"O.K., let's quiet the orchestra," said Myhrum at 11:28:34 by the digital clock. "Michael can come on, please. Ease back, Two, follow him." The "Two" that Myhrum told to ease back was the cameraman in charge of Camera No. 2, a new hand-held German Ferneseh camera, who was standing right among the orchestra members. Camera No. 5—there was a total of six cameras connected to the mobile unit by a total of over a mile of cable—was also hand-held, and for a number of shots the camera-



"We're still waiting for Stanley to jell."

man operating No. 5 stood on a stepladder placed between two double basses. Thomas, a slight man of thirty-one with a neat dark beard, smiled, walked to the podium, and pointed his baton. "Five!" said Myhrum. A trumpet blasted. On the color monitor above eight smaller black-and-white monitors, there appeared a dapper Philharmonic trumpeter blowing the call to the post.

As the dress rehearsal proceeded, we noted that TV directing and orchestra conducting are very similar procedures, almost the exact inverse of each other: Thomas was using visible physical gestures to coördinate the flow of sound, and Myhrum was using the invisible sound of his voice through sets of headphones to coördinate the flow of pictures. For emphasis, Thomas had his baton, and Myhrum's equivalent was the TV-directorial convention of snapping the fingers at the moment a certain shot is to appear on the screen: "Ready, Five, baby. Ease it back a little, frame the piccolo, and . . . *Five!* [Snap!]" Both men worked from the orchestral scores.

Jerome D. Cohen, the conductor of the Cape Cod Symphony Orchestra, whom Thomas had suggested as a musical assistant for the production, sat next to Myhrum and counted bars of music aloud, tapping the scores with a pencil. As the orchestra approached the end of a piece, Cohen and Myhrum counted down the remaining bars together, except that Myhrum's count ended with the number of the camera: "Four . . . three . . . two . . . and *Six!* [Snap!]" Everyone seemed happy with the way the dress rehearsal went, and toward the end of the Copland symphony Myhrum and Cohen were up out of their chairs waving their arms and shouting. Myhrum is exultant when he feels he's got the visual rhythms right, and he has been known to pull off his headphones and toss them in the air when a scene works really well.

During the break before the performance, at two o'clock, we had lunch with Jerry Golod, CBS v.-p. in charge of children's programming—a job he took over last June after three years of heading a TV production company affiliated with Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, Inc., a big New York ad agency. "The Y.P.C.s are really a nice thing for us," he said. "There are very few chances in the industry to do specials for kids other than the prime-time 'Charlie Brown' sort of program. These concerts are now part of 'The CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People'—Sundays from 5 to 6 P.M. The other shows in the series have been things like Alvin Ailey and the Peking Opera."

We asked him how this Y.P.C. was going.

"Very well, I should say," said Golod. "This is the first one Bob has produced and directed. He's been working on it for six weeks. Michael is a very, very busy young guy, and Bob's gone to see him in Buffalo, and we thought at one point he'd have to meet him in San Francisco. What we're working toward are some new ideas. Michael is very, very creative and has lots of new ideas, and we want to try some of them out."

Back in the trailer for the afternoon performance, we watched Myhrum direct a tricky piece of business during the Bach: he popped four pictures onto the screen at once, one in each quadrant, timed to the entrance of each voice in the Orchestral Suite's four-part fugue. The entire program went off very well. Myhrum said after it was over that he had made two mistakes in timing, but everyone congratulated him and said that the mistakes could be mended during editing. He walked out of the trailer and into the greenroom, where Thomas was signing programs held out by young admirers.

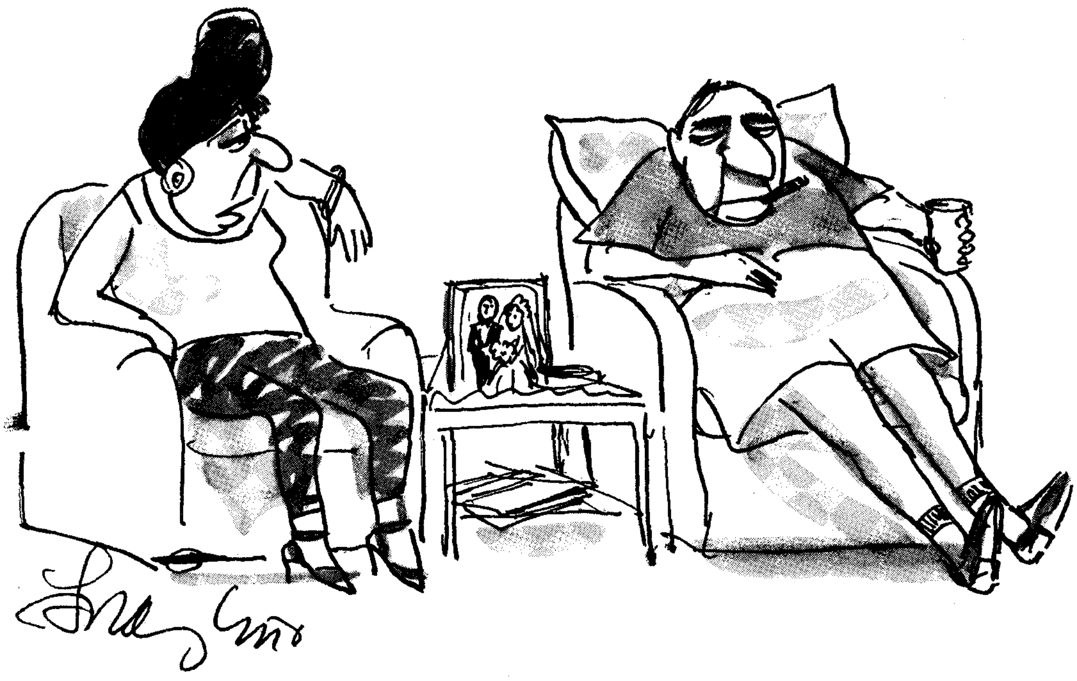
"Michael," said Myhrum. "Congratulations."

"We did it," Thomas said, grinning. "It was such a nice show."

The Custodians

THE New York City Bicentennial Corporation entertained the British Bicentennial Heritage Mission at Fraunces Tavern not long ago: champagne and crayfish tails in the room in which Washington said farewell to his officers; hands across the sea; peace with honor. It was a ceremony in which the British lion's tail was only gently twisted. The British lion was represented by Ian Campbell, twelfth (and a very young) Duke of Argyll; John A. Murray, ninth (and an even younger) Earl of Dunmore; Edward J. B. Douglas-Scott-Montagu, third Baron Montagu of Beaulieu, a hobbyist who owns a live steam locomotive named Stowe, is the author of "The Motoring Montagus," and is president of the British Historic Houses Association; Sir Hugo R. B. Boothby, fifteenth Baronet and premier Baronet of Wales; David Lindesay-Bethune, who is Viscount Garnock and heir to the fourteenth Earl of Lindsay, and is also vice-chairman of the Dean Clough carpet mills, financial guardian of three private railways in England, and owner of two steam locomotives, one named The Great Marquess and the other nameless; Vivian D. Lipman, Director of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings, and the man in charge of the Beefeaters; and Lawrence E. M. Rich, environmentalist extraordinary—that is, Assistant Secretary of the National Trust, which controls one acre out of every hundred in the United Kingdom, the controlled acres comprising a hundred and fifty stately homes, a hundred gardens, two thousand farms, seventeen entire villages, and a good third of the country's best coastline. All the lions except Mr. Lipman sported handsome Bicentennial ties—crossed Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes on a blue ground, with a silk lining emblazoned "Palm Beach"—and they embodied a splendid representation of What the Perfectly Dressed Man will wear. Missing from the assemblage were two members—the Duke of Marlborough, whose seat is Blenheim, and the Marquess of Tavistock, whose father's, the Duke of Bedford's, seat is Woburn. The City of New York was represented at the festivities by Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, the city's Commissioner of Civic Affairs and Public Events, and we were represented by our own Envoy Plenipotentiary, an old acquaintance of Lord Garnock. Our man's suit was a six-year-old black serge with a double chalk stripe and a peak-lapelled, scooped-out, double-breasted waistcoat—regalia that he saves for what he likes to call meeting the adversary on his own ground.

Lord Montagu identified himself as the head of the Bicentennial Mission, and explained to our E.P. that his group had come to wish the States many happy returns, and to remind us that until 1783, as the British saw it, we were subjects of King George III and to inform us that if we wished to know more about our past we could



"Cole Porter certainly hit the nail on the head. 'Night and day you are the one.'"

do worse than visit the historic homes of the British Isles. Our man said he was glad to be set right, because he had always assumed that Robert Morley was head of this mission—if not, indeed, Prime Minister. "The films 'Young Winston' and 'Jennie' have greatly increased Americans' interest in the stately homes of England," said the E.P.

"'Upstairs, Downstairs' has greatly increased interest in seeing the kitchens, nurseries, and servants' halls of the stately homes as well as the grand saloons," replied Lord Montagu. "Nobody would have thought thirty years ago, what with death duties and all, that we would today still be in our houses, or that the houses would even exist. But we opened up our doors, and by sacrificing our privacy we got fifty million paying visitors a year; the French only get ten million. No one thought of this as infra dig—we took to it like ducks to water. Actually, we are unpaid custodians of our own houses. And we live over the shop. The Historic Houses Association is sort of an aristocratic trade union. And I must say that the Socialist Government has been much friendlier to our effort than the Tory Government."

"I see," said the E. P. "You're all Socialists now."

"I wouldn't make that assumption," said the Duke of Argyll.

"Actually, there's nothing new in all this," said Montagu. "Many of the great houses were open to the public in the eighteenth century—only, the servants, not the masters, got the money then. In the seventeen-seventies, Lord Lyttelton, of Hagley Hall, wrote a letter saying, 'Coaches full of travellers of all denominations, and troops of holiday neighbors, are hourly chasing me from my apartments or, by strolling about the environs keeping me prisoner in it. The Lord of the place can never call it his for a day during the finer part of the year.'"

"Blenheim is so close to Oxford it was overrun with visitors before it was even completed," said Lord Dunmore.

"Yes," said Montagu. "And there was a sign about visitors outside Chatsworth in the eighteenth century that said, 'Every day of the week except Sunday by noblemen and foreigners, but on Tuesday only by other people.' In the last few years, visiting historic houses has become an English weekend pastime. This is all a terrifically big business now—a hundred million dollars a year—and the survival of the great houses is insured."

"It all gives one a good feeling," said Sir Hugo Boothby, Bart., of Fonmon Castle, near Barry, on the south coast of Wales. "One feels that one will be damned if one has to be the generation to pack it up. I'm jolly well going to keep the place open for my son, and he's keen on getting it." Sir Hugo, as premier Baronet of Wales, was privileged to carry a banner with the Welsh dragon on it at the investiture of the Prince of Wales in 1969. "A friend of mine—chap whose baronetcy is two or three years younger, dates back to 1663—was quite put out about my being asked to carry the banner," he told our man. "We've got the banner over the fireplace at home, actually. After the ceremony, I asked the Duke of Norfolk what I should do with it, and he said, 'Pop it in the back of the bus.' So I asked the Garter King of Arms, and he said, 'Possession is nine points, you know.' I've been wondering if some chap from the Department of the Environment would come and take it away and tell me it was his."

The Envoy Plenipotentiary said he had noted that some of the stately homes he'd been through recently had considerably expanded their amenities.

Montagu brightened. "At Beaulieu, my place, we take away half a ton of litter a day," he said. "We have the National Motor Museum at my place, and I sometimes almost think if you have a good free car park, a restaurant, plenty of lavatories—"

"Stately loos," said Dunmore.

"Right," said Montagu. "And have something for the kiddies to do, it doesn't much matter what you've got in your stately home. We're going to find out how Disney World and Williamsburg and a lot of other places handle this while we're over here, and teach the French when we get back. It's a matter of changing their mental attitude. The French were the great absentee landlords of all time, you know. They were off at Versailles while we were home working our estates."

Mr. Rich, of the National Trust, said that the peers who had given their homes to his group deserved praise for giving money for upkeep as well. "I can't see some Italian nobleman socking away great chunks of actual monetary fortune to look after his palazzo or whatever it is," he said.

Our man asked about J. Paul Getty, who removed himself from the United States to England and bought the countryseat called Sutton Place.

"Ah," said the Duke of Argyll. "He's so much richer than any of us he doesn't have to open his gates to anyone."

"Yes," said Montagu. "We're all sometimes a little bit jealous of Paul Getty. He has the only stately home in England that has been *withdrawn* from public viewing since the Second World War."

THE TOGETHER DUDE

(A Guide to the New Etiquette)

SOCIAL life in America is changing so rapidly that even the latest guides to etiquette quickly go out of date. Amy Vanderbilt and Emily Post devote whole chapters to proper conduct at weddings, for example, but not a word to unisexual marriages. Who gives away the "bride" at such a ceremony? Who *is* the bride? What is the protocol for dealing with frantic parents who attempt to disrupt the proceedings? There is a whole range of dilemmas that Amy and Emily never thought of, and as a service to our readers we offer some guidelines to modern manners.

YOU have been invited to spend the weekend with Bart and Jenny, friends of yours who recently sold their Turtle Bay duplex and moved to a coöperative truck farm near Great Barrington. What will be expected of you?

It is important not to get out of bed much before noon; otherwise, your hosts, who will be up at dawn to slop their pig, Rimbaud, will be deprived of the opportunity to feel superior. For similar reasons, it is also courteous to complain at breakfast about the absence of the *Times*, to lose your way in the woods while wearing a leisure suit and a pair of tassel loafers, and to have a fairly serious accident while chopping wood. Try to yawn a lot at dinner (this should be easy), and afterward, when Bart brings out his Autoharp, make sure to ask for "Amazing Grace."

YOU are attending a convention of herpetologists in Aspen. You are introduced to a young man with long blond hair who is wearing jeans, a buckskin jacket with fringes, and a Fred Harris button. The time has come to shake hands. What do you do?

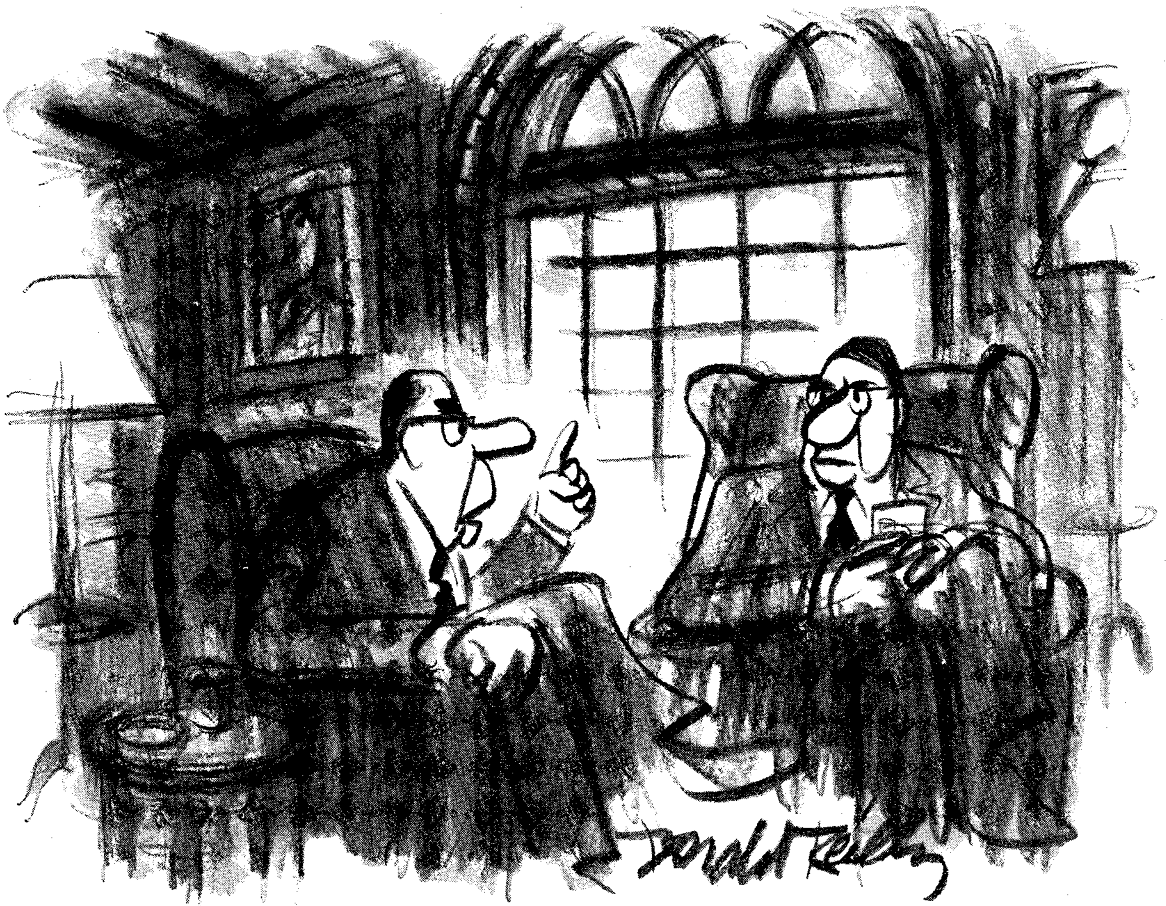
Follow his lead. If he extends one hand, palm up, lay five on him. If he extends both hands, palms up, you must decide whether to lay ten on him or give him your raincoat. If he indicates that he wants a "soul" handshake, try not to grasp his thumb as if it were a pipe wrench, for this leaves his other fingers with nothing to do, and, besides, in some circles it is a sign that you wish to share your old lady. Upon executing a successful soul shake, do not withdraw your hand too quickly; your new acquaintance may be expert in the many extended variations of this greeting, and may even want to engage in a little wristplay. It is permissible to draw the line at an *abrazo latino* or bumping hips.

YOU and your parents have decided to take in a pornographic film. How should you comport yourself?

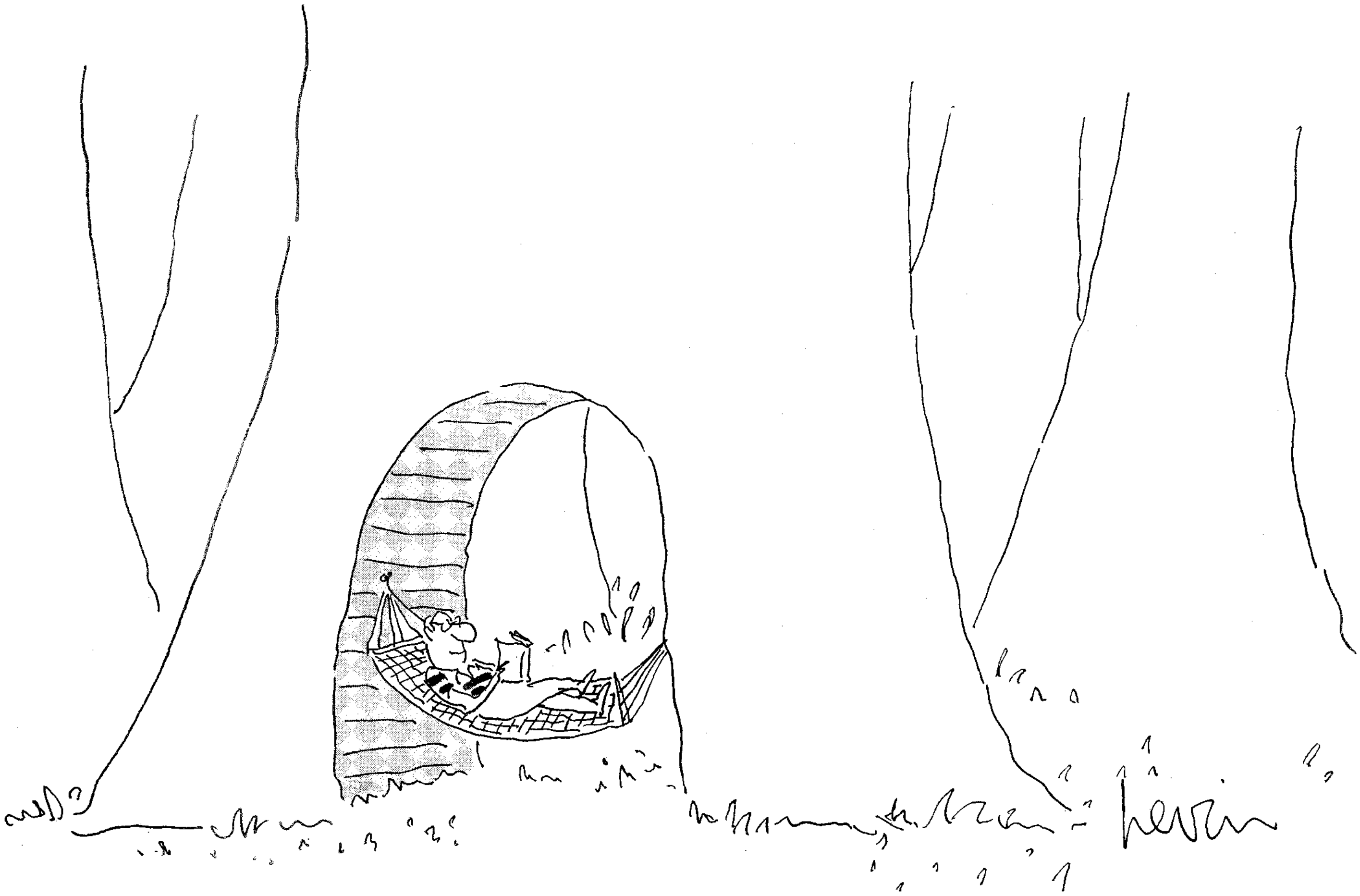
If your father has agreed to pay for the tickets, then you should remember to provide the sunglasses. Your folks may try to walk directly up to the box office, as if they were buying tickets for "The Wilderness Family," so you should be prepared to show them how to skulk around the block a few times and then slip in furtively. It is considered rude to study your parents' faces during the film, and if your mother asks to have some part of the action explained to her, it is customary to defer to your father. Don't forget to comment admiringly on the performance of the older actors.

YOU are at a dinner party on West Seventy-fifth Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. The guests include a world-famous lens-grinder, a young couple that has just been through EST, an elderly woman from Uttar Pradesh, and seven lawyers. You are all lingering at the table over cappuccino and discussing the theme of incest in the major South Korean novelists, when your host produces what is unmistakably a joint. What is the proper procedure?

The etiquette of grass has become as complicated as the old calling-card rituals. In the circumstances described, protocol dictates that the host shall light up and take the first toke. He will then offer the joint to the first woman on his left or to the person present who has published least. If you decide to partake when your turn comes, you must remain cour-



"Oh, really? Well, I've also given the matter a lot of thought, and I think the Panama Canal will be safer under Reagan!"



• •

teous and attentive. Do not become preoccupied with the candles, and try not to giggle at the way the person sitting across from you pronounces "forsythia." It is in the worst possible taste for anyone to refer to the provenance of the weed, or to describe it in such terms as "dyn-o-mite," "far out," or "righteous." If at any stage of the proceedings the fifteen-year-old son of the host should enter the dining room, try to avoid any awkward gestures, such as palming the joint or madly waving away signs of smoke. He will set the appropriate social tone—convivial, quietly amused, or bored—and you may safely follow his lead.

YOUR firm has chartered one of the Circle Line's vessels for an evening of executive-enrichment seminars. Among the seminar leaders will be Roosevelt Grier, Sissy Farenthold, Erich von Däniken, and Twyla Tharp. What kind of shoes should you wear?

Footwise, these days, virtually anything goes. If you feel like cutting up, a pair of Bass Weejuns is always good for a laugh. (Topsiders are also pretty funny, but on a boat they could be a bit much.) A pair of Murray Space Shoes with laces up the sides might have a certain esoteric appeal on such an occasion. For more sensible wear, boots are a good choice, but choosing the boot that is exactly right for you requires a lot more discernment than it used to take to decide between four eyelets or five on your Florsheim wing tips. Scuffed black motorcycle boots are making a comeback, for example, but at least for the time being they should not be worn with the trousers tucked into the tops. Frye boots are now O.K. only for weekends in New Hope—and maybe not even then. If you can bring it off, suède platform boots are the *ne plus ultra.*

For all-purpose businesswear, we recommend a pair of low-rise hiking boots or L. L. Bean's Ranger Oxfords. If you are still in a quandary, remember that you will always be in conservative good taste with a pair of Adidas jogging shoes. Please, no clogs, Earth Shoes, or thongs.

YOU are at a Neo-Photo-Secessionist brunch in a SoHo loft. When the raisin bagels are gone, some of the guests begin to disrobe. As a certain new friendliness becomes evident, it dawns on you that an orgy has been planned. How do you withdraw gracefully?

You have a number of options here. You can say that your guru expects you back at the ashram by three. You can ask if there are any furriers in attendance and then, no matter what the answer is, stalk out of the place. Or you can explain that you are halfway through writing your commentary on the "Zohar" and don't want to waste any of your essences right now. On no account should you plead a rash or other dermatological affliction; everyone's heard that line by now.

YOU are at a cocktail party in Teaneck. A tall, authoritative-looking man with burning eyes has been standing by himself in a corner. You are sure that he is staring at you. Periodically, he turns a hundred and eighty degrees counterclockwise and puffs out his cheeks like a blowfish. Finally, you are introduced. The man turns out to be your ex-wife's current psychoanalyst, and you both know that because of the terms of your separation agreement you owe him some four thousand dollars. How do you behave?

Immediately engage the gentleman in a discussion of the twenty-four-second rule. All psychiatrists love professional basketball; learned papers are beginning to appear about the Jungian implications of the stuff-shot. Agree with whatever the doctor says—even about Bill Walton.

—CHARLES MCGRATH
AND DANIEL MENAKER

HEAT

These events took place on the island of Dominica, in May of 1902.

ASH had fallen. Perhaps it had fallen the night before or perhaps it was still falling. I can only remember in patches. I was looking at it two feet deep on the flat roof outside my bedroom. The ash and the silence. Nobody talked in the street, nobody talked while we ate, or hardly at all. I know now that they were all frightened. They thought our volcano was going up.

Our volcano was called the Boiling Lake. That's what it was, a sheet of water that always boiled. From what fires? I thought of it as a mysterious place that few people had ever seen. In the churchyard where we often went—for death was not then a taboo subject—quite near the grave of my little sister, was a large marble headstone. "Sacred to the memory of Clive ——, who lost his life at the Boiling Lake in Dominica in an heroic attempt to save his guide." Aged twenty-seven. I remember that, too.

He was a young Englishman, a visitor, who had gone exploring with two guides to the Boiling Lake. As they were standing looking at it one of the guides, who was a long way ahead, staggered and fell. The other seized hold of the Englishman's hand and said "Run!" There must have been some local tradition that poisonous gases sometimes came out of the lake. After a few steps, the Englishman pulled his hand away and went back and lifted up the man who had fallen. Then he too staggered and they both fell. The surviving guide ran and told what had happened.

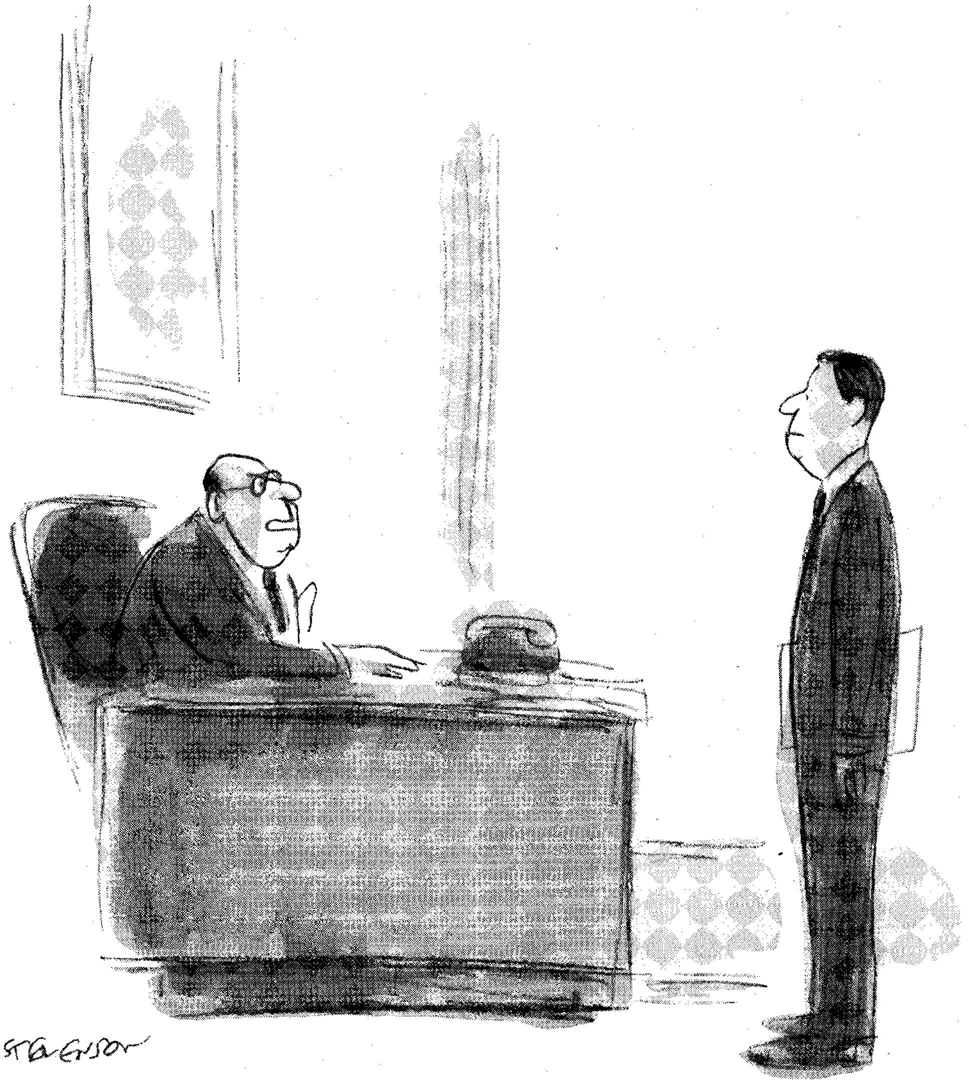
In the afternoon two little friends were coming to see us, and to my surprise they both arrived carrying large glass bottles. Both the bottles had carefully written labels pasted on: "Ash collected from the streets of Roseau on May 8th, 1902." The little boy asked me if I'd like to have his jar, but I refused. I didn't want to touch the ash. I don't remember the rest of the day. I must have gone to bed, for that night my mother woke me and, without saying anything, led me to the window. There was a huge black cloud over Martinique. I couldn't ever describe that cloud, so huge and black it was, but I have never forgotten it. There was no moon, no stars, but the edges of the cloud were flame-colored, and in the middle what looked to me like lightning flickered, never stopping. My mother said, "You will never see anything like this in your life again." That was all. I must have gone to sleep at the window and been carried to bed.

Next morning we heard what had happened. Was it a blue or a gray day? I only know ash wasn't falling any longer. The Roseau fishermen went out very early, as they did in those days. They met the fishermen from Fort-de-France, who knew. That was how we heard before the cablegrams, the papers, and all the rest came flooding in. That was how we heard of Mont Pelée's eruption and the deaths of thirty thousand people, and that there was nothing left of Saint-Pierre.

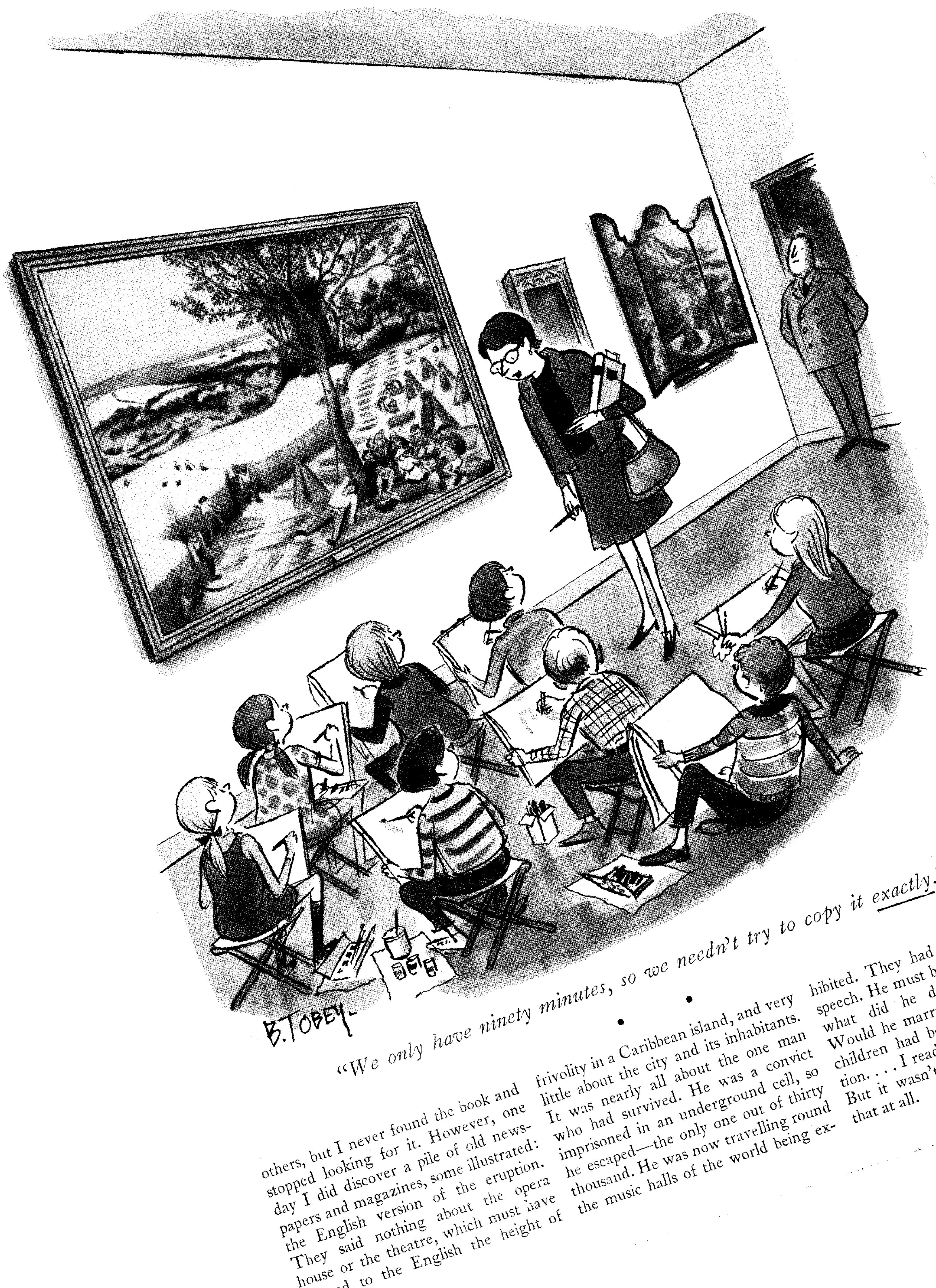
As soon as ships were sailing again between Dominica and Martinique my father went to see the desolation that was left. He brought back a pair of candlesticks, tall heavy brass candlesticks which must have been in a church. The heat had twisted them into an extraordinary shape. He hung them on the wall of the dining room and I stared at them all through meals, trying to make sense of the shape.

It was after this that the gossip started. That went on for years so I can remember it well. Saint-Pierre, they said, was a very wicked city. It had not only a theatre but an opera house, which was probably wickeder still. Companies from Paris performed there. But worse than this was the behavior of the women, who were the prettiest in the West Indies. They tied their turbans in a particular way, a sort of language of love that all Saint-Pierre people understood. Tied in one way, it meant "I am in love, I am not free;" tied in another way, it meant "You are welcome, I am free." Even the women who were married, or as good as, tied their kerchiefs in the "I am free" way. And that wasn't all. The last bishop who had visited the city had taken off his shoes and solemnly shaken them over it. After that, of course, you couldn't wonder.

As I grew older I heard of a book by a man called Lafcadio Hearn, who had written about Saint-Pierre as it used to be, about 'Ti Marie and all the



"Thanks for the idea, Harwell, but I don't feel an oversight committee to review my decisions is essential at this time."



"We only have ninety minutes, so we needn't try to copy it exactly."

• •

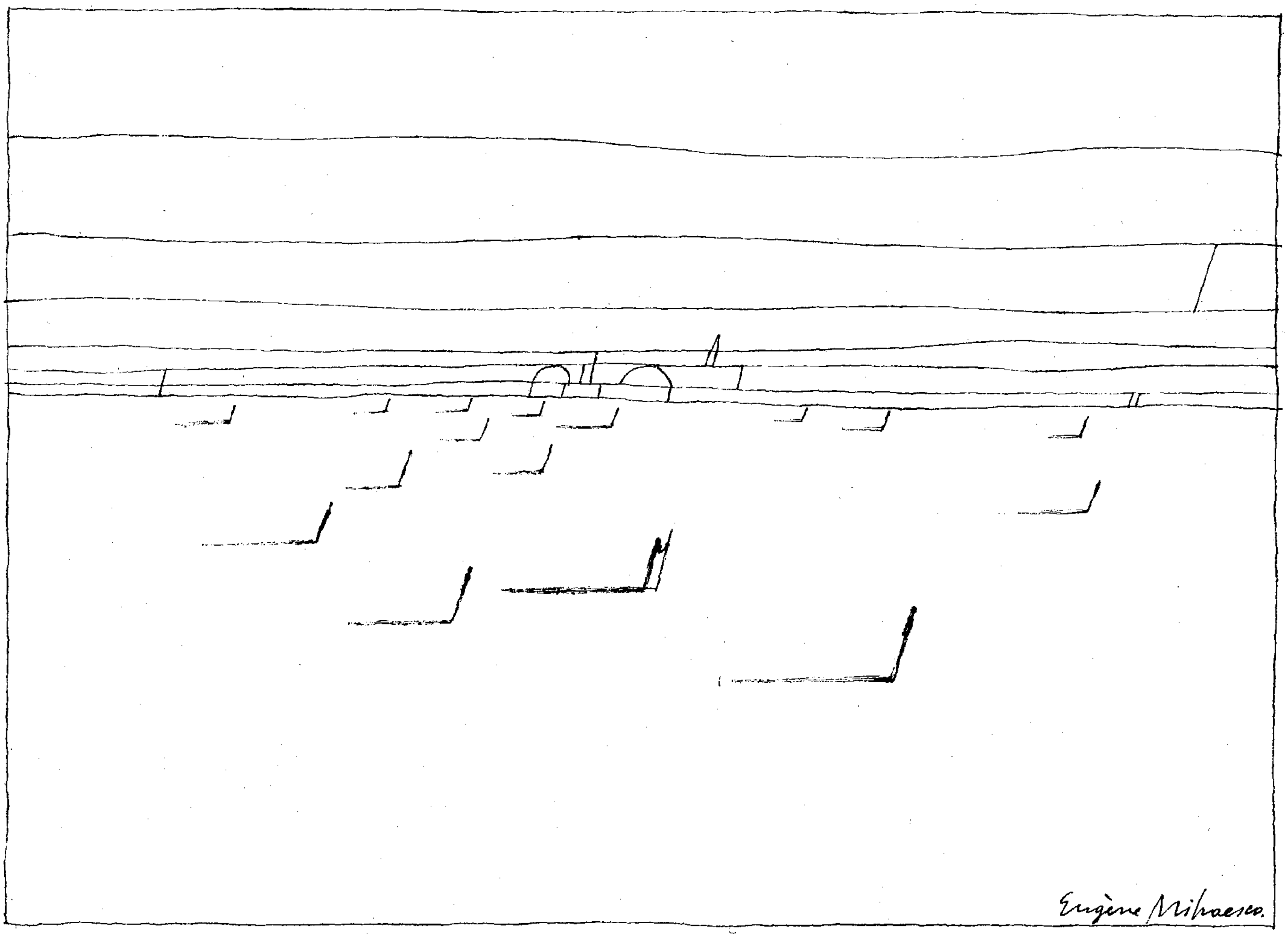
others, but I never found the book and stopped looking for it. However, one day I did discover a pile of old newspapers and magazines, some illustrated: the English version of the eruption. They said nothing about the opera house or the theatre, which must have seemed to the English the height of frivolity in a Caribbean island, and very little about the city and its inhabitants. It was nearly all about the one man who had survived. He was a convict imprisoned in an underground cell, so he escaped—the only one out of thirty thousand. He was now travelling round the music halls of the world being exhibited. They had taught him a little speech. He must be quite a rich man—what did he do with his money? Would he marry again? His wife and children had been killed in the eruption. . . . I read all this; then I thought, But it wasn't like that, it wasn't like that at all.

—JEAN RHYS

PROFILES

MAHATMA GANDHI AND HIS APOSTLES

II—IN THE STEPS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHER AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS



BANYA ORIGINS

MAHATMA GANDHI was not endowed with any unusual artistic, scholarly, or scientific talents. He never earned a degree or received any special academic honors. He was never a candidate in an election or a holder of public office. Yet when he died, in 1948, at the age of seventy-eight, practically the whole world mourned him. Albert Einstein said in his tribute, "Gandhi . . . demonstrated that a powerful human following can be assembled not only through the cunning game of the usual political maneuvers and trickeries but through the cogent example of a morally superior conduct of life." Other tributes compared Gandhi to Socrates, to Buddha, to Jesus, to Saint Francis of Assisi. Gandhi, who once said, "Action is my domain," himself strove to follow their examples, but at the same time he thought of his whole life as just a series of experiments in humility—in the practice of the Hindu law of ahimsa, which teaches reverence for all living things. In his autobiography—actually a compilation of articles—entitled "The Story of My Experiments with Truth," he writes:

> To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to Truth has drawn me into the field of politics; and I can say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means.
>
> Identification with everything that lives is impossible without self-purification. . . . To attain to perfect purity one has to become absolutely passion-free in thought, speech and action; to rise above the opposing currents of love and hatred, attachment and repulsion. . . . To conquer the subtle passions seems to me to be harder far than the physical conquest of the world by the force of arms. . . . I must reduce myself to zero. So long as a man does not of his own free will put himself last among his fellow creatures, there is no salvation for him. Ahimsa is the farthest limit of humility.

GANDHI was born on October 2, 1869, in the town of Porbandar, in the princely state of Porbandar, in the Political Agency of Kathiawar, in Gujarat, a region in the Presidency of Bombay. He was the third son and fourth child of Karamchand and Putlibai Gandhi. At the time, Karamchand was about forty-seven years old, and Putlibai, who was his fourth wife, was about twenty-five. Everyone remarked on the baby's sweet, cheerful face, lively eyes, and big ears.

Gujarat is in western India, and Kathiawar is a peninsula that juts into the Arabian Sea. The peninsula, because it is connected to the mainland only by a salt plain, which is sometimes underwater, has been isolated from the major events of Indian history. It used to be divided into numerous small, feudal princely states, notorious for palace intrigues and local wars. A princely state was sometimes no more than a village—and in at least one instance it was not much more than a well. The British left the princely states, in Kathiawar and elsewhere, more or less intact, even after the Mutiny of 1857 was suppressed and direct British sovereignty established in India. In fact, they created many new ones, which they felt would act as buffers against any further general uprisings like the Mutiny, and, in addition, would lend pomp and circumstance to the British raj. In the late years of the nineteenth century, all the princely states became, if anything, more deeply entrenched in their feudal ways, and, for the most part, remained untouched by such benefits of the British raj as macadamized roads, railway tracks, a uniform legal system, and a centralized administration. But their princes ruled only at the pleasure of the British. They owed allegiance to the British Crown, and were called to account by its local agents. One agent often had authority over many princely states; and on the Kathiawar peninsula an agent exercised authority over some two hundred princely states, grouped together in what was called the Kathiawar Political Agency. The life of the Gandhis centered on three of these princely states—Junagadh, Rajkot, and, of course, Porbandar. The three were adjacent, forming a sort of rough triangle; the capital of each princely state was a town of the same name; and none of the towns was much more than a hundred miles from either of the others. Nor was there much to distinguish the three states. Each had its Hindu rana or Muslim nawab—the prince—who, in turn, had his dewan, or prime minister. The dewan was a sort of majordomo, who helped his prince administer affairs of state and deal with the British political agent. The inhabitants of the Kathiawar Political Agency were mostly Hindus and Muslims, and, as Gujaratis, were known for tenacious, frugal, and hardworking ways.

In the census of 1872, the state of Porbandar had a population of seventy-two thousand and the town of Porbandar a population of fifteen thousand. The town stood on the coast, with the wooded Barda Hills in the background, and was surrounded by high, thick walls. When the tide was in, the sea swept right up to the walls. The houses were all built of soft white limestone, which gave the town the nickname of the White City. There were scarcely any trees or other greenery on the streets, but nearly all the Hindu inhabitants kept pots or tubs of the tulsi, or basil, plant in their homes and temples. They prayed in front of the plants, and wore strings of the seeds around their necks and arms as good-luck charms. The Hindus rarely ventured to put out to sea, because any Hindu who crosses the "black waters" loses his caste. Instead, working in their homes, they made silks and cottons, which their Muslim neighbors loaded onto ships and traded in Aden, Zanzibar, Cape Town, and other ports of Arabia and Africa.

Little is known of Gandhi's ancestors before the nineteenth century. According to legend, he may have been descended from a man called Lal who lived in the village of Kutiyana, in the state of Junagadh, in the seventeenth century. Lal had a son Ram, who had a son Rahidas, who may have been the father of Harjivan, Gandhi's great-grandfather and the earliest ancestor of whom we have a record—though no dates. (Actually, most facts relating to Gandhi's ancestry—indeed, to Gandhi's own early years—are in doubt; many of them are gathered from his autobiography, which was written when he was nearly sixty years old.) It seems that Harjivan bought a house in the town of Porbandar and set himself up as a tradesman—probably a grocer—sometime late in the eighteenth century. Harjivan had a son Uttamchand. We don't know when he was born, but we do know that he somehow managed to become dewan to the rana of Porbandar, whose name was Khimoji. Khimoji died in 1831, when his son and heir, Vikmatji, was only eight years old. Uttamchand soon fell out with the queen regent, Vikmatji's mother, known as Rupali Ba, by taking the opposite side in a domestic dispute involving her maids. Rupali Ba had Uttamchand's house—the house that Harjivan had bought—surrounded by palace guards, who fired a number of shots at it from a cannon, the biggest gun in Porbandar. Uttamchand somehow escaped to the state of Junagadh, where he established himself in Kutiyana as a grocer. When he went to pay his respects to the nawab, he saluted the prince with his left hand, which Hindus use only for unclean activity. He excused himself by saying, "The right hand is already pledged to Porbandar." The nawab meted out a token punishment to Uttamchand for his insolence—he was made to stand in the sun barefoot for ten minutes—but rewarded him for his loyalty, even though it was to an-

"Before I answer that, is this or is this not going to be part of your goddam novel?"

MELODIC TRAINS

A little girl with scarlet enamelled fingernails
Asks me what time it is—evidently that's a toy wristwatch
She's wearing, for fun. And it is fun to wear other
Odd things, like this briar pipe and tweed coat

Like date-colored sierras with the lines of seams
Sketched in and plunging now and then into unfathomable
Valleys that can't be deduced by the shape of the person
Sitting inside it—me, and just as our way is flat across
Dales and gulches, as though our train were a pencil

Guided by a ruler held against a photomural of the Alps,
We both come to see distance as something unofficial
And impersonal yet not without its curious justification,
Like the time of a stopped watch—right twice a day.

Only the wait in stations is vague and
Dimensionless, like oneself. How do they decide how much
Time to spend in each? One begins to suspect there's no
Rule or that it's applied haphazardly.

Sadness of the faces of children on the platform,
Concern of the grownups for connections, for the chances
Of getting a taxi, since these have no timetable—
You get one if you can find one though in principle

You can always find one—but the segment of chance
In the circle of certainty is what gives these leaning
Tower of Pisa figures in gray clothes their aspect of dogged
Impatience, banking forward into the wind.

In short any stop before the final one creates
Clouds of anxiety, of sad, regretful impatience
With ourselves, our lives, the way we have been dealing
With other people up until now. Why couldn't
We have been more considerate? These figures leaving

The platform or waiting to board the train are my brothers
In a way that really wants to tell me why there is so little
Panic and disorder in the world, and so much unhappiness.
If I were to get down now to stretch, take a few steps

In the wearying and world-weary clouds of steam like great
White apples, might I just through proximity and aping
Of postures and attitudes communicate this concern of mine
To them? That their jagged attitudes correspond to mine,

That their beefing strikes answering silver bells within
My own chest, and that I know, as they do, how the last
Stop is the most anxious one of all, though it means
Getting home at last, to the pleasures and dissatisfactions
of home?

It's as though a visible chorus called up the different
Stages of the journey, singing about them and being them:
Not the people in the station, not the child opposite me
With currant fingernails, but the windows, seen through,

Reflecting imperfectly, ruthlessly splitting open the bluish
Vague landscape like a zipper. Each voice has its own
Descending scale to put one in one's place at every stage
Of the trip; one need never not know where one is

Unless one give up listening, sleeping, approaching a small
Western town that is nothing but a windmill. Then
The great fury of the end can drop as the solo
Voices tell about it, wreathing it somehow with an aura

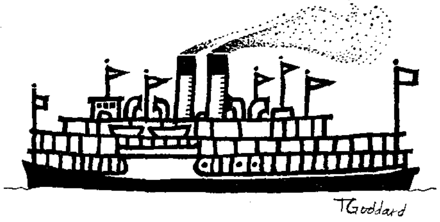
Of good fortune and colossal welcomes from the mayor and
Citizens' committees tossing their hats in the air.
To hear them singing you'd think it had already happened
And we had focussed back on the furniture of the air.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

other state, by exempting him from the customs duties levied on non-resident merchants. In 1841, Rupali Ba died, and Vikmatji succeeded to the throne of Porbandar. He invited Uttamchand to return, which he did, and to become the dewan, which he didn't. Instead, Uttamchand recommended the fifth, and most gifted, of his six sons, Karamchand, for the post, and in 1847, at the age of twenty-five, Karamchand became dewan of Porbandar—an office he held for some twenty-eight years.

Karamchand married for the first time when he was about fourteen, and for the second time when he was about twenty-five. He had two daughters by the first two wives, but both wives died without bearing any sons, and nothing is known about either of the daughters. There is no record of when he married for the third time, but it is believed that that marriage was childless and that he got permission from his third wife—as a matter of courtesy—to marry again while he was still married to her. (It was not unusual for a man who could afford it to have two or more wives at a time, especially if one wife after another failed to bear a son—for the principal function of an Indian woman was to produce breadwinning sons.) In any event, in about 1860, when he was over forty, he married Putlibai, who was then just in her teens. She bore him four children: a daughter, Raliat, in 1862; a son, Lakshmidas, in 1863; a second son, Karsandas, in 1867; and a third son, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (Gandhi's full name), in 1869. We don't know exactly when or how Karamchand himself started using the surname Gandhi—or, for that matter, when Gandhi himself started using his father's name as a middle name. On rare occasions when Indians were away from home—say, on a pilgrimage—they might identify themselves by mentioning the names of their fathers, their villages, their towns, or, most often, their castes or subcastes, but, by and large, until the time of the British raj Indians did not use surnames. The British, however, decided that a second name was necessary, for their modern system of record-keeping, so the Indians themselves—especially those connected in some way with British officialdom—began to use surnames. This was probably how Karamchand became Karamchand Gandhi. The Gandhis belong to the subcaste of grocers—*gandhi* is actually a Gujarati word for "grocer"—and grocers belong to a larger subcaste of shopkeepers and moneylenders, called Banyas. The Banyas belong to the Vaisya caste of farmers and traders, which is the third of the four castes into which Hindu society, with innumerable local minor vari-



Cigarettes

"No, I'm not Marlon Brando. But then, on the other hand, I'm not Joe Schmo, either."

• •

ations, is irrevocably divided—the Brahman caste, of priests and scholars, being the first, the Kshatriya caste, of warriors and nobles, the second, and the Sudra caste, of manual laborers, the fourth. (The untouchables are casteless.) Each caste and subcaste is so closely identified with its own hereditary occupation and function that, for example, Banya is in India a term of opprobrium for a shrewd, grasping merchant.

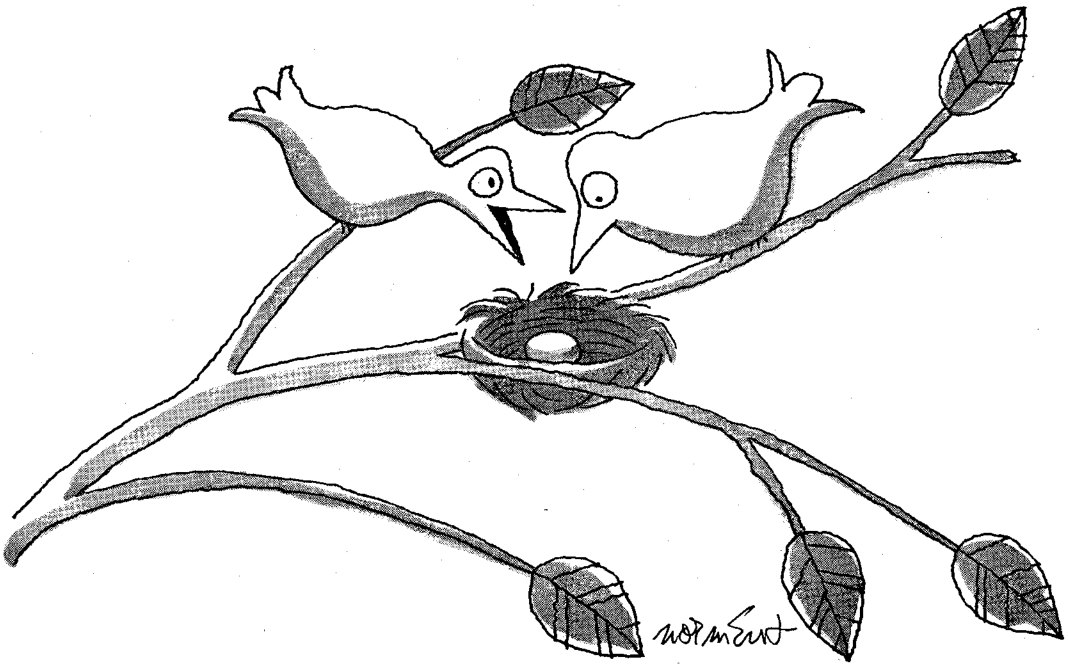
Karamchand, Putlibai, and their children lived in the old family house in Porbandar, which had expanded in the three generations since Harjivan's time from a modest one-story affair to a three-story structure. The house was wedged between two temples. It had thick stone outer walls, which concealed a honeycomb of dark, mean rooms built around a small courtyard, their dinginess accentuated by the flickering light of kerosene-burning mud lamps. Karamchand and his family occupied two ground-floor rooms opening onto a veranda, and the rest of the house was given over to Karamchand's five brothers and their wives and children. Although they all had their own kitchens, they pooled their incomes to meet expenses, in the traditional manner of the Hindu "joint family."

Karamchand was a stocky, broad-shouldered man. In old photographs he is shown wearing pajama trousers, a shawl, soft leather slippers, and a full turban in the Kathiawari style, and has a gold chain around his neck. He was brought up as a Vaishnavi—a member of one of the principal Hindu sects. Vaishnavis worship Vishnu, or his incarnation Krishna, the voluptuary deity who is often portrayed as a cowherd playing the flute and making merry with milkmaids. Karamchand had only three or four years of schooling, and could read and write only Gujarati. Though he was naturally tactful, he seems to have had some difficulty in kowtowing to the British. Pyarelal, Gandhi's official biographer, reports in his book "The Early Phase" that Gandhi once told him, "Our household was turned upside down when my father had to attend the Durbar during a Governor's visit. . . . If I [were] a painter, I could paint my father's disgust and the torture on his face as he was putting his legs into his stockings and feet into ill-fitting and uncomfortable boots."

Putlibai was born in the village of Datrana, in the state of Junagadh. She was brought up as a Pranami—a member of a local ascetic, orthodox offshoot of the Vaishnava sect, which was, however, strongly influenced by Islam in that it emphasized direct communion with God. Putlibai was a simple woman who never learned to read or write. She was small and frail, with buckteeth and a sweet expression, and she smiled often. She had a graceful walk. She usually wore a coarse cotton sari and a Kathiawari-style blouse, which barely covered her midriff and was open at the back. She wore little jewelry by Indian standards—a gold nose ring, heavy silver anklets, ivory bangles, and a necklace of tulsi beads. On special occasions, she would don gold-plated bracelets. She liked to spin. Although she had no particular religious training, she devoutly followed the religious vows and fasts prescribed for self-discipline and self-purification. She took no pleasure in eating. One of Gandhi's more fanciful biographers, Ranjee Shahani, describes how she felt about food: "It was a pity that one could not dispense with it altogether, for, she reflected, and once or twice confided to a friend, its end was terrible. It entered the mouth fresh and fragrant, and left the body as waste. As a result of this attitude, she developed chronic constipation." During the four months of the monsoon season, she would fast, as her religion dictated, often for two or three days at a time, not breaking the fast until she had seen the sun. "We children on those days would stand, staring at the sky, waiting to announce the appearance of the sun to our mother," Gandhi writes. "I remember days when, at his [the sun's] sudden appearance, we would rush and announce it to her. She would run out to see with her own eyes, but by that time the fugitive sun would be gone, thus depriving her of her meal. 'That does not matter,' she would say cheerfully. 'God did not want me to eat today.' "

KATHIAWARI BOY

UNTIL Gandhi—or Moniya, or Mohan, as he was variously called as a boy—was seven, he lived in the family house in Porbandar, and he



"Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I believe it's the best egg I ever laid."

probably attended the local Dhooli Shala, or Dust School, so called because in such schools the schoolmaster taught the children to read and write by drawing letters with a stick on the dusty floor. Some of what we know about Gandhi at this time is based on a few perhaps apocryphal stories, the details of which vary from one telling to another. It is said that he once climbed a guava tree in the family courtyard and meticulously wound a piece of cloth around each fruit. When his father asked him what he was doing, he said that he was protecting the guavas from the preying birds. Another story has it that one summer Raliat took him on a day's outing to the Festival of the Full Moon. He gave her the slip and attached himself to a group of young girls dancing in the streets with flowers in their hair. He spent the day in their company, and arrived home in the evening with a sore throat and a stomach ache. A doctor was called to diagnose the trouble, and discovered that Gandhi had spent the day eating flowers that fell from the girls' hair. His father immediately hired a nursemaid for him, who was given strict orders never to let him out of her sight. One afternoon, Gandhi nevertheless succeeded in slipping away from her, and stole into a temple with some of his cousins while the priest was napping. They removed bronze statues of gods and goddesses from the sanctuary and tried to make off with them. They wanted real gods and goddesses to play with, for a change from the mud versions they usually played with. As they were running out of the temple, a couple of the statues banged together. The ringing clang aroused the priest, who gave chase. The plunderers dropped the booty and got home without being caught; however, the priest reported them to one of Gandhi's uncles, who was a harsh disciplinarian, and he confronted them with their misdeed. They all denied it except Gandhi, who not only confessed but also pointed out the cousin who had put them up to it. Another time, it is said, Gandhi went into the prayer room at home, took a statue of a god off its pedestal, and climbed up in its place.

In 1876, Gandhi's father was appointed dewan to the rana of Rajkot, and he moved, with his wife and children, about a hundred and twenty miles northeast, to the town of Rajkot—a five-day trek from Porbandar in bullock carts over dirt roads. Rajkot was a gloomy contrast to the White City. It was inland, and was less outward-looking in every sense. It was, however, the headquarters of the Political Agency of Kathiawar, and therefore the dewan of Rajkot had slightly more standing than the dewan of Porbandar. Rajkot had grown up in the manner of other Indian towns where the British maintained a token establishment. There was the native city, consisting of crowded, dirty slums with high, squalid tenements topped by peaked tile roofs; and the British section, consisting of clean, low, spacious bungalows with flat roofs, each set in its own well-tended compound. The Gandhis moved into a tenement on the outskirts of the native city.

In Rajkot, Gandhi and his brothers attended first a local primary school, which was probably not very different from the Dhooli Shala, and then Alfred High School, the only secondary school in the area, which prepared its students for college. Gandhi was an indifferent student and found schoolwork hard—especially in upper high school, because there all subjects were taught in English, which he had trouble learning. At one point, he took up Sanskrit, but that proved difficult, too. He was tempted to drop it and one day sat in on the Persian class, which was supposed to be easier. Gandhi later recalled that the Sanskrit teacher stopped him afterward and asked, "How can you forget that you are the son of a Vaishnavi father? Won't you learn the language of your own religion?" Gandhi didn't like his father's praying, or his mother's fasting and temple-going, but still, for some reason, he went back to his struggle with Sanskrit. He was a puny boy, and was self-conscious about his frail constitution. He was forced to do gymnastics and play cricket, but he had no aptitude for either. He preferred going on solitary walks or playing a simple Indian street game called *gulli-danda*, which required only a wooden peg and a stick to hit it with.

One day, a British education inspector came to Alfred High School. He asked the boys in Gandhi's class to write down five English words, then went around the class checking their spelling. No one made a mistake except Gandhi, who misspelled "kettle." (We don't know how he spelled it.) The schoolmaster tried surreptitiously to get Gandhi to copy the correct spelling from his neighbor's slate, so that the inspector would give the class a perfect score. Gandhi wouldn't do it. The schoolmaster later chided him for stupidity, but Gandhi felt sure he had done the right thing.

At home, Gandhi and a cousin would watch one of their uncles smoke cigarettes. The uncle would puff out smoke through his nostrils and blow smoke rings. The two boys secretly tried smoking the stubs of his cigarettes but could not get many puffs out of them. They also tried smoking cheap cigarettes, which they bought with coppers stolen from the servants, but didn't know where to hide them. Then they tried the stems of a local weed that was reputed to be smokable, but found them hard to keep lighted. They despaired of ever becoming grownups, and decided that death was preferable to remaining children. They made a suicide pact, and foraged in the woods for belladonna seeds, which they had heard were poisonous. When they found some, they went to the temple to carry out their pact. But their courage failed them. "I realized that it was not as easy to commit suicide as to contemplate it," Gandhi writes. "And since then, whenever I have heard of someone threatening to commit suicide, it has had little or no effect on me."

WHEN Gandhi was about twelve, he was considered old enough to marry, and his father made the arrangements. His bride, Kasturbai Makanji, was the daughter of a Banya merchant of Porbandar. She was a pretty, strong-willed girl with an oval face, large, widely spaced dark eyes, a sensuous mouth, and a firm chin. She and Gandhi were the same age and had probably played together as children. They had been betrothed since they were seven. Gandhi had earlier been betrothed, successively, to two other girls, both of whom had died. Child betrothals and child marriages were the rule in India, but there was a special urgency in Gandhi's case. His father was about sixty—an age that few Indians achieved—and he wanted all his sons married before he retired or died. Lakshmidas had already married, and it was now the turn of Karsandas and Mohandas. The father arranged a joint wedding not only for them but also for a nephew, who lived in Porbandar. He took his two sons out of school several months ahead of the event and sent them, with their mother, to Porbandar, where the wedding would take place. Preparations were made for a week of festivities.

Just before the wedding, Gandhi's father set out from Rajkot and, using relays of bullock carts and horse-driven carriages, made the journey to Porbandar in the remarkably short time of three days. When he was almost there, however, his carriage overturned, and he was severely injured. (He had to spend the remaining three years of his life in bed.) But he refused to countenance a delay in the festivities and insisted on discharging his duties as a father from his sickbed.

What with the hymns and prayers, the feasts and processions, the pledges and presents, and, above all, the anticipation of having "a strange girl to play with," Gandhi forgot about his father's accident. At the culmination of the festivities, Gandhi went to the Makanjis' house. There he and Kasturbai sat on a dais and prayed. They then took the traditional seven steps around a sacred fire, reciting the Hindu marriage vows:

"Take one step, that we may have strength of will," Gandhi said.

"In every worthy wish of yours, I shall be your helpmate," Kasturbai said.

"Take the second step, that we may be filled with vigor."

"In every worthy wish of yours, I shall be your helpmate."

"Take the third step, that we may live in ever-increasing prosperity."

"Your joys and sorrows I will share."

"Take the fourth step, that we may be ever full of joy."

"I will ever live devoted to you, speaking words of love and praying for your happiness."

"Take the fifth step, that we may serve the people."

"I will follow close behind you always and help you to keep your vow of serving the people."

"Take the sixth step, that we may follow our religious vows in life."

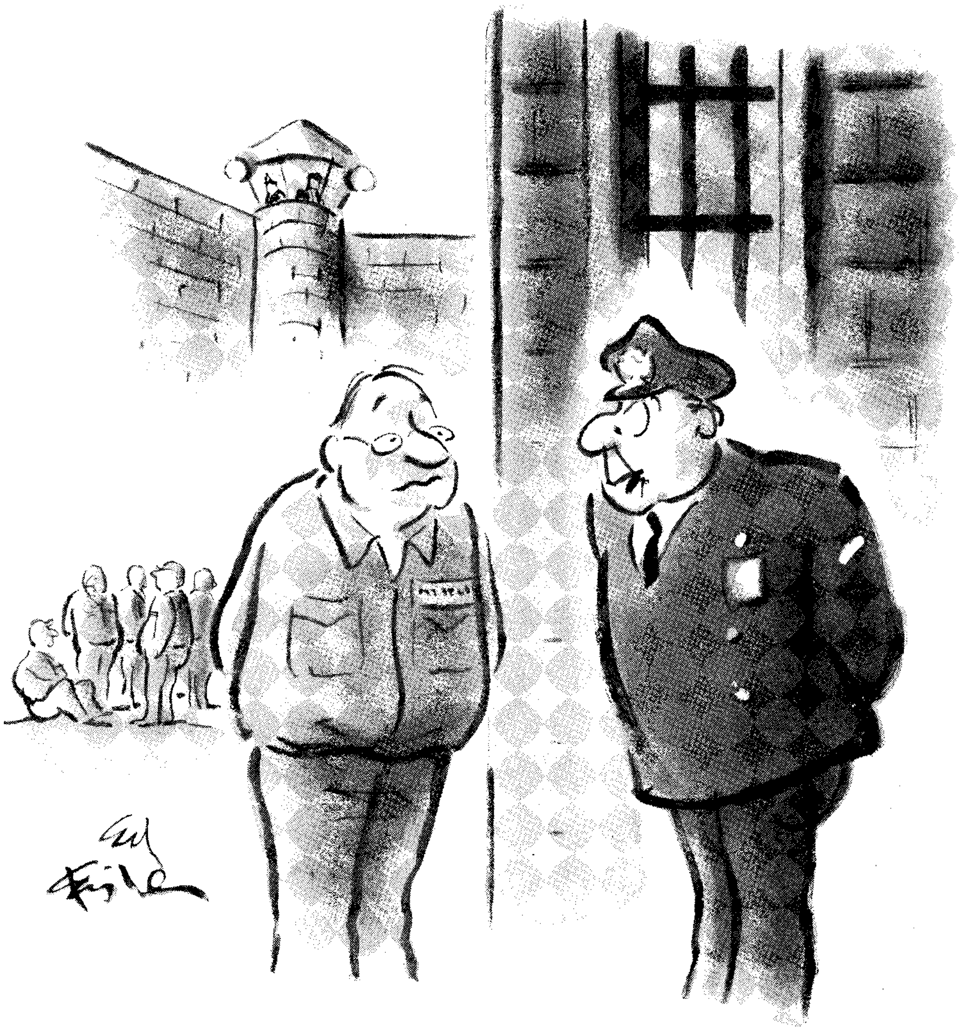
"I will follow you in observing our religious vows and duties."

"Take the seventh step, that we may ever live as friends."

"It is the fruit of my good deeds that I have you as my husband. You are my best friend, my highest guru, and my sovereign lord."

Gandhi put a sweetened wheat cake in Kasturbai's mouth, Kasturbai put a sweetened wheat cake in Gandhi's mouth, and they were pronounced husband and wife. It was 1882.

The pernicious effects of child marriages were often mitigated by having the bride return to her family house after a symbolic visit to the groom's family house; then it was only after a year or so, when the bride went to live with her husband, that the marriage was consummated. This was not the case with Gandhi and Kasturbai. After some initial nervousness, their marriage was consummated on their wedding night. Gandhi writes that Lakshmidas' wife coached him before the wedding on how to conduct himself in the con-



"Just between us, Baxter, now that you're no longer mulcting the funds at Data-Technics, how would you rate them as an investment?"

jugal bed, but that he already knew instinctively what to do, from his experiences in previous incarnations.

Gandhi seems to have been a jealous and imperious young husband. Although Kasturbai gave him no cause for suspicion, he lectured her on the virtues of fidelity and submission. He forbade her to go anywhere, even to the temple, without first obtaining his leave. He tried to instruct her in reading and writing, for she could do neither. But the more he tried to order her around, the more she resisted him, and the crosser he became. "Refusal to speak to one another thus became the order of the day with us, married children," he writes.

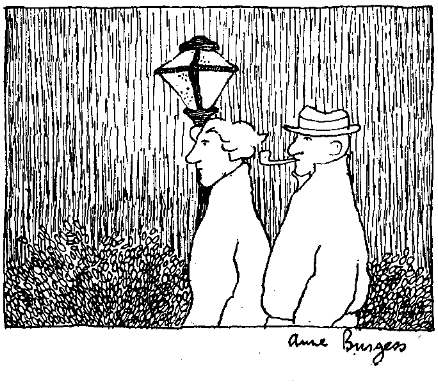
GANDHI had always been afraid of snakes, thieves, and ghosts—creatures that came out at night—and even after his marriage he would not sleep without a lamp burning at his bedside. When he finally returned to school after the wedding (he had missed almost a year), he became fast friends with Sheikh Mehtab, who boasted, in Gandhi's words, that "he could hold in his hand live serpents, could defy thieves, and did not believe in ghosts." Mehtab was a couple of years older than Gandhi and had originally been Karsandas's friend. He lived across the street from the Gandhis, and had a reputation in the neighborhood as something of a wastrel. He prided himself on his physical prowess on the sports field and in the brothels of Rajkot. Gandhi's mother had not considered Mehtab fit company for Karsandas, and both she and Kasturbai warned Gandhi against falling under Mehtab's bad influence. But Gandhi found Mehtab irresistible. One day, Mehtab made an appointment for Gandhi in a brothel. He paid in advance, arranged for a room, and told Gandhi that all he had to do was to amuse himself. Gandhi went in and sat down next to the woman on the bed. He couldn't do or say anything. The woman abused him roundly and pushed him out of the room. "I . . . felt as though my manhood had been injured, and wished to sink into the ground for shame," he writes.

At school, Gandhi had often heard his fellow-students recite this doggerel:

> Behold the mighty Englishman.
> He rules the Indian small,
> Because, being a meat eater,
> He is five cubits tall.

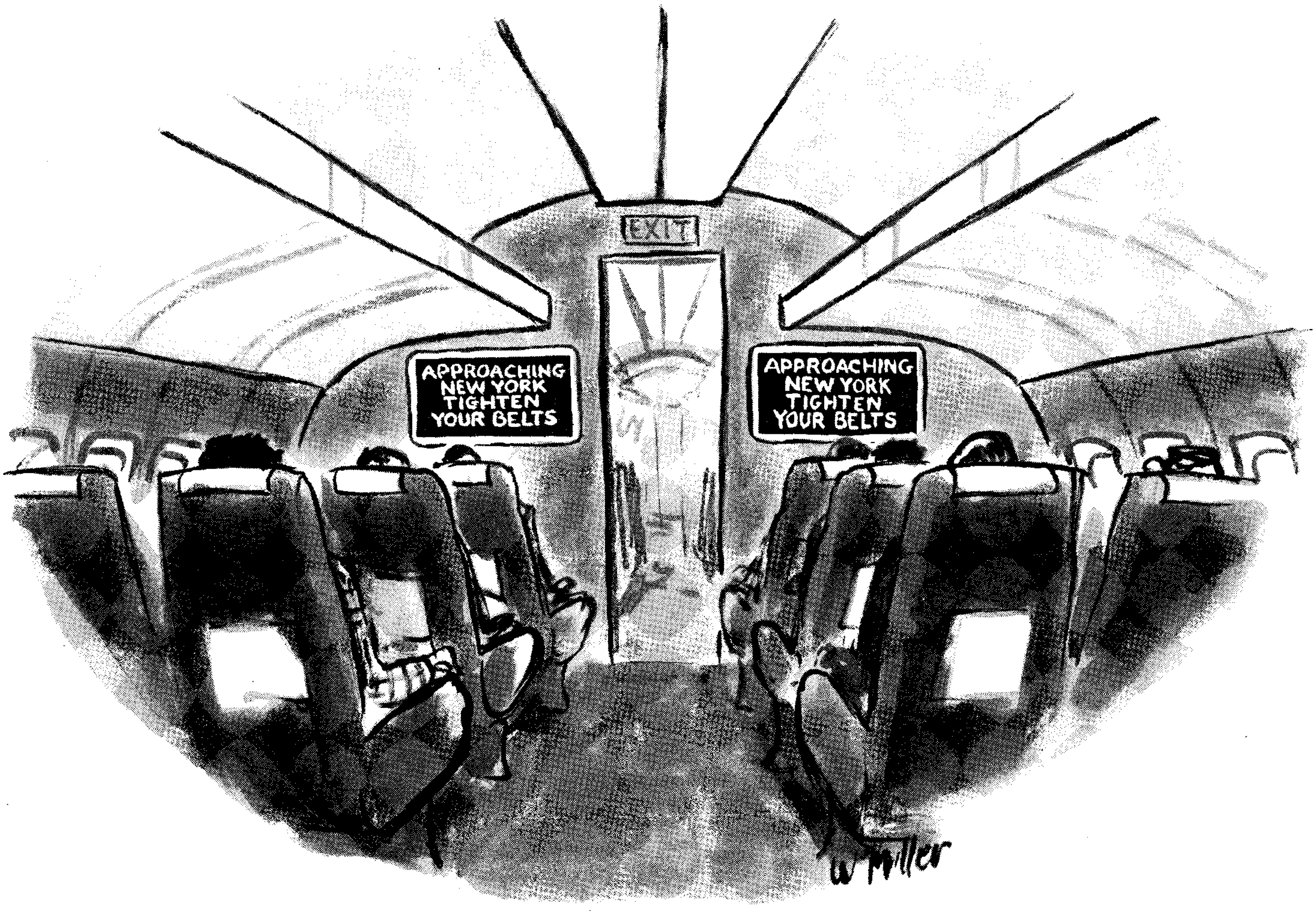
Mehtab was a Muslim, and therefore he, too, was a meat eater. Gandhi, an orthodox Hindu, was a vegetarian. Mehtab told Gandhi that he had induced Karsandas to eat meat secretly many times; that many of their schoolteachers and fellow-students ate meat; that they were stronger and hardier because of it; and that if, like them, all Indians ate meat, they would be rid of the enfeebling boils from which they suffered, and would also be able to throw out the Englishmen who ruled them. At length, Mehtab took Gandhi to a lonely spot on the outskirts of Rajkot, on the bank of the River Aji. He had brought along with him some goat's meat and a loaf of bakery bread—the leavened kind that Englishmen ate. Mehtab gave Gandhi a slice of bread and meat. The meat was as tough as leather, but Gandhi persevered with it, and it made him sick. That night, he got little rest. "A horrible nightmare haunted me," he writes. "Every time I dropped off to sleep, it would seem as though a live goat were bleating inside me, and I would jump up full of remorse." In the Gandhi household, eating meat not only was forbidden but was also considered tantamount to eating human flesh, because of the strength among Kathiawari Hindus of Jainism, which had started out as a heretical reform movement against sacerdotal Hinduism in the fifth and sixth centuries B.C. but over the succeeding centuries had become more rigid and conservative than Hinduism. Jains believe, for instance, that not only men and animals but also insects, plants, earth, fire, water, and wind—every particle and every atom—have souls. In order to attain nirvana, a Jain must take care as best he humanly can not to injure any living creature; a man who believes he can be reincarnated as a goat or an insect must try to abstain from killing anything. Jain priests therefore wear white masks over their mouths to avoid breathing in insects, and do not go out in the dark for fear of stepping on insects. Some do not clean their teeth or wash their clothes for fear of destroying germs; others, still more austere, do not wear clothes. All Jain priests are very fastidious about where they eat, since a non-Jain household may be contaminated by meat, but Jain priests freely accepted food at the Gandhi house, because Vaishnavi Gujaratis were famous for their Jainlike horror of meat eating. Moreover, it was well known that Gandhi's mother would not allow insects to be killed in her home.

Still, Rajkot, in part because of the introduction of formal schooling, was opening up to new ideas, and Gandhi, under Mehtab's tutelage, eventually learned to enjoy eating meat. For about a year after first tasting meat at the River Aji, Gandhi would meet Mehtab and his meat-eating friends in the Rajkot State House, the local assembly rooms. They would order elaborate dishes in which the meat was disguised and made more palatable with familiar delicacies, and would eat them with their fingers, but sitting in chairs at tables, like Englishmen. When Gandhi got home after such feasts, he would have to dissimulate to his ingenuous parents. "My mother would naturally ask me to come and take my food," he writes, "and want to know the reason why I did not wish to eat. I would say to her, 'I have no appetite today; there is something wrong with my digestion.' " He knew how shocked she would be if she knew she harbored a meat eater. His guilt at the deception in time got the better of him, and he decided that out of respect for his parents he would postpone meat eating until they were dead and he was free to do what he liked.



Karsandas, however, continued to eat meat at Mehtab's feasts, and, as a result, ran up a twenty-five-rupee debt. He and Gandhi conspired to settle the debt by clipping a piece from a gold armlet that Karsandas wore. When their parents noticed that a piece was missing, both boys pretended that they knew nothing about it, and suggested that it must have been stolen in the night. But then Gandhi repented and decided to confess to the theft. He wrote out his confession and, trembling, handed it to his father. "He read it through," Gandhi writes, "and pearl-drops trickled down his cheeks, wetting the paper. For a moment he closed his eyes in thought and then tore up the note. . . . I also cried."

GANDHI'S father, after his accident, had tried to carry on as dewan of Rajkot from his bed, first in Porbandar and then back in Rajkot, but after a year or so his deteriorating health forced him to resign his office. He developed a fistula, and a local English surgeon advised an operation, but the sick man refused to have anything to do with such a modern pro-


EXIT
APPROACHING NEW YORK TIGHTEN YOUR BELTS
APPROACHING NEW YORK TIGHTEN YOUR BELTS
W Miller

cedure. He became more and more helpless. He had to be helped to the lavatory, and bathed and fed in bed. He became preoccupied with religion—and not just his own. From morning to night, many priests—Vaishnavi, Jain, Muslim, Parsi—would sit by his bed, and he would read their scriptures with them and discuss religion. A friend named Ladha would chant the sixteenth-century version of the Ramayana, composed by the Hindu poet Tulsi Das (1532-1623), which, according to Sir Charles James Lyall, a Victorian student of India, was perhaps better known at that time among the Hindus of northern India than the Bible was among the rustic inhabitants of England. It was said that Ladha had cured himself of leprosy by constantly reciting the Ramanama, or the name of Rama, the epic's hero.

By day, Gandhi often looked after his father and washed his feet, and in the evening, while the priests chanted hymns and prayers, he kneaded and massaged his father's feet and legs until the sick man dropped off to sleep. It was Gandhi's religious duty as a Hindu to tend his father in this manner. But he was also a young husband, impatient for his wife's bed. One night, when he had just turned sixteen, he left his father's side to make love to Kasturbai, who was pregnant with their first child; then a servant knocked at the door and announced that his father was dead. Gandhi seems never to have forgotten what he called his "double shame"—leaving his father when he knew that his father might die at any moment, and making love to his wife when he knew that Hinduism forbade intercourse with a pregnant woman. The baby died soon after it was born, and he felt that he was justly punished.

Rajkot Student in England

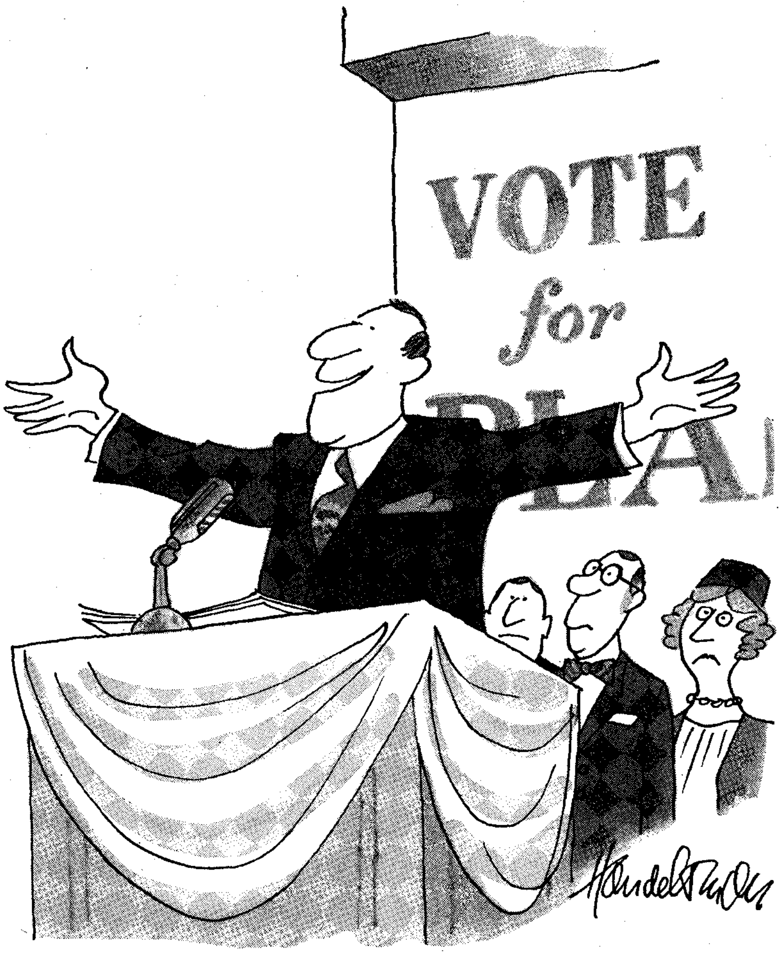
LATE in 1887, when Gandhi was seventeen, he went by train—a railway now connected Kathiawar with the outside world—to Ahmedabad, the capital of the province. There he sat for his matriculation examination, which was a prerequisite for admission to a college or university. He did poorly in all subjects, but his aggregate score, two hundred and forty-seven and a half points out of six hundred and twenty-five, was just enough to get him through. In January of 1888, therefore, he was able to enter a small, new, inexpensive college called Samaldas, in the town of Bhavnagar, in the princely state of Bhavnagar, which was near Rajkot. For the first time, he was living away from home—on his own, in a lodging, without even his wife. He didn't like college—his English was still very weak, and he did badly in his studies—and he was homesick. He began having headaches and frequent nosebleeds. In the spring of 1888, he went home to Rajkot. He never returned to Samaldas College; instead, he decided to go to England.

A Brahman lawyer named Mavji Dave, who was an old friend of his father's and a frequent visitor to the Gandhi home, told Gandhi's mother that British values were making such inroads into the life of the country that in the future formal qualifications would be required for all posts—that Gandhi could not hope to become a dewan, for instance, merely by the exercise of shrewdness, tact, and native intelligence, as his father and grandfather had done. Mavji Dave therefore counselled Gandhi to go to England and become a barrister-at-law—a title reserved for those who studied law in England. He said that his own son Kevalram had just returned from England as a barrister and was making a good living.

Gandhi was soon lost in what he describes as "madcap thoughts of London." During his father's illness, he had considered becoming a doctor, but he knew how horrified his parents

MAY 17, 1976

would be at the mere prospect of their son's cutting up cadavers, and so had rejected the idea. He knew that if he tried to become a lawyer in India he would first have to study for several years and pass difficult examinations in order to obtain a B.A. degree, and that would mean returning to Samaldas College. If, however, he went to England to become a barrister, he would not need a degree at all and could forget about Samaldas. So he went to talk to Kevalram, who warned him that he would need a lot of money, and that unless he was prepared to set aside his Kathiawari superstitions and his religion there was no point in his going to England. Gandhi said that he could probably get a government scholarship, since the family had claims on the governments of both Porbandar and Rajkot. But Kevalram seems to have been skeptical about whether Gandhi was cut out for England.



"People of North Dakota! Or possibly South Dakota!"

• •

Undeterred, Gandhi went to Porbandar, where he made an appointment with F. S. P. Lely, the local British administrator, in the hope of presenting his family claims for a scholarship. Lely, however, didn't even let Gandhi inside his door. He dismissed him with a curt "Pass your B.A. first and then see me. No help can be given you now." It was Gandhi's first encounter with an Englishman. "I had made elaborate preparations to meet him," he writes. "I had carefully learnt up a few sentences and had bowed low and saluted him with both hands. But all to no purpose!" Gandhi never succeeded in getting a scholarship, but Lakshmidas apparently found the money to send Gandhi to England.

Gandhi next had to spend three days pleading with his Uncle Tulsidas, who, as his father's oldest surviving brother, was the head of the family, for permission to go to England. The uncle seems to have equivocated, saying, on the one hand, that he could not give his approval, because Gandhi would lose his caste and religion if he crossed the "black waters" and lived among heathen, and, on the other hand, that he would not stand in the way if Gandhi could get permission from his mother. His mother had always been opposed to the idea. She had heard that the heathen in England could not live without eating meat, drinking liquor, and going with women. But Gandhi made a vow to her in the presence of Becharji Swami, a Jain monk, that in England he would not go near meat, liquor, or women. In the end, his mother reluctantly gave her consent, and put a string of tulsi beads around his neck. (He wore the string for many years, and gave it up only when it broke.)

Gandhi bade farewell to the family—to a tearful Kasturbai, who had just given birth to a second child, a son, named Harilal—and set off for Bombay. There he was confronted with another hurdle. He was summoned before his Banya caste elders and given notice that if he persisted in going to England they would formally pronounce him to be a man without caste. He protested, citing his vow to his mother, and charging them with ignorance of conditions in England and—for reasons he doesn't explain—with malice toward him. The elders remained unmoved, and, since Gandhi would not heed them, pronounced him an outcaste.

IN October of 1888, just after Gandhi turned nineteen, he disembarked from the S.S. Clyde at Southampton. A photograph taken about that time shows him to have thick hair parted slightly to the right of center, a big, pointed nose, full lips, and rather apprehensive eyes. Having got it into his head that English gentlemen in England always wore white, he had donned a white flannel suit, which friends had bought him in Bombay. But the Englishmen he now saw were almost all wearing dark colors.

During the voyage, Gandhi had successfully resisted adapting himself to new ways. He had at first scarcely stirred out of his cabin. Since he didn't know how to use a knife and fork, he had feared embarrassment if he took his meals in the public dining room, and had eaten in the privacy of his cabin, with his fingers, what little food he had brought along for the voyage. Later, when he did venture out, he and another Indian had arranged to have vegetarian meals cooked and served to them separately. But meat evangelists on the ship had made him fear that once he reached England he would have to eat meat in order to survive in the cold climate.

In London, he was taken in hand by some Indian acquaintances to whom he had introductions, and spent his first few days at the Victoria Hotel, a large, ornate, expensive establishment with lifts and liveried servants, on Northumberland Avenue, near Charing Cross. Afterward, he found digs first in Richmond and then in West Kensington. He shed his white flannel suit in favor of a black evening suit, which he bought in a shop on Bond Street. He bought a silk chimney-pot hat to go with it, and wrote home for a gold watch chain. He started spending ten minutes a day in front of the mirror combing and brushing his hair. He enrolled in a ballroom-dancing class and went to it twice a week, but he had trouble keeping in step with the music, and gave up after three weeks in order to learn something about Western music. He bought a violin and started taking private lessons, but he soon decided he could learn the violin just as well in India—anyway, he had no ear for music—so he gave that up and sold the violin. He cultivated the English habit of reading newspapers, looking every day at the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and started taking elocution lessons to improve his diction. He struggled with Alexander Melville Bell's "Standard Elocutionist," beginning his study with a speech of William Pitt, Prime Minister of England at the time of the French Revolution. But he soon dropped that, too.

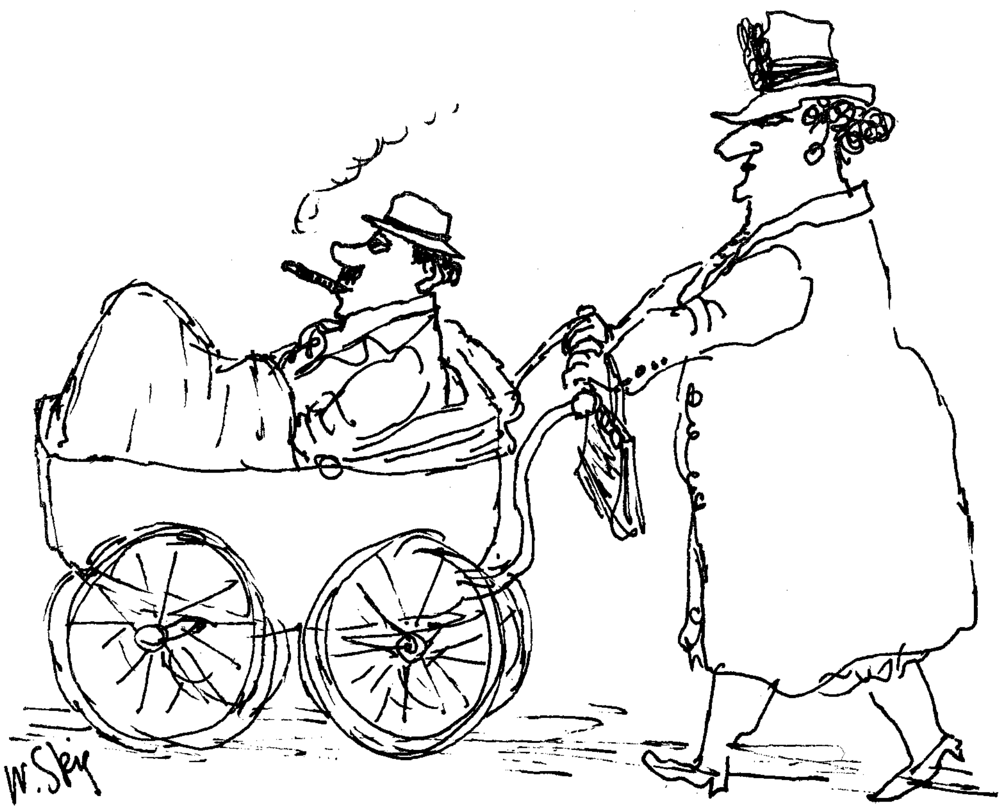
Gandhi's landlady in West Kensington was a widow with two daughters, and he ate all his meals with them. For breakfast he ate porridge; for lunch and dinner he had boiled vegetables and slices of bread (the kind he had first tasted with Mehtab) spread with jam. Occasionally, he even ate out with the family in a restaurant. Restaurants, like hotels, were practically unknown in Kathiawar. But he missed the spices and condiments of Indian cooking. Moreover, he found he was living beyond his means—he kept account of every farthing he spent—and so, after some time, he decided to move into less expensive digs where he could cook for himself. For the rest of his stay in England, he lived in various rooms, first in Holborn and then in Bayswater.

IN his first few months in England, Gandhi neglected his studies; he got himself admitted to one of the Inns of Court—the Inner Temple—but did little else. After the move from West Kensington, however, he started giving them a little more thought. Studies at the Inns of Court at that time were mostly *pro forma*. A student had to exert himself only to read a handful of standard works and, at the end of three years, pass two simple examinations—one in common law and the other in Roman law. The examinations were so easy that practically no one failed. In addition, a student had to pay fees and "keep terms." To keep terms meant to have dinner six times a term at his inn. He didn't have to eat anything—just appear at the appointed time, dressed for dinner, and sit at table for an hour or so. He had to keep twelve terms altogether; there were four terms a year. After he had passed the examinations and kept his terms, he affirmed that he would uphold the gentlemanly code of the profession, and was called to the bar.

Gandhi decided that before he got down to the lawbooks he should strengthen his command of English and also study Latin, a smattering of which was necessary for the study of Roman law. He explored the possibility of getting formal instruction at Oxford or Cambridge—something he could easily combine with keeping terms at his inn—but that required more time and expense than he could afford. He therefore settled on a London University matriculation—a much more rigorous examination than the Ahmedabad one—and on a cram tutorial school to help him prepare for that. In January of 1890, he sat for the matriculation, writing three examination papers—one in Latin, one in French, and one in chemistry. He failed, and had to take the examination over again in June. The second time, he replaced chemistry with "heat and light," which he found easier, and passed.

"AT first, Gandhi had thought he could become an 'Englishman,'" explains the late Louis Fischer, who has written perhaps the best general biography of Gandhi. "Hence the fervor with which he seized the instruments of conversion: clothes, dancing, elocution lessons, etc. Then he realized how high the barrier was. He understood he would remain Indian. Therefore he became more Indian." As a result of his friendship with Mehtab, Gandhi believed that it was all right for Indians to eat meat, and after the feasts in the Rajkot State House he had acquired a taste for it. But in London, as on board the S.S. Clyde, he persisted in keeping his vow and in avoiding meat in any form, to the irritation of practically everyone, Indian or English, whom he came to know.

One evening, after Gandhi had been in England for several months, he was taken to dinner at the Holborn Restaurant by Dalpatram Shukla, a fellow-Kathiawari, who was also in England to study law. He had helped Gandhi find rooms in Richmond, and they had become good friends. But Shukla had been in England longer than Gandhi and had adopted some of the ways of an English gentleman. Now they sat across from each other at a small table in the middle of the restaurant, which was crowded with diners. A waiter served them soup. Gandhi hesitated, and then tried to get the waiter back. Shukla impatiently asked what the trouble was. Gandhi reluctantly confessed that he wanted to know if there was any meat in the soup. Friends had often argued with Gandhi about the necessity of eating meat in England, saying that a vow to an illiterate mother ignorant of English conditions could not be binding. One of them had read passages from Jeremy Bentham to Gandhi and had urged on him the utilitarian morality. Gandhi had not needed intellectual



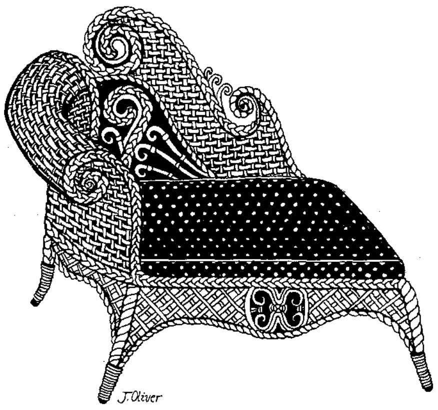
persuading, yet he had remained true to his vow. Shukla now told him angrily that he was not fit to eat in good restaurants, and that he'd better go and eat elsewhere and wait for him outside—they were going to the theatre. Gandhi cheerfully obeyed, but the vegetarian restaurant nearby was closed and he had to go to the theatre hungry.

Gandhi spent many days walking the streets of London in search of a good vegetarian restaurant, and eventually came upon the Central Restaurant, on Farringdon Street, which was perhaps the city's best vegetarian restaurant, and there he had his first good meal since leaving home. The Central became his regular eating place, his club, his bookshop; through it he discovered the English—indeed, the worldwide—vegetarian movement, of whose existence he had had no idea. He was able to buy there and read Henry Salt's "A Plea for Vegetarianism," and was introduced to Howard Williams' "The Ethics of Diet" and Anna Kingsford's "The Perfect Way in Diet." He also met both Salt and Williams there (Anna Kingsford had just died), and other leaders of the movement as well, including Josiah Oldfield, a barrister and physician, who prescribed vegetarian and fruitarian diets and nature cures for diseases, and Dr. T. A. Allinson, another physician, of like mind. Here were people who, together with such poets and thinkers as Shelley, Thoreau, and Ruskin, believed that vegetarianism, far from being the enfeebling diet of Indians, was the only humane and morally defensible diet for everyone; that vegetarianism was in spiritual harmony with the rest of nature, because it insured that man didn't have to kill to eat; that the vegetarian diet was the healthiest, because it was free of the diseases transmitted through meat; that it was the most economical, because vegetables, grains, fruits, and nuts cost much less to produce than meat; that it made the most efficient use of land, because cultivable land that was used to grow vegetables and fruit could support more people than the same land used to raise cattle for meat; that it strengthened the national character, because a large farming population made for stability and prosperity; that it was a moral force, because it fostered humanitarian and nonviolent values. To propagate the vegetarian way of life, vegetarians had formed vegetarian societies in, among other countries, England, the United States, and Australia.

Gandhi moved in with Josiah Oldfield, in Bayswater, and founded the West London Food Reforms Society. Oldfield became its president, and the poet Sir Edwin Arnold its vice-president. Gandhi and other members went from house to house preaching vegetarianism and peace, and showing people how to prepare good vegetarian meals. Gandhi also became a figure in the London Vegetarian Society. He was made a member of its executive committee, and wrote both for its weekly, *The Vegetarian*, and for a sister publication, a Manchester journal called *The Vegetarian Messenger*.

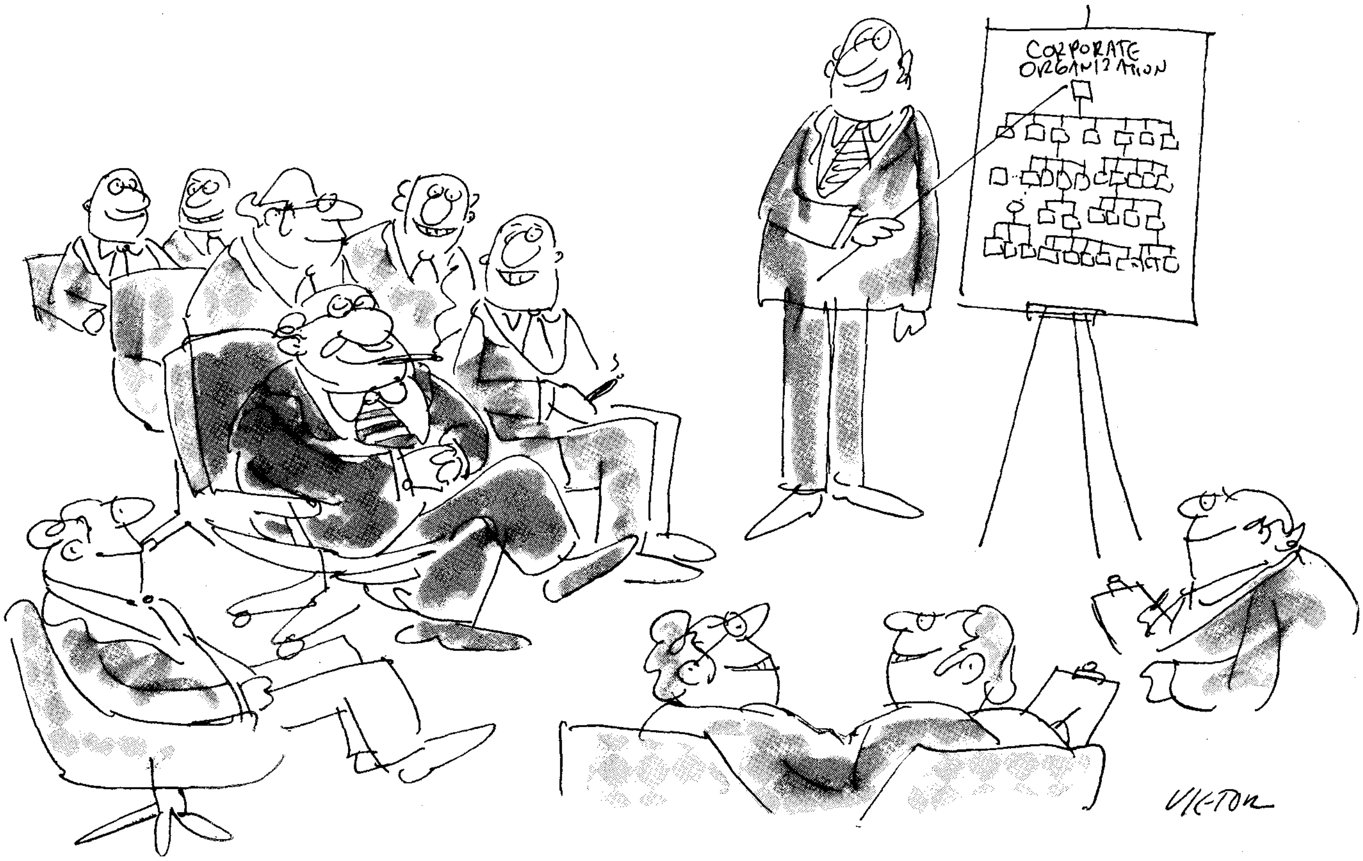
One of Gandhi's earliest attempts at public speaking was in the executive committee of the London Vegetarian Society, when he defended Dr. Allinson, who was also a member of the committee, against expulsion from the society. Mr. A. F. Hills, the proprietor of the Thames Iron Works and the society's president and benefactor, wanted Dr. Allinson expelled for advocating artificial methods of birth control. He believed that such methods not only violated the moral objectives of the society but also cut at the roots of all morality. Dr. Allinson, a Malthusian, believed that such methods were essential for controlling the increase in the numbers of the poor. Gandhi, like Hills, believed that Dr. Allinson's views were dangerous and should be publicly opposed, but, unlike Hills, he believed that the objective of the society was merely to promote vegetarianism, not to advocate a system of morality, and that Dr. Allinson should therefore not be expelled. Gandhi was too nervous and tongue-tied to deliver his speech in the committee, but he had written it out, and someone else read it for him. Dr. Allinson was not expelled, and it seems that Gandhi's efforts were at least in part responsible for this outcome.

VEGETARIANS were by no means united on exactly what a vegetarian diet should consist of. Some, the moderates, merely avoided meat; others, more strict, would not eat fish, either; and still others, the strictest, also refused to eat eggs or drink milk, because they were animal products. Gandhi set about experimenting with his diet in order to find out for himself what the cheapest and most nourishing basic foods for a vegetarian were. At one time or another, he gave up tea, coffee, sweets, and condiments, on the ground that they were unnecessary stimulants. For a while, he made do with plain porridge and cocoa in the mornings, a mainly vegetable lunch, and bread and cocoa in the evenings. In this way, he succeeded in cutting his daily food bill almost in half, to one shilling and threepence. Once, he tried living on just milk, cheese, and eggs. Then he renounced eggs. Another time, he tried subsisting on only bread and fruit. Then he gave up bread, because he thought that starch was not essential, and ate only fruit, so becoming a fruitarian. He seems, however, never to have settled for long on any particular variation of the vegetarian diet.



Gandhi found it at least as easy to keep his vow against liquor as to keep his vow against meat. But keeping his vow against women was more difficult. He once went for a short vacation on the Isle of Wight. As was then the custom, the daughter of the boarding house in which he stayed took him for a walk. Gandhi noticed that she was a sprightly, spirited woman in her twenties. She skipped along and chattered away. Gandhi had trouble keeping up with her, and was ashamed of himself. He managed to follow her to the top of a steep hill, but, to his great distress, he had to stumble and crawl his way down while she watched in amusement from the bottom. It was his first encounter with an unchaperoned woman.

In London, for some time Gandhi went to lunch every Sunday with an elderly widow whom he had met in Brighton during another vacation. He passed himself off as a bachelor and allowed her to introduce him to marriageable young women. He and one particular woman were left alone on numerous Sundays, and things came to such a pass that the widow apparently expected Gandhi to propose marriage to his Sunday friend. Full of alarm, he wrote the widow a letter in which he said, in part, "I knew that Indian students in England dissembled the fact of their marriage and I followed suit. I now see that I should not have done so. I must also add that I was married while yet a boy, and am the father of a son." He offered to stop going to the widow's house, but she would not hear



"Well, to begin, I'm sure this little box needs no introduction."

• •

of it, and the Sunday lunches went on as before.

He seems to have almost succumbed to temptation in Portsmouth, a seaport with numerous brothels, and with even more numerous boarding houses run by lascivious landladies. Gandhi and an Indian friend were in Portsmouth for a meeting of the Vegetarian Federal Union, an organization of various vegetarian societies in England. They stayed in a boarding house, and in the evening their landlady, an attractive, vivacious woman, joined them and another lodger for a rubber of bridge. The four of them started making indecent jokes. "Just when I was about to go beyond the limit," Gandhi writes, "leaving the cards and the game to themselves, God . . . uttered the blessed warning, 'Whence this devil in you, my boy? Be off, quick!' . . . Remembering the vow I had taken before my mother, I fled from the scene. To my room I went quaking, trembling, and with beating heart, like a quarry escaped from its pursuer."

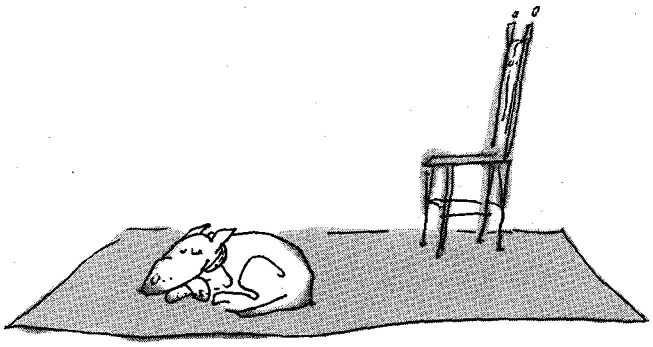
TO be an Indian student in London in the late Victorian period was to move on the fringes of English society, not just among vegetarians and birth-control advocates but also among a variety of cranks, radicals, obscurantists, and romantics who subscribed to many ideologies born of the Darwinian and Marxist revolutions: anarchism, feminism, Fabianism, atheism. For instance, it is known that Gandhi came across people who, advocating a return to nature, built their own cottages, designed and made their own furniture, their own clothes, and even their own sandals, and organized their own utopian communities, willingly walking miles from one to another in order to discuss their ideas over a cup of tea.

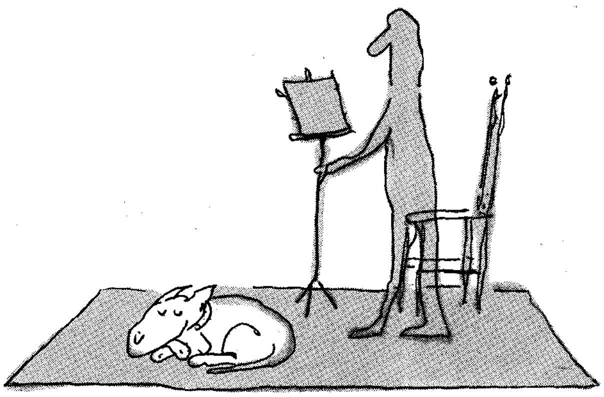
Gandhi seems to have developed an early taste for eccentrics of all kinds—Indian as well as English. At the National Indian Association, he met a young man named Narayan Hemchandra, a small, short Gujarati with a round, pockmarked face and an unkempt beard. He wore just trousers and a shirt, and had virtually no command of English. It appears that he did not have much education of any kind, yet he aspired to translate the great books of the world into his native Gujarati, thinking he could do the work merely by means of good will and enthusiasm. Gandhi was captivated by his innocence and his exuberance. They started seeing each other regularly, and would often cook and eat meals together. Gandhi would teach him English and talk to him about Disraeli and Cardinal Manning. At Hemchandra's behest, Gandhi wrote to the Cardinal, saying that Hemchandra wanted to call on him in London and congratulate him on his humanitarian work, and that he, Gandhi, would act as interpreter. The Cardinal granted them an audience. Gandhi writes:

> We entered the Cardinal's mansion. As soon as we were seated, a thin, tall, old gentleman made his appearance, and shook hands with us. Narayan Hemchandra thus gave his greetings:
>
> "I do not want to take up your time. I had heard a lot about you. . . . It has been my custom to visit the sages of the world and that is why I have put you to this trouble. . . ."
>
> "I am glad you have come [the Cardinal said]. I hope your stay in London will agree with you and that you will get in touch with people here. God bless you."

With no more ado, the Cardinal bade the two friends goodbye.

MANY of the eccentrics with whom Gandhi came into closest contact were either Theosophists or devout Christians, who urged their own faiths on him. In 1875, Elena Petrovna Blavatsky, a Russian émigré, had founded the Theosophical Society to propagate her particular system of theosophy—a mixture of vegetarian, Hindu, and Buddhist thought, emphasizing the occult, the esoteric, and the mystical. The term "theosophy" had





previously referred to various ancient and modern systems of philosophy positing direct knowledge of God. Mme. Blavatsky's system centered on what she called the Secret Doctrine—a single, underlying, ageless truth, of which, in her view, all religions and philosophies were but reflections. She proclaimed that through the ages the Secret Doctrine had been in the custody of a few "mahatmas"—"mahatma" is the Hindu term for "great soul;" that she was now in communion with these mahatmas; and that they had vouchsafed to her the Secret Doctrine, making her its sole living custodian. She and her followers strove through secret initiation into and membership in the society to form the nucleus of a mystical universal brotherhood of man; studied all religions and philosophies to understand the ramifications of the Secret Doctrine; and sought contact with spirits to investigate the mystical forces of life and matter. Gandhi dipped into Mme. Blavatsky's "Key to Theosophy," her disciple Annie Besant's "How I Became a Theosophist," and the Bible. He went to a few meetings of the Theosophical Society, where he was introduced to Mme. Blavatsky and Annie Besant. He attended church services, where he heard such well-known Nonconformists as Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Dr. Joseph Parker preach. The humanitarian spirit of the Theosophists and the moral lessons of the Sermon on the Mount made a lasting impression on him. He was not tempted to become a convert to either Theosophy or Christianity, however, feeling that he could not embrace a new faith when he knew little of his own; and his friends did not press him, probably because the Theosophists held Hinduism in high regard and the Christians he came to know were mainly Nonconformists, and tolerant. It was actually thanks to his Theosophist friends that Gandhi started learning about his own religion, by reading the Bhagavad Gita, which he was ashamed of never having read, either in the original Sanskrit or in a Gujarati translation, and which he now tackled eagerly in Sir Edwin Arnold's popular English translation. In time, the Bhagavad Gita became the most important book in his life.

The Bhagavad Gita, written about twenty-five hundred years ago, is part of the Mahabharata, one of India's two great epics, the other being the Ramayana. The Mahabharata is a miscellaneous collection of fables, legends, stories, and poems woven around a quarrel over the succession to the kingdom of Bharata—an ancient name for India—between the Kauravas and the Pandavas. The Bhagavad Gita is a long philosophical dialogue between Arjuna, the chief warrior of the Pandavas, and his charioteer, Lord Krishna. The dialogue takes place on the plain of Kurukshetra, in the Punjab, where the armies of the Kauravas and the Pandavas are preparing to do battle for dominion over the kingdom. In Arnold's translation, Arjuna says:

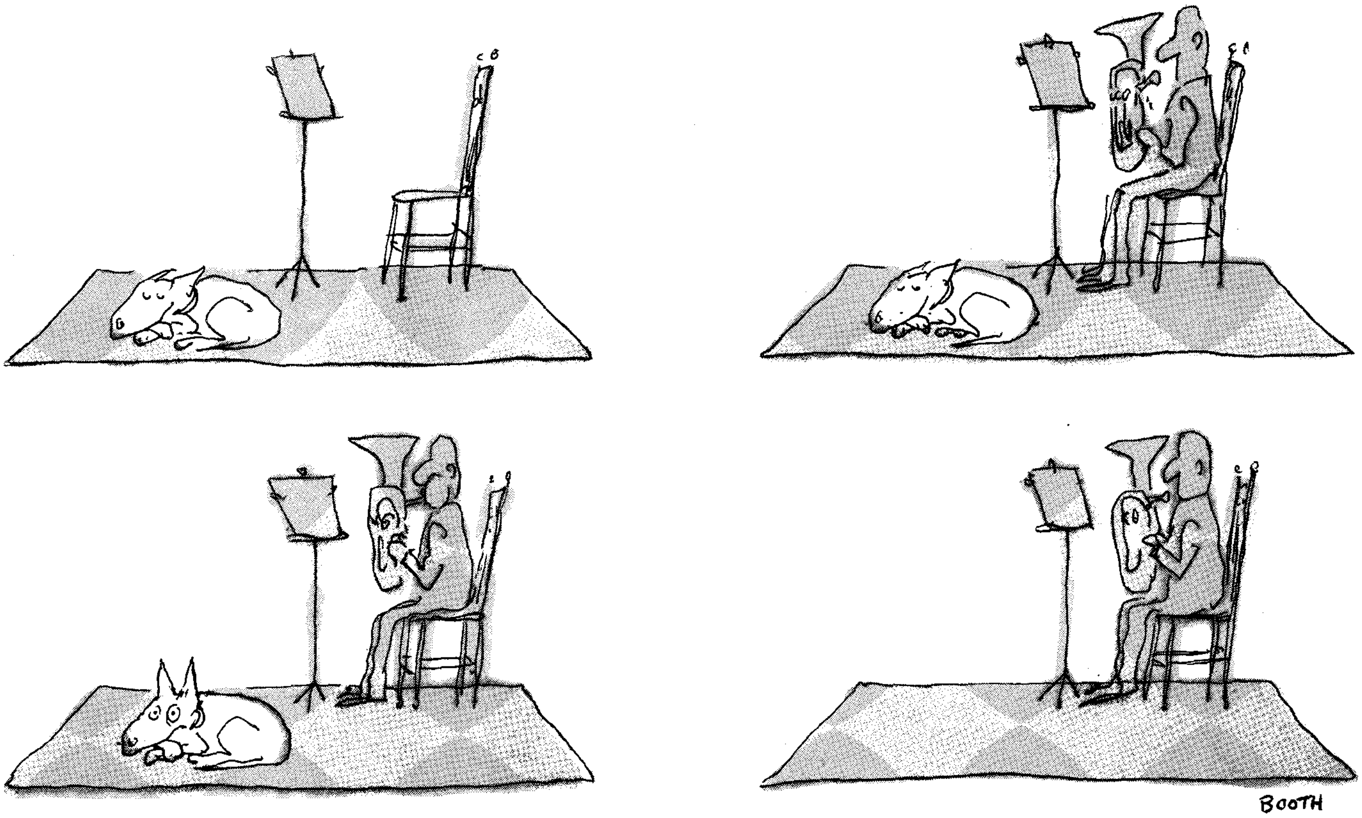
Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
Gandiv, the goodly bow....
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
... nought of good
Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
Thus sadly won!...
Govinda [another name for Krishna], what rich spoils
Could profit; what rule recompense; what span
Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
Seeing that these stand here, ready to die
... grandsires, sires, and sons,
Brothers and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
Elders and friends!

Krishna remonstrates that the wise in heart mourn neither the living nor the dead, because the atman, or soul, can neither slay nor be slain. He reminds Arjuna that the body is merely a suit of clothes, a station, an incarnation of the atman, and that in his present incarnation it is his karma to be a Kshatriya, or warrior, and his dharma to fight, to be the best warrior he can.

For a Hindu, karma is the hand dealt to him at birth from a celestial pack of cards—his fixed destiny. Dharma is his religious and moral duty to play the hand in the best possible way—his free will. The point of the card game is salvation—to free the atman from the bondage of the body, or matter, through a cycle of death and reincarnation, and to reunite it with God. Insofar as a man fails to fulfill his dharma, he prolongs his sufferings in the world and retards his journey toward God. Insofar as he fulfills it, he shortens the time of his suffering and hastens his journey. The Bhagavad Gita's essential teaching is that one should do one's duty irrespective of reward or punishment, pleasure or pain, gain or loss, victory or defeat, life or death; that the highest action is that which has the least regard for results or consequences; and that any action is better than no action.

"Even in 1888-89, when I first became acquainted with the Gita," Gandhi writes, "I felt that it was not a historical work, but that, under the guise of physical warfare, it described the duel that perpetually went on in the hearts of mankind, and that physical warfare was brought in merely to make the description of the internal duel more alluring." For Gandhi, the two armies were the forces of good and evil—the higher and baser impulses—and the battlefield of Kurukshetra was the atman. For him, the forces of good and evil were constantly at war in the atman, and every action, however insignificant or inconsequential, was a cause for battle.

IN December, 1890, Gandhi took and passed his final bar examinations, but, because he had to keep two



more terms before he could be called to the bar, he stayed on in England until the following June. In the interval, when he was not promoting vegetarianism he was worrying about his future. What had he really learned to equip him to be a barrister in Kathiawar—or, indeed, anywhere in India? Would he ever be able to stand up in court and argue a case? Did he really know enough to earn a living? He sought out Frederick Pincutt, a barrister-at-law and a Conservative Member of Parliament, who had a reputation for helping Indian students. Pincutt laughed at Gandhi's fears and told him that anyone with common sense who was honest, industrious, and, above all, a good judge of character could make a decent living at the law. He recommended a couple of books on the art of telling a man's character from his face, and wished Gandhi well.

Barrister

In July, 1891, Gandhi arrived back in India. He was twenty-one. He was met in Bombay by Lakshmidas, who told him that in his absence their mother had died. Lakshmidas had kept back the news of her death so as not to disturb Gandhi's studies in a foreign land. "My grief was even greater than over my father's death," Gandhi writes. "My cherished hopes were shattered. But I remember that I did not give myself up to any wild expression of grief. I could even check the tears, and took to life just as though nothing had happened." Lakshmidas told him that it had been their mother's last wish to have Gandhi received back into his caste—to wipe away the stain of his having crossed the "black waters." Gandhi asserts that he never believed he was an outcaste but that he wanted to honor his mother's last wish, and so he went with Lakshmidas on a pilgrimage to Nasik, a holy place about a hundred miles northeast of Bombay, where he had a ritual cleansing bath in the holy waters of the Godavari River. From Nasik they proceeded to Rajkot, where Lakshmidas informed the caste elders of Gandhi's act of penance and invited them to dinner. Some of the elders came, and accepted food from Gandhi, who waited on them as a further act of penance. The more orthodox stayed away, thus making it clear that in their view Gandhi would always be an outcaste. Among them were the elders of the family into which his sister had married; this meant that Gandhi was never able to take food at her house.

Gandhi, Kasturbai, and their son lived with Lakshmidas and Karsandas and their families in the family house in Rajkot for about a year, during which everyone fussed over Gandhi as an important barrister newly returned from England, but during which he was unable to find any work. For a brief time, in his presence, the family sat on chairs, at a table, and ate—albeit with their fingers—from china plates (all new purchases), as the English did, instead of following the Indian custom of sitting on floors and beds and eating from brass plates and bowls. They ate porridge in the morning, and drank tea, coffee, or cocoa along with the usual buttermilk. The children even wore shoes and English-style coats and trousers instead of going barefoot and wearing loose Indian shirts and pajama trousers. Gandhi wanted Kasturbai to be a wife worthy of a barrister. Because she had remained illiterate, they had not corresponded while he was in England, and now he tried again to teach her to read and write, but neither of them could concentrate on the task, and soon they gave it up. Kasturbai's lack of sophistication and unregenerate Indian ways exasperated Gandhi, and though he continued to be jealously possessive, he found no pleasure in spending time with her.

Lakshmidas, who had been trained in India as a vakil, or lawyer, was practicing law in Rajkot and was supporting the entire family; Karsandas, who never finished school, seems also to have been without work. As a barrister, Gandhi was entitled to at least ten times the fee of a vakil, yet he was ignorant of Indian law and history, some knowledge of which was essential for practicing law in India. He was afraid of exposing his ignorance in Rajkot, so he went off to Bombay, with money from Lakshmidas, to do some studying

GIN

There's a mystery
By the river, in one of the cabins
Shuttered with planks, its lock
Twisted—a bunch of magazines flipped open,
A body. A blanket stuffed with leaves
Or lengths of rope, an empty gin bottle.
Put down your newspaper. Look out
Beyond the bluffs, a coal barge is passing,
Its deck nearly
Level with the water, where it comes back riding
High. You start talking about nothing,
Or that famous party, where you went dressed
As a river. They listen,
The man beside you touching his odd face
In the counter top, the woman stirring tonic
In your glass. Down the bar the talk's divorce,
The docks, the nets
Filling with branches and sour fish. Listen,
I knew a woman who'd poke a hole in an egg, suck
It clean and fill the shell with gin,
Then walk around all day disgusting people
Until she was so drunk
The globe of gin broke in her hand. She'd stay
Alone at night on the boat, come back
Looking for another egg. That appeals to you, rocking
For hours carving at a hollow stone. Or finding
A trail by accident, walking the bluff's
Face. You know, your friends complain. They say
You give up only the vaguest news, and give a bakery
As your phone. Even your stories
Have no point, just lots of detail: The room
Was long and bright, small and close, angering Gaston;
They turned away to embrace him; she wore
The color out of season,
She wore hardly anything at all; nobody died. Saturday.
These disguises of omission. Like forgetting
To say obtuse when you talk about the sun, leaving
Off the buttons as you're sewing up the coat. So,
People take the little
They know to make a marvellous stew;
Sometimes, it even resembles you. It's not so much
You cover your tracks as that they bloom
In such false directions. This way friends who awaken
At night, beside you, awaken alone.

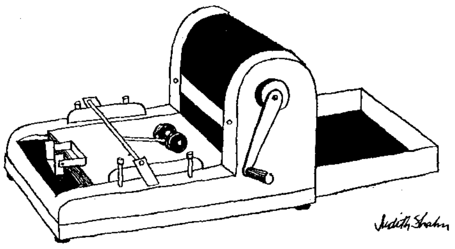
—David St. John

• •

on his own and to acquire practical experience. He rented a couple of rooms, engaged a servant to cook for him, and got hold of some books on Indian law and history. Every day for six months, he walked to the Bombay High Court, forty-five minutes away from his lodgings, to observe the proceedings, and walked home again. The court sessions were so boring that they put him to sleep. He was shocked to discover that not only the most humble vakils but also the most exalted barristers all obtained cases by paying touts, who hung about the court. Gandhi felt that the touts were a disgrace to the profession, and refused to have anything to do with them, so for several months he did not get a single case. He did finally land a petty case without a tout—not in the High Court but in the Small Causes Court. As counsel for the defense, he appeared for the first time in his barrister's wig and gown. When he rose to cross-examine a witness, he was so unnerved that he couldn't think of a single question, and sat down. He had to turn over the case, and the small fee he had received, to a mere vakil.

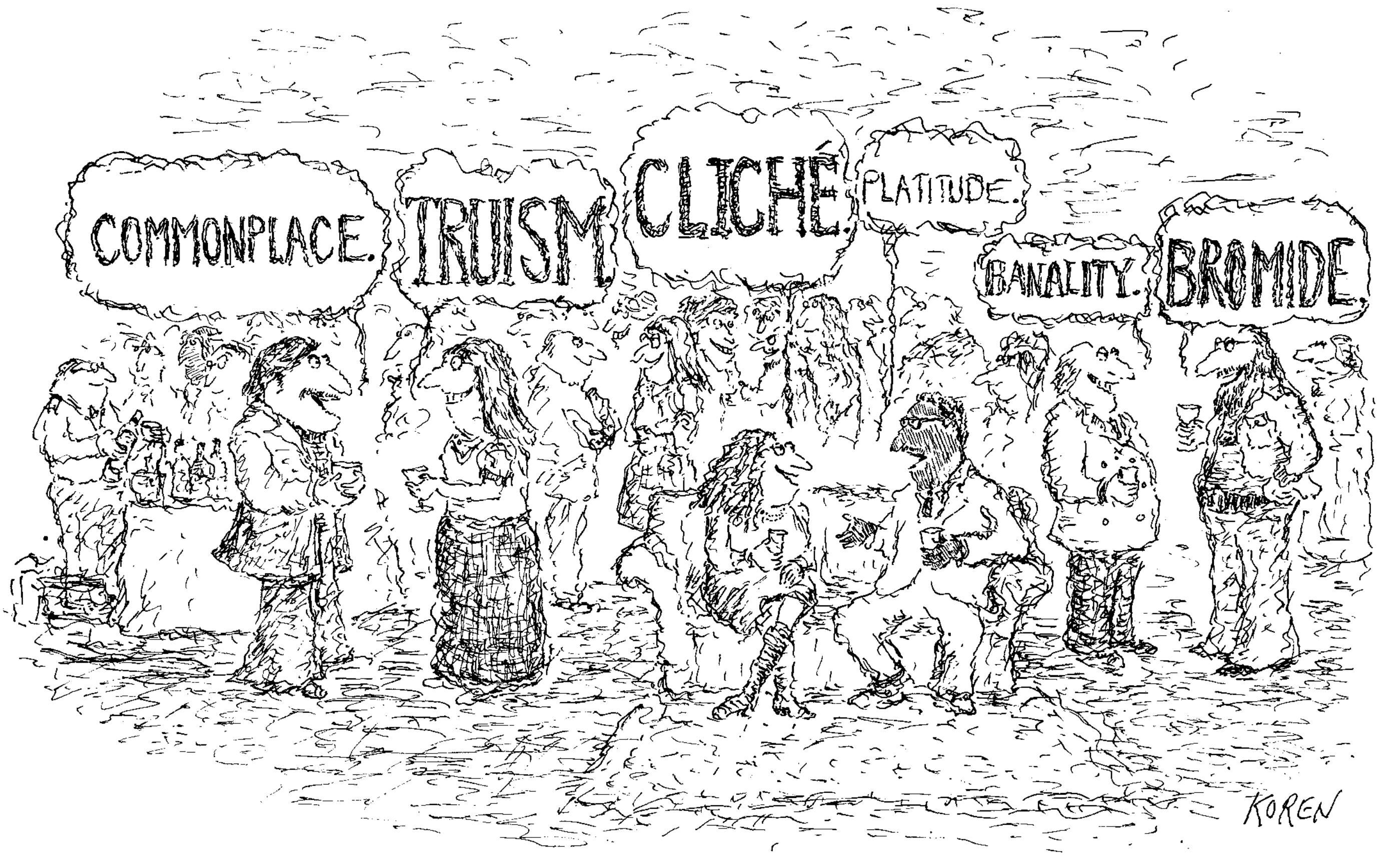
In the entire six months he lived in Bombay, he did not get another case. He thought of abandoning the legal profession and taking up teaching. He went as far as to apply for a job at a school, but was told that he was not qualified, because he did not have a university degree. Discouraged, he returned to Rajkot, where Lakshmidas found him a job in his own firm, filling out application forms and drafting petitions for poor clients—legal donkey-work even for a vakil.

One day, when Gandhi had been back in India for almost two years, he heard of a job in South Africa with a Meman, or Muslim, merchant from Porbandar who was involved in a civil suit with a relative, another Meman merchant, also in South Africa. The local Indian lawyers working on the case there were all so deficient in English that they could not even carry on the necessary legal correspondence, and the merchant decided that he wanted someone trustworthy from Porbandar who had been to England to help them with their English for about a year. The merchant offered to pay for a single passage to and from South Africa, to pay all expenses in South Africa, and to pay a nominal fee of a hundred and five pounds. Gandhi felt that the job was more suitable for a clerk than for a barrister, but he did not like living in Rajkot. He felt uncomfortable working with Lakshmidas, who had persuaded him to use touts and had involved him in at least one humiliating attempt to pull strings to further Lakshmidas's own interests. Moreover, Gandhi was not adjusting to married life with Kasturbai, although she had given birth to a third child—a son, Manilal—in 1892, while Gandhi was away in Bombay. He was, in fact, so eager to leave India again that he decided to set aside his pride, and, as he puts it, "closed with the offer without any higgling."



In April, 1893, he once more said goodbye to his family, and, for the second time in five years, set off alone across the "black waters."

AFTER a month at sea, Gandhi disembarked at Durban, the chief port of the British Crown Colony of Natal, wearing a starched white shirt, a black tie, a black frock coat, striped trousers, a black turban, and black patent-leather shoes. The harbor seemed to stretch for miles in both directions. The beaches, skirted by open, clean boulevards, looked wide, long, and white; the hills beyond the boulevards, precipitous; the trees along



• •

the boulevards, big and sturdy. The people appeared tall and healthy. The weather was chilly, for it was late fall in South Africa.

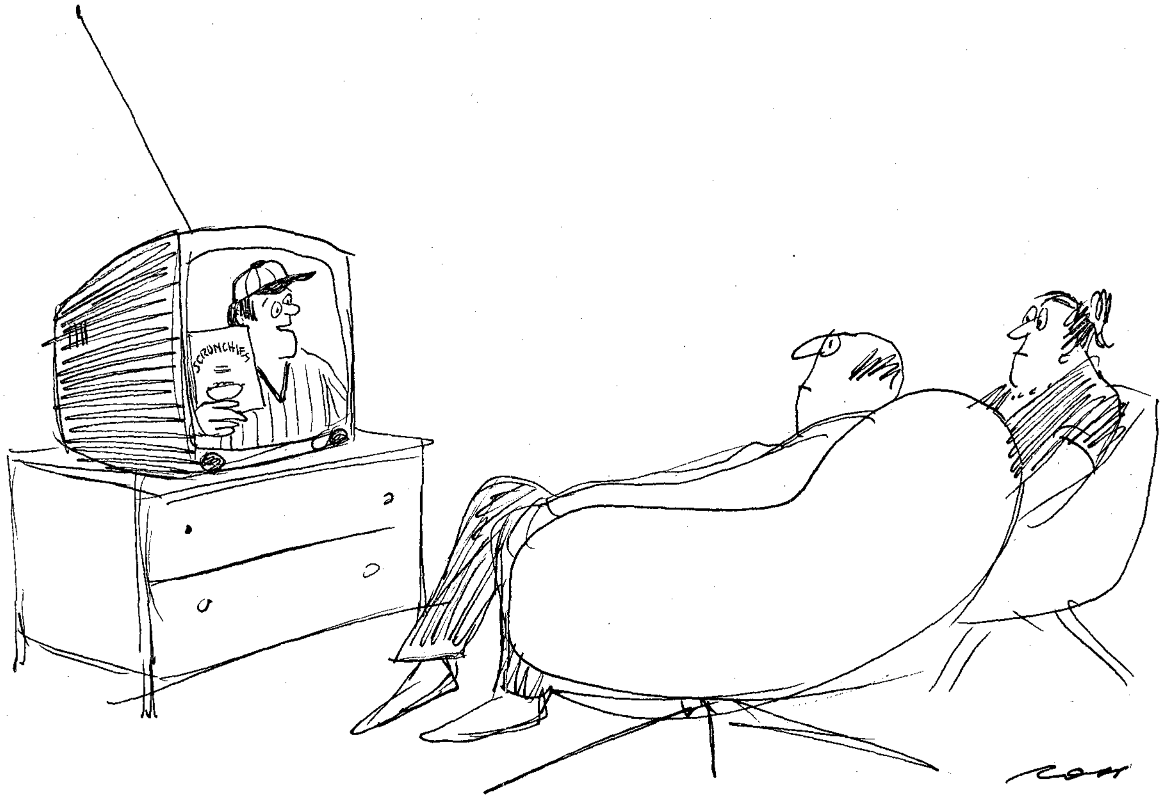
Gandhi was met by the merchant himself, Dada Abdulla Sheth, and for about a week stayed with him in his rooms, in Durban, which also served as his offices. Gandhi found that Dada Abdulla Sheth, an oldish man, was practically unlettered and had a very meagre knowledge of English, even though he was probably the richest Indian in Natal. Dada Abdulla Sheth, for his part, was struck by his employee's stiff appearance and thought him young, foolish, and inexperienced, but he had his clerk fill him in on the details of the case. It seemed that over a long period Dada Abdulla Sheth had lent his relative Sheth Tyeb Haji Khan Muhammad large sums of money in good faith but without proper records. His relative had defaulted on the loans, and Dada Abdulla Sheth was now suing him for forty thousand pounds.

The suit was actually being conducted in Pretoria, in the neighboring Boer territory of the Transvaal, where Sheth Tyeb Haji Khan Muhammad lived; South Africa was composed of two independent Boer territories, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and two British colonies, Natal and Cape Colony. But Dada Abdulla Sheth, before sending Gandhi off to Pretoria, took him to the Durban court one day, so that he could familiarize himself with the workings of a South African court. The English magistrate kept staring at Gandhi's turban and finally asked him to take it off. Gandhi demurred—Indian men wore turbans as a symbol of their manliness and thought it disrespectful to remove them in public—and quit the court. Outside, Dada Abdulla Sheth explained that in South Africa turbans were often treated like hats and removed in public, precisely in order not to be disrespectful. Gandhi said that he could not treat his turban like a hat, and that therefore he should perhaps get a hat. Dada Abdulla Sheth then told him that Indians in South Africa who wore hats and Western dress were usually Christian converts, worked in European restaurants as waiters, and were regarded by other Indians as outcastes. He went on to explain, however, that the forms of race prejudice in South Africa were quite haphazard and capricious, and that another English magistrate might not have regarded Gandhi's wearing his turban as disrespectful. Gandhi decided he would take his chances with his turban.

Gandhi left the port city by night train for Pretoria, some three hundred and fifty miles away. He was travelling first class. Before the train had gone very far, a European passenger ordered him out of the compartment, telling him he must travel in the van reserved for colored people, in the rear of the train. Gandhi appealed to a train official, informing the man that he had a first-class ticket, which had been bought for him from a European ticket clerk, and he refused to move. But the train official called a constable while the train was in the station at Maritzburg, and the constable forcibly removed Gandhi.

Gandhi spent the night alone, huddled up in a cold, dark waiting room in the station, too humiliated and confused to ask the stationmaster for his luggage, which contained his overcoat, and wondering whether he should proceed to Pretoria at all or return home to Rajkot; whether he should fight for his rights or let himself be insulted. He later came to regard his night in the Maritzburg station as one of the turning points of his life.

In the morning, he telegraphed Dada Abdulla Sheth and the railway authorities in Durban, and, thanks to their intervention, he was allowed to continue his journey in a first-class compartment. The train from Maritzburg took him as far as Charlestown, where he was obliged to change to a stagecoach. Its conductor, a Boer, would not let Gandhi sit inside with him and his other passengers, who all happened to be Europeans that day, but said he must sit next to the coachman, on the coach box. Gandhi protested but did as he was bidden. When the stagecoach stopped at a town called Pardekoph, the conductor ordered



"Folks, I endorse Scrunchies because I eat Scrunchies. As God is my witness, I don't just say I eat them, I really and truly do eat them. In fact, folks, I never eat anything but. And if you don't believe me, I can supply documentation from my personal physician."

Gandhi to sit on the footboard, so that he himself could sit on the coach box for a while and have a smoke. "The insult was more than I could bear," Gandhi writes. "In fear and trembling I said to him, '. . . You would have me sit at your feet. I will not do so. . . .' The man came down upon me and began heavily to box my ears." The conductor heaped curses on Gandhi and tried to push him onto the footboard. But Gandhi held fast to his seat, and the other passengers finally took pity on him and made the conductor leave him alone. After several other humiliating encounters, during which Gandhi sometimes invoked and obtained the help of the authorities, he reached Pretoria.

Gandhi spent about six months working on Dada Abdulla Sheth's suit and became deeply involved in it. He gained the complete confidence of both parties and persuaded them to submit the suit to an arbitrator instead of continuing with expensive, prolonged, and bitter litigation. The arbitrator ruled in Dada Abdulla Sheth's favor, and awarded him thirty-seven thousand pounds. Gandhi then managed to persuade the merchant to let his relative pay the money in installments over a period of years, rather than ruin him by insisting on an immediate settlement. Gandhi was joyful at the success of his first job in South Africa, and concluded that the true function of a lawyer was not to exploit legal and adversary advantages but to promote compromise and reconciliation.

WITHIN a few days of arriving in Pretoria, Gandhi, perhaps because of his humiliating journey, set up a series of regular meetings of all Indian residents, mostly petty traders, at the home of an Indian acquaintance of his to discuss their experiences of racial discrimination. He also started studying the so-called "disability laws" directed against Indians in the Transvaal. Indians were prohibited from owning property except in designated locations, and even there they could not have freeholds. They were not allowed to vote, and they were required to pay an annual head tax of three pounds. They were prohibited from being on the streets after 9 P.M. unless they were on business for Europeans, in which case they had to carry a pass stating the nature of the business. Individual government officials, all of whom were Europeans, exercised considerable personal discretion in enforcing the disability laws.

After Gandhi had been in Pretoria for about three months, he wrote to the *Natal Advertiser*, a newspaper published in Durban, "It seems, on the whole, that their [Indians'] simplicity, their total abstinence from intoxicants, their peaceful and above all their businesslike and frugal habits, which should serve as a recommendation, are really at the bottom of all this contempt and hatred of the poor Indian traders. And they are British subjects. Is this Christian-like, is this fair play, is this justice, is this civilization?"

IN 1833, the British abolished slavery in their colonies, and this meant that the supply of cheap labor in vast and sparsely populated South Africa, where it had never been abundant, began to dry up just when South Africa's importance in world trade was growing. Since there was no Suez Canal at that time, most ships engaged in world trade were forced to circumnavigate South Africa. Moreover, there was a rapidly increasing demand for South African sugar, coffee, and tea. In the late eighteen-fifties, therefore, British South Africa worked out an arrangement with British India for importing Indian indentured laborers. Beginning in 1860, illiterate men, women, and children—victims of India's chronic poverty and devastating epidemics and famines, who had probably never before ventured out of their villages—were recruited by government agents from South Africa for five years' service at slave wages, were herded into ships, and, in South Africa, were delivered to European plantation owners. Many of these indentured laborers stayed on in South Africa after completing their service, primarily because prospects there seemed better. As their numbers grew, they attracted other Indian settlers—traders, shopkeepers, moneylenders, clerks, teachers, doctors—who also came in search of a better future, and by 1894 there were in Natal alone forty-three thousand Indians to forty thousand Europeans. (The native black population of Natal

J&B
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Rare taste. Ask for it by name.

Ask for J&B. And no matter where you may be, you identify yourself as a person of rare taste. Of course, you'll also be served the Scotch that has made these letters famous for nearly 100 years. You just can't get Rare Scotch by any other name.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

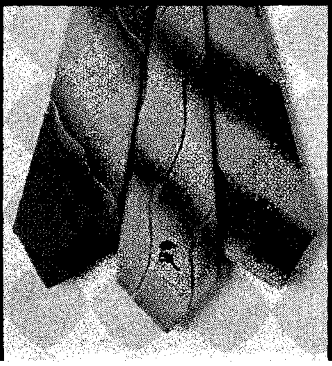
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1976 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Fashionberry®... exulting in the opulence of silk shantung!

Countess Mara's remarkable talent for innovation is manifest in her new collection of Fashionberry ties. Three original designs, each in five distinguished shades, offer fifteen individual choices, all in sumptuous silk shantung. Priced at $16.50, these Fashionberry ties reflect the same devoted craftsmanship as Countess Mara creations costing up to $2,000. Each tie proudly bears the famous CM coronet, proclaiming its worthiness for "one man in a million."

Countess Mara, Inc. 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

Countess Mara®



was about half a million.) But to the Europeans the Indians—whether they were in or out of indentured service, had been recruited or were volunteer immigrants, were rich or poor, had been transported from India or born in South Africa—were all "coolies," or hired laborers. Indian Muslims took to wearing robes with their turbans, so that they might be taken for Arabs—who, because they had all come to South Africa of their own free will, as entrepreneurs, enjoyed a higher status. Parsis passed themselves off as Persians. Indian converts to Christianity wore Western clothes. In these ways, Indians tried to hide their own regional, religious, and caste differences in order to gain a foothold in the class system of South Africa, but they rarely succeeded. To the Europeans, an Indian remained a "coolie": a "coolie trader," a "coolie shopkeeper," a "coolie moneylender," a "coolie clerk," a "coolie teacher," a "coolie doctor," a "coolie barrister."

The Europeans, too, were settlers, of course—mainly Dutch, or Boer, and British. The Boers began arriving in the seventeenth century, the British at the end of the eighteenth century. The Boers tended to be more rigid and ruthless in their treatment both of the native black population and of the Indians. The Boers perhaps took the attitude they did in part because they were Calvinists, believing in the doctrine of the elect and looking upon worldly inequities as preordained. They were also naturally conservative, being mainly small farmers, big plantation owners, or nomadic cattlemen living in isolation on the veldt. The British were more varied in their religious and social makeup—they included Nonconformists and evangelicals, and they were concentrated in the towns and cities, where they worked as artisans, traders, businessmen, government servants, doctors, and lawyers—and consequently there was more flexibility in their attitude toward nonwhites. Moreover, because of the demand for cheap plantation labor, the Indian population was increasing more rapidly in the Boer territories than in the British colonies. In any event, the disability laws in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were much harsher than those in Natal and the Cape Colony.

WHEN Gandhi's year in South Africa was over, he returned to Durban to board a ship for home, and Dada Abdulla Sheth made the day before Gandhi was to sail into a farewell party, to which he invited all the leading Indians in Durban. That day, as it happened, Gandhi picked up a newspaper, the *Natal Mercury*, and was shocked to read an article on a debate in the Natal Legislature over the Franchise Amendment Bill, which was about to be passed: it would remove all Indians in Natal from the voting roster. "The Asiatic comes of a race impregnated with an effete civilization with not an atom of knowledge of the principles or traditions of representative Government," the article read, in part. "As regards his instinct and training he he is a political infant of the most backward type from whom it is an injustice to expect that he should . . . have any sympathy with our political aspirations." During the farewell party, Gandhi asked Dada Abdulla Sheth about the bill. "What can we understand in these matters?" Dada Abdulla Sheth said. "We can only understand things that affect our trade. . . . We are after all lame men, being unlettered. . . . What can we know of legislation?" Gandhi reminded Dada Abdulla Sheth that there were many Indians in Natal who were far from unlettered. Dada Abdulla Sheth rejoined that those educated Indians were not really Indians. They had been born and brought up in Natal and so were Christians, under the thumb of white clergy, who always went along with the government. Gandhi said that he thought the disenfranchisement would be a fatal blow to every Indian in Natal, whether Hindu, Muslim, or Christian. The guests, who had been listening to the conversation, were electrified. They clamored for Gandhi to stay on in Durban for a time and help them mount a campaign against the bill. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and turned the farewell party into a working committee to plan the campaign.

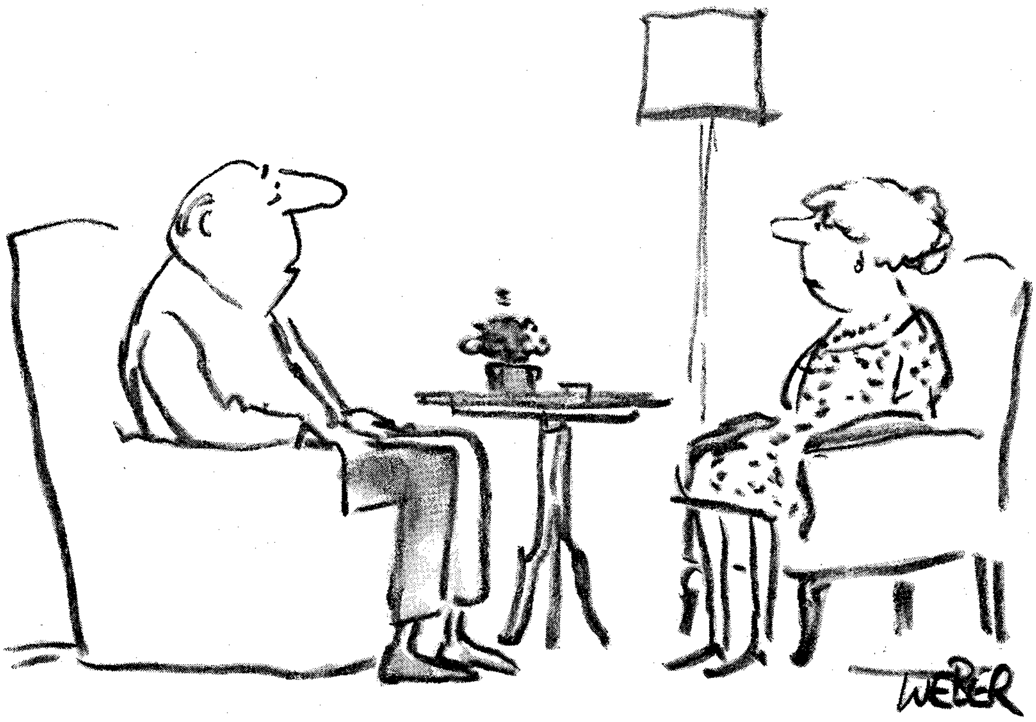
In the days that followed, Gandhi drafted petitions, and collected signatures for them and for telegrams to be sent to the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Attorney General, and the Premier, protesting the bill. He succeeded only in delaying the passage of the bill by five days. Gandhi now decided on the tactic of sending a "monster petition" to Lord Ripon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He insisted that the meaning and significance of the petition be explained to each Indian signatory individually. In a matter of two weeks, he succeeded in mobilizing Indians in Durban and the outlying villages—immigrants and Natal-born, freed indentured laborers, traders, shopkeepers, and clerks—and collecting ten thousand signatures.

MEN WORKING IN TREES
Albert Hubbell

Dada Abdulla Sheth and his merchant friends begged Gandhi to stay among them permanently and help them fight for their rights. Gandhi said he would, provided he could earn three hundred pounds a year, to permit him to live in a style worthy of a barrister. They offered to raise the sum annually through voluntary contributions, but Gandhi said he must earn the three hundred pounds solely in his professional capacity as a barrister, because he did not think that anyone should be paid for doing public service. The merchants therefore agreed to band together and retain him as their counsel, for three hundred pounds a year, to look after their business affairs.

Gandhi rented a two-story, five-bedroom house in the most fashionable European part of Durban, installed some furniture (bought for him by Dada Abdulla Sheth), engaged a cook, and moved in, with a couple of his clerks as boarders. The house, which was called Beach Grove Villa, had a balcony overlooking Durban Bay, and there was a back yard equipped with a swing and parallel bars. Gandhi rented a couple of rooms nearby to serve as his office, and could daily be seen walking to and from it, dressed in a lounge suit—a favorite one had faint blue stripes on a darker ground—and, of course, his turban.

As a barrister, Gandhi was entitled to appear in any high court in the Empire, and he applied for admission to the Natal Supreme Court. The Natal Law Society opposed his application in court—he was apparently the first Indian barrister ever known in Natal—but the chief justice ruled in his favor, observing from the bench, "The law makes no distinction between white and colored people." Gandhi was immediately sworn in. The chief justice thereupon ordered him to remove his turban. His Indian merchant friends who were sitting in the court, Dada Abdulla Sheth among them, expected him to refuse, as he had on his first



"*Of course I'm happy, dear, if you call vaguely discontented happy.*"

• •

visit to a South African court; they thought he would make a political issue of it. But Gandhi reasoned that now that he was an officer of the court he must comply with its customs, and he removed his turban. Many of his Indian merchant friends maintained that as a matter of racial pride he should not have given in. Gandhi granted that they had a point, but, as he wrote later, "I wanted to reserve my strength for fighting bigger battles."

Though the Franchise Amendment Bill had been passed, it required the royal assent to become law. Gandhi launched appeals to the British authorities in London. They were sympathetic, for, in the words of the historian Robert A. Huttenback, "if the Empire stood for equality, any attack on a particular group of the Queen's subjects by other members of the British family struck at the very roots of the imperial philosophy." But under the existing Constitutional arrangement with the colony they felt that if they tried to do more than moderate the excesses of the local government they would risk a "white revolt" and jeopardize their South African trade route to India and Australasia. The result was that the Franchise Amendment Bill eventually became law. In actuality, Natal as a British colony was prohibited from passing any overtly racial law, but it had complete freedom in all matters of administration, and so it was able to pass a series of loosely worded laws that could be used for racial discrimination. One, Law 25 of 1891, extended the term of indentured service of an Indian laborer from five to ten years; another, Act 17 of 1895, levied a prohibitive annual head tax of three pounds on a freed indentured laborer and on each of his dependents who chose to stay in Natal rather than be repatriated; still another was the Franchise Amendment Act, Act 8 of 1896. Other laws, still more stringent, were passed despite months of Indian agitation. (Act 14 of 1897 required prospective immigrants to show knowledge of a European language in an education test and made officials the sole judges of that knowledge; and Act 18 of 1897 required Indian merchants to renew their business licenses—which put them at the complete mercy of local officials.)

The protest movement against these laws lasted throughout the nineties. By 1896, Gandhi had become well known in the Natal English community for his frequent newspaper articles and open letters attacking racial legislation. "If He [Christ] came among us," he once wrote to the *Times of Natal*, "will He not say to many of us, 'I know you not?' . . . Will you re-read your New Testament? Will you ponder over your attitude towards the coloured population of the Colony? Will you then say you can reconcile it with the Bible teaching or the best British traditions?" At the same time that he berated the English, he exhorted the Indians to self-improvement: they must forget their religious and caste differences, he said, and reform their devious business ways, and change their insanitary habits, so that they could at least respect themselves. He established a permanent Indian political organization to fight for the rights of Indians and to act as a moral and social force for the reform of the Indian community, and called it the Natal Indian Congress, after the Indian National Congress, which was then agitating in India for similar causes. To the Indians in Natal, Gandhi was becoming known as "Gandhibhai," or "Brother Gandhi," and sometimes simply as "Bhai." They flocked to him in increasing numbers, with personal problems as well as legal ones.

One day, a man appeared in Gandhi's office in tattered clothes, his front teeth broken, his mouth bleeding. His name was Balasundaram, and he was an indentured laborer from Madras. Trembling and weeping, he told Gandhi that his master had beaten him and that he was afraid to go back to him. Gandhi took up his case and, after going to court, got him transferred to another European master. "The echoes of Balasundaram's case were heard in far off Madras," Gandhi writes. In fact, the echoes of Gandhi's work were beginning to be heard in many far-off places, and his name was becoming known in political circles in England as well as in India and in South Africa. He was still only in his mid-twenties.

COMMUNITY SERVANT

THOUGH Gandhi was now earning a good living in Durban and had a house of his own, he did not send for Kasturbai and their children. Instead, he sent for—of all people—Sheikh Mehtab to come and live with him. Sheikh Mehtab, who seems to have had nothing better to do, arrived in Durban shortly after he received the invitation. Gandhi installed him in Beach Grove Villa as a sort of majordomo, and gave him whatever money he wanted. Before very long, Sheikh Mehtab was stirring up domestic intrigues and entertaining prostitutes in the house. One day, Gandhi surprised him in the company of a prostitute and ordered him out of the house; he insolently refused to go until he was threatened with the police, but then he left, and never returned. (Sheikh Mehtab continued to live in Durban, even-

Come Back to Britain Bargains

Fly-Drive Holiday

Two weeks to roam wherever the Bicentennial spirit takes you. To Tom Paine's favorite inn in Sussex. William Penn's alma mater. Oxford. Even Ben Franklin's London town house. Besides round-trip airfare from New York, you get your first night in a good London Airport hotel and a car, of course, for 13 days. Mileage is limited only by your imagination. A real boon for independent sorts

from $613

London Show Tour

An original hit 9 years ago and still running: 14 days and no less than 20 separate features. Starring round-trip airfare from New York, 13 nights in hotels with private bath and continental breakfasts, 3 different theatre ticket plans to choose from, membership in private clubs, discounts at hundreds of shops and restaurants. Take a car for 2 days (gas and mileage on you) and come see George Washington's ancestral home in Northamptonshire. We give it four stars. And stripes.

from $663

Compute·A·Tour

Yet another bargain from British Airways, it lets you "program" a holiday to suit your needs. With your Travel Agent, you name your budget, plot your itinerary, then choose everything in advance: hotels, side-trips, transportation, excursions, entertainment. All about Britain. With our 22 to 45 day fare or any other British Airways bargain fare, it's especially economical. Put the money you've saved into some take-home British bargains—the American dollar is worth more in Britain today than in years.

BRITISH AIRWAYS, Box 111, Dept. 153A-524, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374
Phone (212) 687-1600 or see your telephone directory for our toll-free number in your area.

I'd like to come back to Britain, Mr. Morley. Especially if it's a bargain. Please send me ☐ "Holidays Britain and Europe" ☐ Your "Compute-A-Tour" brochure ☐ Your Bicentennial "Come Home Again" guide

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

My Travel Agent is ____________________

Prices quoted in effect June, July and August, 1976 and are subject to Government approval. They will be lower in May, September and October. Also, Group Inclusive Tours are subject to a number of restrictions, including a $15 surcharge for weekend travel. So you must read our "Holidays Britain and Europe" brochure for full details. Call your Travel Agent or British Airways.

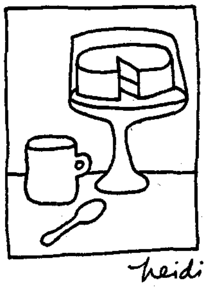
Do come home. All is forgiven.

British airways

We'll take good care of you to Britain. Europe. The World.

tually attaching himself to an Indian merchant, getting married, and becoming known as a reciter of romantic Urdu poetry.)

Gandhi never quite succeeded in explaining why he had sent for Sheikh Mehtab in the first place, or, for that matter, the exact nature of their relationship. Erik Erikson, in "Gandhi's Truth," a biographical exploration that he calls a "psycho-history," attaches considerable importance to their relationship, suggesting that perhaps it had a homosexual element, and also that perhaps "Mehtab played perfectly the personage on whom to project one's personal devil and thus became the personification of Mohandas' *negative identity*, that is, of everything in himself which he tried to isolate and subdue." In any event, Sheikh Mehtab's behavior brought Gandhi up short, and he immediately went to India to fetch Kasturbai and the children.



Gandhi spent six months in India, where he devoted himself mostly to publicizing the plight of the South African Indians. He wrote, and had privately printed and widely circulated, a pamphlet entitled "The Grievances of the British Indians in South Africa;" he contributed articles to newspapers; he addressed public meetings in the big cities; and he managed to enlist the support of both Lokamanya Tilak and Gopal Krishna Gokhale, the two pre-eminent but antagonistic leaders of the Indian nationalist movement. Exaggerated accounts of all these activities appeared in Natal newspapers; for example, Gandhi's pamphlet was falsely said to declare that "the Indians in Natal are robbed and assaulted, and treated like beasts."

GANDHI returned to Durban with his family at the end of 1896. They travelled with some four hundred other Indian immigrants on board the S. S. Courland, a ship owned by Dada Abdulla Sheth, and arrived in Durban at the same time as the S. S. Naderi, another ship carrying Indian immigrants to South Africa. Both ships had sailed from Bombay during an outbreak of the plague, and the Natal authorities therefore kept them anchored just outside Durban Harbor for the necessary observation and fumigation. They extended the normal plague quarantine from five days to sixteen, perhaps because they were as much afraid of the effect of Gandhi's return as they were of an epidemic of the plague. But the delay only exacerbated rumors, already circulating among Europeans in Durban, that Gandhi planned to swamp Natal with Indians. The authorities advised Gandhi to slip into Durban at night to avoid trouble, but his merchant friends, who were in touch with him by letter, said that such cowardly behavior would only lend credence to the rumors, and that Gandhi must enter the city in broad daylight. That is what he did.

Arrangements were made for the Gandhis to stay with a Natal Indian Congress worker, Jivan Rustomji, until tempers in the European community cooled. As a further precaution, Kasturbai and the children set out from the dock in a carriage, and Gandhi, who followed on foot, was accompanied by one of Dada Abdulla Sheth's English attorneys, F. A. Laughton. The two men had not gone far when a group of European boys recognized Gandhi and started hurling insults at him. Laughton hailed a passing rickshaw, but the black rickshaw boy, sensing danger, fled. "Are you the man who wrote to the press?" someone shouted, kicking Gandhi from behind. The group grew into a crowd, which surged around Gandhi, separating him from Laughton. People pelted him with stones and brickbats, tore off his turban, and started punching him. Fortunately for Gandhi, who was on the point of fainting, the wife of the police superintendent of Durban, Mrs. R. C. Alexander, happened to be passing by on foot, and she rushed to Gandhi's aid. The crowd fell back, no doubt in deference to her sex and her position, and she stood beside Gandhi, using her parasol to protect his exposed head, until a few constables arrived. They escorted him to Rustomji's house, where Kasturbai and the children had arrived unmolested.

The crowd had followed Gandhi, however, and now surrounded the house and threatened to burn it down. Police Superintendent Alexander came and posted himself at the gate. He adopted the tactic of humoring the crowd by joining them in a lynching chant:

Hang old Gandhi
On the sour apple tree.

Meanwhile, Gandhi's wounds were quickly bandaged, and the constables led him out through the back door. They jumped over fences, squeezed through railings, threaded their way down narrow lanes, and finally reached the sanctuary of the police station. Alexander announced to the crowd that Gandhi had slipped away, and it eventually dispersed.

In the days that followed, Gandhi was able to resume his normal life in his own house, having placated the European community by letting it be known that he would not press charges against his assailants, that reports of his political activities in India were malicious and mistaken, and that he had nothing whatever to do with the two shiploads of Indian immigrants, many of whom were bound for the Transvaal anyway.

THE Gandhis had some difficulty adjusting to their new life at Beach Grove Villa. Gandhi and Kasturbai, in addition to their own two sons, now had charge of a ten-year-old nephew of Gandhi's named Gokuldas, who was Raliat's only child. The boy's father had died prematurely while Gandhi was in India. Gandhi had helped nurse his brother-in-law (whose name is lost to history) first in Bombay, where the brother-in-law was lying ill, and later in Rajkot, where he died. It is not known how the brother-in-law felt about being nursed by the family outcaste, or how or why the outcaste got custody of the child. Gandhi once again had the children wear Western clothes, including shoes and stockings, although they complained constantly of discomfort. Yet he refused to send them to the local schools, because he thought they would only learn to ape European children. Instead, he sent Harilal and Gokuldas back home to a boarding school, but he recalled them within a few months, having decided that Indian schools were no better. Yet he did not have much time to teach them or Manilal himself, and so all three grew up without formal education or professional qualifications.

Gandhi, who had got very little out of his own schooling, was beginning to feel that formal education of any kind was less important than learning self-reliance, which was becoming the rule of life at Beach Grove Villa. Gandhi's several clerks and assistants lived with him in communal fashion, sharing the household tasks and eating with him, irrespective of their religion or caste. During his stay in Pretoria, an English barber had turned him away, whereupon he had taught himself to cut his own hair with the help of a mirror and a pair of clippers. Now, to save laundry money, he taught himself to wash and iron his own clothes, and even to starch his collars. He had dispensed with the services of the untouchable sweepers who generally did

Cordoba
The Small Chrysler

Comfort alone is what any fine automobile gives you. And what you get in full measure in Cordoba. Here is the confidence of knowing your car has a *look* of [illegible]. And the *feel* of great quality. Here, too, is the confidence of knowing your car controls the road, handling both curve and straightaway with marked assurance. In Cordoba, you will enjoy much more than great comfort at a most pleasant price. You will enjoy great confidence. For which there can be *no* price.

SEIKO QUARTZ
SEIKO QUARTZ
SEIKO QUARTZ
SEIKO QUARTZ
SEIKO QUARTZ

CHANGING THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF ACCURACY.

THE ULTRA THIN SEIKO QUARTZ.

Seiko was the first to sell a Quartz watch, back in 1969. Today, we offer a wide range of Ultra Thin Seiko Quartz watches for men and women. Powered by a battery, these precision timepieces will remain remarkably accurate without any winding at all.

The technology that makes the Ultra Thin Quartz a reality is typically Seiko. Our expertise in every phase of the watchmaking process makes it possible for us to make any part of any Seiko watch. That's how we can combine the most slim and elegant styling with the most accurate timekeeping to produce the Ultra Thin Quartz.

The Ultra Thin Seiko Quartz is so precise, it's actually changing the world's standard of accuracy.

Seiko makes a wide selection of quartz watches. Including digitals, day/date models—even digital chronographs. Perhaps it's time you went on the Seiko standard. Seiko Quartz.

SEIKO

Someday all watches will be made this way.

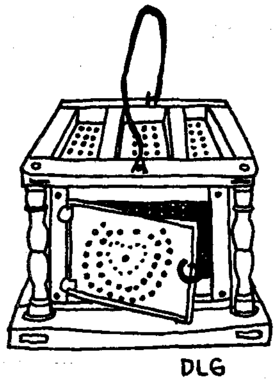
Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Ultra Thin Seiko Quartz Models (top to bottom): CN022-Men's dress watch, $215.00. YR002-Ladies' dress watch, $145.00. CN012-Men's dress watch, $225.00. CN020-Ladies' dress watch, $225.00. YR010M-Ladies' dress watch, $250.00.

the scavenging work, because he was coming to believe that untouchability was an "excrescence" of Hinduism, and was not unlike the racist attitude of Europeans toward Indians and native Africans. The house had no running water or plumbing, and everyone, including Kasturbai, was expected to help with the latrine work. One day, Gandhi asked her to clean the chamber pot of a clerk who had been born an untouchable. She began to cry. Gandhi writes:

> I was far from being satisfied by her merely carrying the pot. I would have her do it cheerfully. So I said, raising my voice: "I will not stand this nonsense in my house. . . ."
>
> She shouted back: "Keep your house to yourself and let me go.". . . I caught her by the hand, dragged the helpless woman to the gate . . . and proceeded to open it with the intention of pushing her out. The tears were running down her cheeks in torrents, and she cried: "Have you no sense of shame? Must you so far forget yourself? Where am I to go? I have no parents or relatives here to harbour me. Being your wife, you think I must put up with your cuffs and kicks? For Heaven's sake behave yourself, and shut the gate. . . ."
>
> I . . . was really ashamed and shut the gate.

Gandhi, who had once thought of becoming a doctor, read popular health manuals and such books on nature cures as Ludwig Kühne's "The New Science of Healing" and Adolf Just's "Return to Nature," and gave free medical advice to his Indian clients and friends. When Kasturbai became pregnant again, he read a manual on obstetrics, and assisted in the delivery of the fourth child—a son, Ramdas, born in Durban in 1897. Gandhi delivered their fifth, and last, child entirely by himself—another son, Devadas, who was born in 1900, also in Durban.



As time went on, Gandhi put more faith in his nature cures than in medicines prescribed by doctors. In 1902, Manilal, who was ten years old, came down with typhoid complicated by pneumonia, and Gandhi felt he could cure him with a vegetarian diet and hydropathy. Manilal became so weak that the attending doctor said he would not be responsible for the boy's life if Gandhi persisted in refusing to give him chicken broth and eggs. Gandhi would have liked to have the child make his own choice between the two cures, but, reasoning that Manilal was too young to choose, Gandhi chose for him, and began treating him with his own cure. He wrapped the feverish boy in cold, wet sheets and covered him with blankets.

> I left Manilal in the charge of his mother [Gandhi writes] and went out for a walk. . . . "My honour is in Thy keeping, oh Lord, in this hour of trial," I repeated to myself. . . . After a short time I returned, my heart beating within my breast.
>
> No sooner had I entered the room than Manilal said, "You have returned, Bapu?"
>
> "Yes, darling."
>
> "Do please pull me out. I am burning."
>
> "Are you perspiring, my boy?"
>
> "I am simply soaked. Do please take me out."
>
> I felt his forehead. It was covered with beads of perspiration. The temperature was going down. I thanked God. . . .
>
> I undid the pack and dried his body. Father and son fell asleep in the same bed.

IN 1886, gold was discovered in the Transvaal, setting off a gold rush. The gold mines, though they were in Boer territory, were financed and developed by British capitalists, who began demanding more and more say in the affairs of the Transvaal. The Boers, for their part, began agitating for complete control of the gold mines. The conflicting demands were largely responsible for the outbreak of the Boer War, in 1899. The South African Indians probably identified more with the pastoral ways of the Boers than with the industrial capitalism of the British, but most of them had no wish to take sides in the war, for fear of reprisals. Gandhi, however, felt so much loyalty to the British Crown that he wanted the Indians to go to war alongside the British. At the time, he was working two hours a day as a volunteer nurse in a small hospital for indentured laborers in Durban. He immediately sent the Natal government an offer to organize a volunteer ambulance corps of Indians for service on the front lines. "We do not know how to handle arms," he wrote to the Colonial Secretary of Natal. "It is perhaps our misfortune that we cannot. . . . The motive underlying this humble offer is to endeavor to prove that, in common with other subjects of the Queen-Empress in South Africa, the Indians, too, are ready to do duty for their Sovereign on the battlefield." The Natal government had such a low opinion of Indians that at first it refused Gandhi's offer. Later, however, after the British sustained heavy battle casualties, the offer was accepted.

Gandhi organized and led an ambulance corps of eleven hundred Indians—eight hundred of them indentured laborers—which served on many battlefronts, and, at the battle of Spion Kop, even went into the line of fire to remove the wounded. Afterward, the British decorated Gandhi and other corps leaders for their service to the Empire.

Gandhi felt that the lot of Indians in South Africa would improve as a result of their war service, and that, in any case, he could do more for them by going home and fighting the larger social and political battles of Indians in India. He consulted the Natal Indians, who were loath to see him leave South Africa but eventually gave their consent, on condition that he agree to return within a year if his services were required. They made farewell gifts to Gandhi and Kasturbai of gold, silver, and diamond ornaments. Gandhi had long believed that service was its own reward, and he now set about trying to make his family understand that. He knew that Kasturbai would not renounce the gifts easily, since jewelry was a Hindu wife's main insurance against bad times and was also a sign of respectability, so he first converted the children to his way of thinking, and then they all tackled Kasturbai. She cried and protested. "I can understand your not permitting me to wear them," Gandhi recalled her saying. "But what about my daughters-in-law? They will be sure to need them. And who knows what will happen tomorrow?" Gandhi said that she and the children had to learn to be self-reliant, and if they ever needed money they could ask him for it.

> "Ask you? I know you by this time [she cried]. You deprived me of my ornaments, you would not leave me in peace with them. . . . You who are trying to make sadhus of my boys. . . . No, the ornaments will not be returned. And pray what right have you to my necklace?"
>
> "But," I rejoined, "is the necklace given you for your service or for my service?"
>
> ". . . I have toiled and moiled for you day and night. Is that no service? You forced all and sundry on me, making me weep bitter tears, and I slaved for them!"

Gandhi remained firm, and finally got his way. He had all the gifts put into a trust for the service of the community.

IN November, 1902, when Gandhi had been in India for nearly a year, he got cablegrams from Natal summoning him back. The Secretary

The Only One.

Only the most perfect, hand-picked white Chardonnay grapes.

Only from the first delicate pressing.

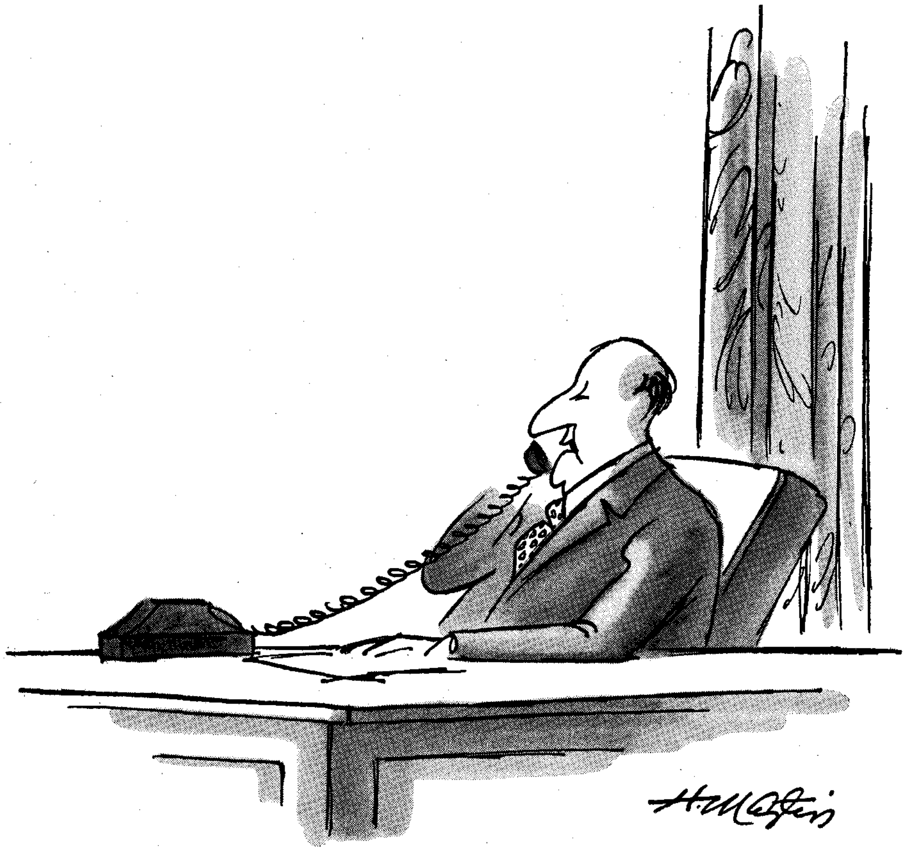
Only in the most exceptional vintage years.

Taittinger

Comtes de Champagne.
Blanc de Blancs

Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BLANC DE BLANCS
1966
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
ALCOHOL 12 % BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Produced and bottled by : CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand, New York.



"This is Arthur Rumson. Sorry you reached me so abruptly, but my secretary is out sick, my answering service is on strike, and my Phone-Mate is in the shop."

• •

of State for the Colonies, in London, Joseph Chamberlain, was expected in South Africa, to collect a "gift" of thirty-five million pounds—a sort of war debt—from the defeated Boers, and to further the idea of a union between the British colonies and the Boer territories; and the South African Indians wanted Gandhi to speak to Chamberlain on their behalf. Gandhi, true to his word, immediately set out for Durban, taking with him four or five educated young men who could speak English and might be able to continue his work in South Africa. Kasturbai and the children remained in India, because Gandhi intended to return after his meeting with Chamberlain—in a year, at most.

In Durban, Gandhi barely got a hearing from Chamberlain, who dismissed him, observing that the imperial government had little say in the affairs of self-governing colonies. (Chamberlain had come in order to exact that "gift" from the colonies, and he did not want anything to get in his way.) Gandhi now learned that South African Indians, in spite of their ambulance service in the war, were worse off than before: the Transvaal government was refusing to allow many Indians who had become refugees during the war to return to their homes and businesses in the Transvaal. He resolved not to go back to India but to settle in the Transvaal—in Johannesburg, the gold capital of South Africa. He rented a house in its European section and was soon earning four or five thousand pounds a year from his legal practice; in due course, he sent for Kasturbai and the children.

In 1904, plague broke out in Johannesburg's "coolie location." "Beyond arranging to clean the latrines in the location in a haphazard way, the Municipality [did] nothing to provide any sanitary facilities," Gandhi writes. As he was well aware, insanitary habits were second nature to Indians. He had been involved in trying to control the spread of plague in Rajkot in 1896 and in Durban in 1899, and had found that even the latrines of the most opulent houses were "dark and stinking and reeking with filth and worms," and that the sanitary arrangements of the holiest temples were no better. Gandhi now helped the Johannesburg authorities evacuate the "coolie location"—after which the authorities burned it down—and resettle the Indians in a camp outside the city. With his assistance, the Indians were persuaded to dig up silver and copper coins, amounting to some sixty thousand pounds, which they had buried in the old settlement for safekeeping, because they knew nothing of banks. The coins were sterilized and deposited in banks in the names of their owners, with Gandhi as a sort of custodian. In an old building near the camp, Gandhi nursed the plague victims, treating some of them with hydropathy. He had no fear of contagion, because during the years he had spent in South Africa he had come to believe that he was an instrument of God's will.

WHEN Gandhi was alone in South Africa between 1893 and 1897, he often spent his Sundays with Christian evangelists, as he had in London. He attended their churches, discussed religion with them over Sunday lunches and teas in their homes, and went on long afternoon walks with them. They pressed him to read such books as Arthur T. Pierson's "Many Infallible Proofs," Joseph Butler's "Analogy of Religion," and Joseph Parker's "Commentary," and when he had read them they tried to claim him for Christianity. He was moved by their sincerity, but he found, he says, that "it was impossible for [him] to regard Christianity as a perfect religion or the greatest of all religions." In 1894, he started corresponding with his Christian friends in the London Vegetarian Society. One of them, Edward Maitland, got him interested in a movement Maitland had started—the Esoteric Christian Union, whose teachings, like those of the Theosophists, were an amalgam of Eastern and Western thought, a mystical response to the materialism of the industrial revolution. Gandhi became the South African representative of the Esoteric Christian Union, selling its literature through newspaper advertisements, and proselytizing among his Christian friends. He reread the Bhagavad Gita and studied the Vedas and the Upanishads; he also studied the scriptures of his Muslim and Parsi friends—the Koran and the Avesta. In his religious explorations, he happened upon Leo Tolstoy's Christian writings, and was inspired by Tolstoy's restless search for perfection and universal love. The thesis of one Tolstoy work, "The Kingdom of God Is Within You"—that all government is based on war and violence, and that one can counter these evils only through passive resistance—made a deep impression on him.

One day, Gandhi was having Sunday lunch with some European Christian friends who had a five-year-old son. The conversation turned to re-

® MARKS OWNED AND LICENSED BY BANKAMERICA SERVICE CORP. [illegible]

BANKAMERICARD
35
[illegible] a celebration says the things you can't find words for.
[illegible] ones. BankAmericard® can make all the difference.

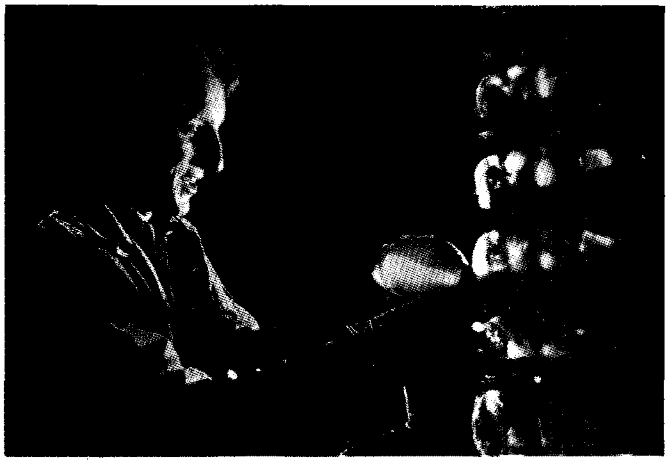
"I know we can produce a sparkling wine as great as the champagnes of France. All we need is 10 more years of experience and 20 more years of tradition."

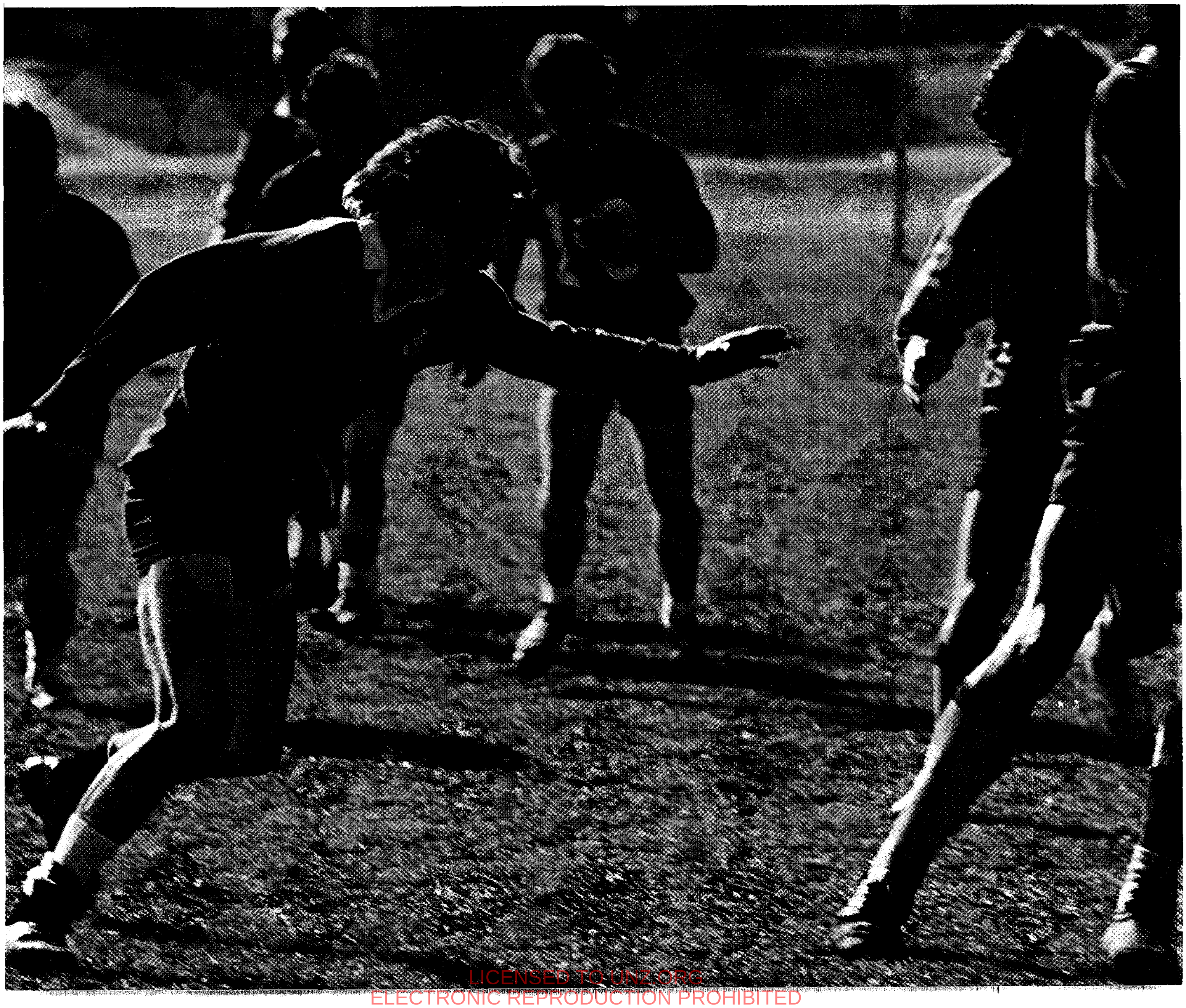
Harold Osborne became intrigued with winemaking while attending junior college in California. So he transferred to the University of California at Davis to enroll in their famous Department of Enology (the science of winemaking). After he had his B.S., Harold went to work for Schramsberg Vineyards, specialists in champagnes. And now he has a single-minded objective:

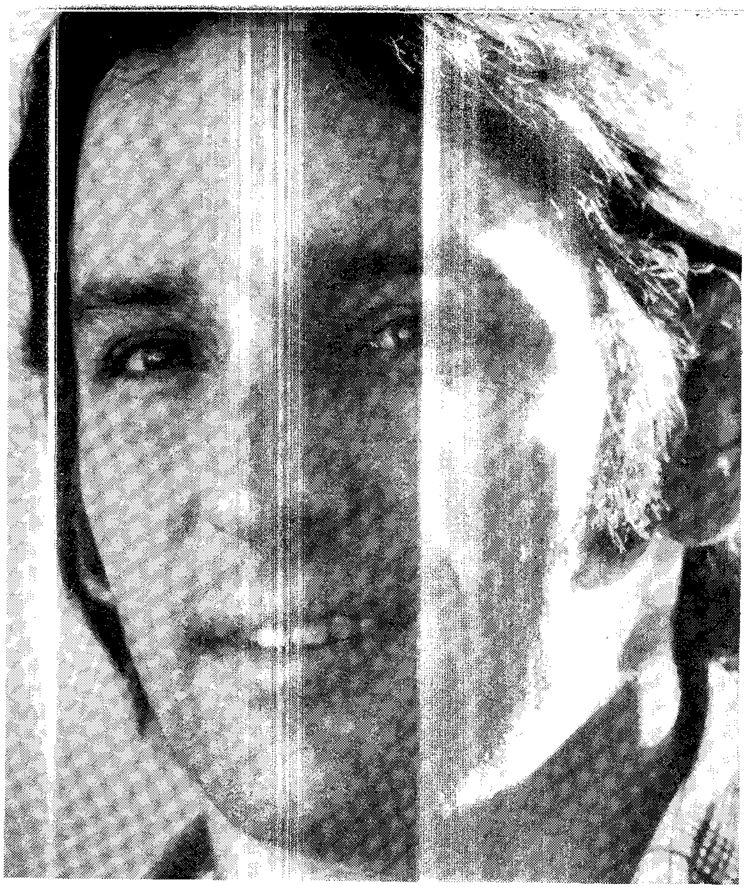
"My goal is to produce the best champagne in the world."

Osborne admits he hasn't done it yet, but Schramsberg champagnes are acknowledged to be the finest made in the U.S. Nixon and Kissinger took 13 cases along for the ceremonies in Peking.

"We sell all we can make, but we try to keep 200 cases. The White House might call and ask for all our champagne it could get."







Founded by Jacob Schram in 1862, in Calistoga, California, at the northern end of the Napa Valley, the Schramsberg Vineyards flourished, then foundered, and were resurrected by Jack Davies, a Los Angeles businessman in the 1960's. Davies was determined to produce the best quality vintage possible and brought in Harold Osborne to oversee that commitment.

Although wood has been replaced by stainless steel in the winemaking process, the vintages ferment and age in caves dug out of the volcanic pumice of the hillside. The entire process takes three years, and Osborne is responsible for each stage. His approach is basically traditional, relying on the old methods and reference to a "library" of Schramsberg wines, but his senses are backed up by his biochemical knowledge and modern laboratory techniques.

"The hardest part is the waiting. I've only made three vintages, and you have to wait 3 to 5 years to find out if you've made any mistakes."

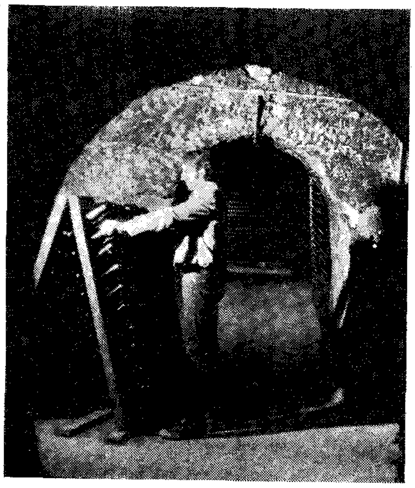
The vintners of the Napa Valley are a tight little community who share their experience if not their secrets. Osborne will join a group of them for a working trip to France this Spring. He likes to stay close to his wines and vats, but keeps his life in tune by tinkering with old automobiles, an occasional jaunt to Hawaii with his girl friend for surfing, and, especially, playing rugby in Golden Gate Park with the Santa Rosa Rugby Club.

CALIFORNIA
DRP 302

"Rugby is like basketball with tackling. You have to learn a whole new set of instincts. It's the same way with winemaking."

Osborne is a subscriber to SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN because "I like the hard science—geology, astronomy, other natural sciences. I want to know what is going on around me... to understand why the earth is here, why we are here."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL MEYEROWITZ



In a society that lives by innovation, discovery is our most important product. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the magazine of discovery attracting a growing number of newsstand buyers and subscribers. Each month it is read by more than one and a half million men and women who turn new ideas into a better life for everyone.

SCIENTIFIC
AMERICAN

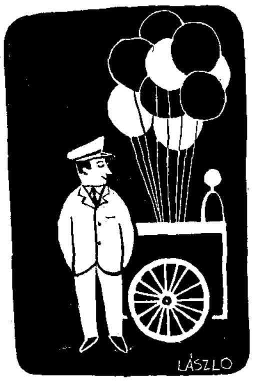
415 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

ligion, and Gandhi began extolling the Buddha's love of all creatures, compared with Christ's love of man only; he praised the apple that he himself was eating, and disparaged the mutton that the boy was eating, since in the Buddha's eyes the sheep's life was as precious as the boy's. (In those days, Gandhi was eating nothing but fruit, uncooked rice and wheat, raw peas and potatoes, and nuts. Some say that the citrus fruit may be what ruined his teeth and eventually left him toothless.) Gandhi writes that when he visited the family the following week, as usual, he found his hostess unhappy:

> "Mr. Gandhi," she said, "please don't take it ill if I feel obliged to tell you that my boy is none the better for your company. Everyday he hesitates to eat meat and asks for fruit, reminding me of your argument.... If he gives up meat, he is bound to get weak, if not ill.... Your discussions should henceforth be only with us elders...."
>
> "Mrs. ———," I replied, "...what I eat and omit to eat is bound to have a greater effect on the child than what I say. The best way, therefore, is for me to stop these visits."

That is what he did.

In 1904, during a twenty-four-hour train journey from Johannesburg to Durban, Gandhi says, he became engrossed in Ruskin's book "Unto This Last." Ruskin believed that the true basis of society was not wealth, as the classical economists had it, but the "invisible gold" of human companionship. The possession of wealth and power was selfish, perpetuated social inequities and injustices, and had to be renounced until there was enough for everyone—until, in Ruskin's words, "the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be unto this last as unto thee." To hasten the arrival of that time, rich and poor were counselled to pursue simple pleasures and inner tranquillity, "making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace." Gandhi says that the book confirmed his own growing conviction that the simple life of a peasant or a craftsman was the ideal life.



A year earlier, before he had made his move from Durban to Johannesburg, he, along with a couple of Indian friends, had started publishing a four-page weekly called *Indian Opinion*, in English, Gujarati, Tamil, and Hindi. A natural outcome of his pamphleteering and newspaper writing, the weekly was intended to expose the "blemishes" of South African Indians even as it insisted on their rights. *Indian Opinion* was becoming his main preoccupation, and now, inspired by Ruskin, he bought, for a thousand pounds, a hundred acres of land—mostly farmland—about fourteen miles from Durban, near the town of Phoenix, and moved his printers and printers' assistants and the press on which they printed *Indian Opinion* out there. He put an English editor friend, Albert West, who had been helping him with the weekly, in charge, and gradually organized a self-sufficient community based on the religious and social principles of Tolstoy and Ruskin. At first, the members had to make do with tents, but in due course they put up simple huts of corrugated iron sheeting, and a number of them settled there, tilling the land, editing the weekly, and running the presses.

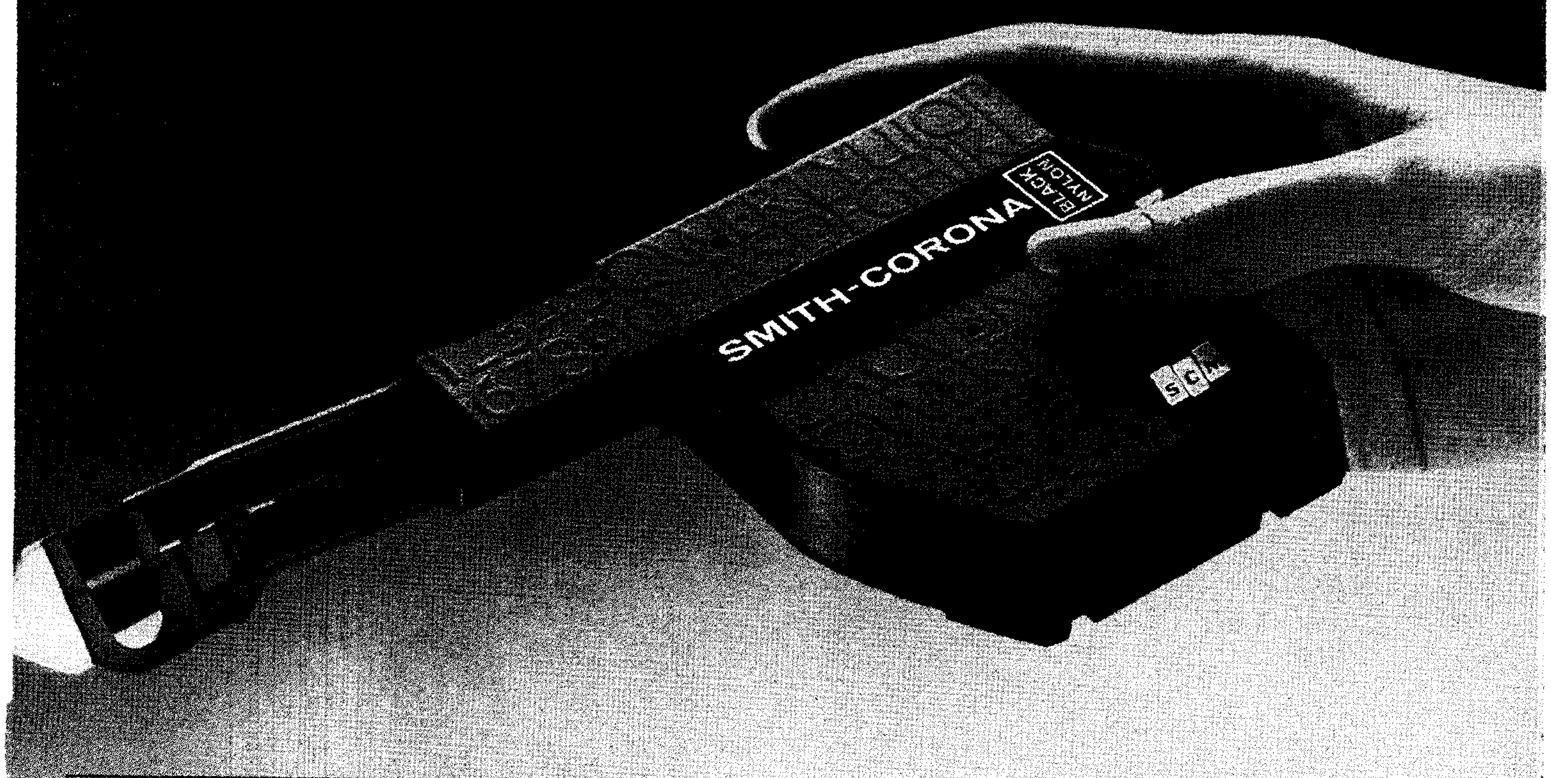
Because of his law practice and his public commitments, Gandhi himself continued to live in or near Johannesburg, but he, Kasturbai, and the children would often visit Phoenix Farm, as it came to be called, taking a number of their Johannesburg friends with them. One of the friends was Henry Polak, an English newspaperman who did legal work in Gandhi's office, and who later edited *Indian Opinion* and became a well-known attorney. He had told Gandhi when they first met that he was waiting until he could earn enough money to send to England for his fiancée, Millie Graham. Gandhi, ever ready to take charge of other people's lives, immediately arranged for Millie to come out, and for Henry and Millie to get married (Gandhi was best man at their wedding) and settle in Johannesburg. Henry Polak came to play an increasingly important part in Gandhi's work in South Africa.

EARLY in 1906, a Zulu chieftain threw an assagai and killed a tax collector in Zululand. The incident set off violent disturbances. The British had annexed Zululand to Natal in 1887, and the spirited Zulus—whose main occupation was farming—did not like the arrangement. The Natal government now mounted a punitive expedition to put down what it called the Zulu Rebellion. As in the Boer War, Gandhi believed that Indians, as loyal subjects of the Empire, must side with the British, and he organized another volunteer ambulance corps.

When Gandhi and his corps got to Zululand, however, they discovered that the expeditionary force was quelling the "rebellion" by public hangings and public floggings. The wounded nursed by the corps were mostly Zulus. "We found that the wounded Zulus would have been left uncared for if we had not attended to them," Gandhi writes. "No European would help to dress their wounds.... We had to cleanse the wounds of several Zulus which had not been attended to for as many as five or six days and were therefore stinking horribly. We liked our work. The Zulus could not talk to us, but from their gestures and the expression of their eyes, they seemed to feel as if God had sent us to their succour." The conduct of the expeditionary force was such a scandal that the expedition was quickly called off, and Gandhi and his corps were returned to Johannesburg within six weeks.

Gandhi says that the suffering he witnessed in Zululand caused a profound and permanent change in his life, making him resolve to serve humanity with all his soul. To this end, within a few months of his return from Zululand he adopted three principles by which to live: brahmacharya, or celibacy, which was an ancient Hindu vow; satyagraha, or the force of truth and love, which was his own invention; and ahimsa, or nonviolence to all living things, which was an ancient Jain commandment. He says that his vow of celibacy was the most decisive break with his past; that, indeed, without it he could not have practiced the two other principles; and that although there were practical reasons for the vow (Kasturbai was in bad health and another pregnancy might have endangered her life, and he did not want any more children), the overriding reason was spiritual. For him, as a Hindu, sexual desire represented the source of all base and selfish human impulses—passion, anger, aggression—and sexual desire and the other impulses could be mastered only by renunciation of all interest in the outcome of any action. Action, as he had been learning all along from the Bhagavad Gita, had to be an end in itself, its own justification. He now started tacking up a couple of verses from the Bhagavad Gita on the bathroom wall every morning and memorizing them as he brushed his teeth. About this time, too, he initiated his lifelong practice of daily prayers and grew aware of an "inner voice," which

The world's finest portable typewriter and the ribbon that's stealing the show.



The Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter.

The introduction of our Smith-Corona® cartridge ribbons has caused quite a stir.

Understandably.

Snap! Now a worn ribbon can be replaced by a fresh ribbon in just 3 seconds.

And with the development of a variety of color cartridges, film cartridges (for the look of executive typewriting), and correction cartridges that correct errors in a snap, our cartridge ribbons have ushered in a far more flexible system of typing.

But while everyone is making a fuss over our cartridge, you should know that we spent a great deal of time fussing over our cartridge typewriter.

In fact, purchase this number-one-selling electric portable and you'll receive a typewriter engineered to the same standards that helped Smith-Corona steal the show...long before cartridges came along.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

thereafter became the main arbiter of all his important decisions.

Gandhi came to believe that his three principles required him to give up everything he owned, treat all people as part of his family, and contribute whatever he earned to community service. He wrote to Lakshmidas, in Rajkot, telling him he would therefore no longer have money to send home. Lakshmidas was incensed. "In stern language he explained to me my duty towards him," Gandhi writes. "I should not, he said, aspire to be wiser than our father. I must support the family as he did. I pointed out to him that . . . the meaning of 'family' had but to be slightly widened and the wisdom of my step would become clear." (Each brother held adamantly to his view, and Lakshmidas refused to have anything more to do with Gandhi. They were reconciled only when Lakshmidas was on his deathbed, seven years later.)

SATYAGRAHI IN SOUTH AFRICA

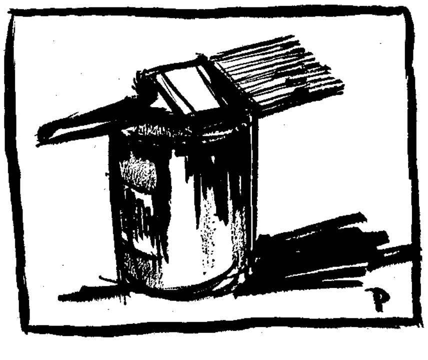
IN 1906, the Transvaal government introduced a new piece of anti-Indian legislation in the local legislature: the Asiatic Registration Bill (the bill also covered the Chinese, of whom there were a number), which was designed both to prevent Indians who had left the Transvaal during the Boer War from returning and to prevent any future Indian immigration. Under the bill, all Indians living in the Transvaal were to be fingerprinted and issued government registration certificates, which they were to have on their persons at all times, on pain of fine, imprisonment, or deportation. Only Indians actually residing in the Transvaal when the bill became law would be allowed to apply for registration. The resident Indians did not care for the idea of being fingerprinted like criminals and having to carry registration certificates around like dogs wearing license tags. Moreover, they feared that if the bill was passed it might one day be used to chase all Indians out of the Transvaal and eventually out of the whole of South Africa (there were then about thirteen thousand Indians in the Transvaal and about a hundred thousand in South Africa), and might also be imitated in other colonies.

Under Gandhi's leadership, the Indians living in the Transvaal decided to oppose the bill. They gathered in huge numbers in the old Empire Theatre in Johannesburg to work out a plan of action. During discussion of a resolution calling on Indians to resist the bill in the event that it became law, regardless of the penalties, one speaker passionately declared that, as God was his witness, he, for one, would never submit to registration. Gandhi was immediately struck by the speaker's invocation of God, and told the meeting that anyone who voted for the resolution by invoking God as his witness would in fact be making a solemn pledge, from which there could be no going back. "Resolutions of this nature cannot be passed by a majority vote," he said. "This pledge must not be taken with a view to producing an effect on outsiders. . . . Everyone must only search his own heart, and if the inner voice assures him that he has the requisite strength to carry him through, then only should he pledge himself and then only will his pledge bear fruit." All those assembled in the Empire Theatre stood up and declared en masse, with right hands raised, that, as God was their witness, they would never submit to registration. What had started out as a struggle for political rights was turning into a struggle for individual salvation. And this salvation, as Gandhi himself was beginning to define it, would be achieved only through truth and love—through the force of satyagraha, the principle that Gandhi spent the rest of his life refining.

Around that time, Gandhi wrote:

> Satyagraha is referred to in English as passive resistance. The term denotes the method of securing rights by personal suffering; it is the reverse of resistance by arms. When I refuse to do a thing that is repugnant to my conscience, I use soul-force. For instance, the Government of the day has passed a law which is applicable to me. I do not like it. If by using violence I force the Government to repeal the law, I am employing what may be termed body-force. If I do not obey the law and accept the penalty for its breach, I use soul-force. It involves sacrifice of self. . . . Moreover, if this kind of force is used in a cause that is unjust, only the person using it suffers.

Thereafter, political and religious aims became increasingly identified in Gandhi's mind, with the result that those who encountered him, whether as an opponent or as an ally, found him unpredictable but always disarming.



Despite numerous resolutions, petitions, and representations against the Asiatic Registration Bill, the legislature passed it, and Gandhi went off to England to try to get the royal assent withheld. He called on prominent Indians and Englishmen, in their offices and chambers, in their houses and clubs, and returned to South Africa with assurances from the Secretary of State for Colonies, who was now Lord Elgin, that the royal assent would not be given. But early in 1907 the Transvaal, under a new Constitutional arrangement that England had made with the former Boer territories and her old South African colonies, became empowered to enact any bill without the royal assent. The bill was promptly reintroduced, and became law.

Gandhi and his followers, stigmatizing the law as the "Black Act," formed the Passive Resistance Association (later called the Satyagraha Association), and refused to register. Gandhi and other leaders were put on trial and sent to jail for two months. As the days passed, resisters—all of them men, so far—began filling up the jails. General Jan Christiaan Smuts, the Minister in Charge of Indian Affairs, proposed a compromise to Gandhi: the government would not only release all the resisters but also repeal the law if Indians would register voluntarily. Gandhi says that after some hesitation he agreed to the compromise, because he felt that the resisters had scored a moral victory. He was let out of jail after serving only about two weeks of his sentence, and took the lead in applying for registration. Some of his followers, especially the fierce Pathans, felt that he had gone back on his pledge and betrayed their trust. One Pathan, Mir Alam, who had been Gandhi's client and had often gone to him for advice, swore that he would kill the first man to register. As Gandhi was about to enter the registration office, Mir Alam hit him on the head, knocking him unconscious, and, with some Pathan companions, proceeded to kick and beat him. Gandhi was finally rescued by some passing Europeans and the police, and carried off to the office of an English friend, where, as soon as he regained consciousness, he insisted on registering, which the authorities allowed him to do from there. He spent the next ten days at the friend's house recovering from his injuries. (The friend was the Reverend Joseph J. Doke, who, with the publication of "M. K. Gandhi" a year later, in 1909, became Gandhi's first biographer.)

To Gandhi's embarrassment, Smuts announced that he would not repeal

Save the gambling for after dinner.

Pinochle, Backgammon, Bingo. A little game of chance after dinner may aid the digestion. A little glass of chance during dinner may not.

But, just how do you keep "making a choice" from turning into "Taking a chance?"

French wine is the way. But French wine can be a jungle.

There are thousands of chateaus, hundreds of shippers, a dozen different vintage years—all in all, perhaps a million different bottles from which to choose ...what?

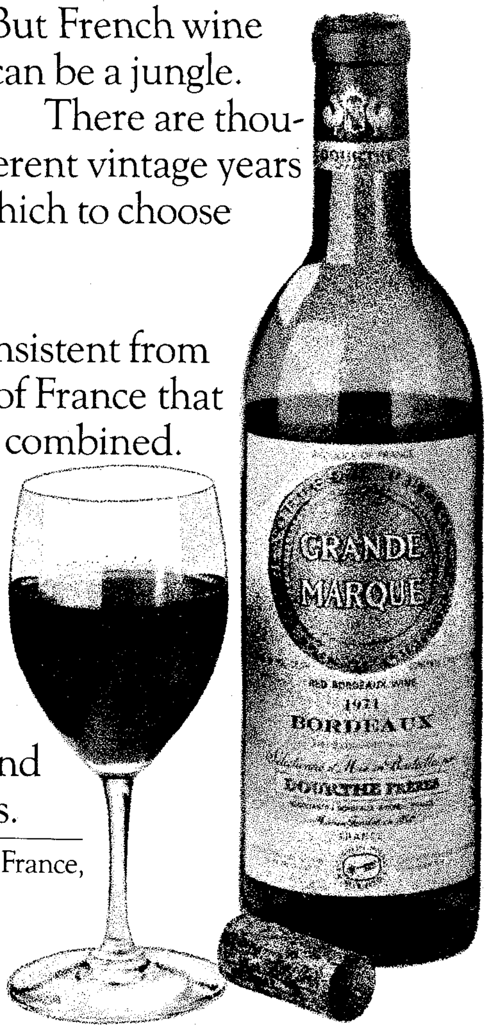
We'd like to suggest you choose Grande Marque.

Grande Marque is a fine vintage French wine, consistent from year to year. It comes from Bordeaux, that small part of France that produces more great wines than the rest of the world combined.

You'll find a large gold seal (literally a *grande marque*) on the label that makes the bottle easy to spot. And the name is easy to say—just pronounce it "Grand Mark."

There's a Grande Marque red and a Grande Marque white, each at a price that's very right.

So play the lottery, play the market, play a hot hand of old maid and leave French roulette to the gamblers.



"All the French you need to know." Grande Marque is a product of France, imported by Munson Shaw, New York.

NEXT
WINDOW
PLEASE
CBarsotti

the "Black Act" after all, on the pretext that the Indians had failed to live up to their part of the bargain because every last one of them had not registered voluntarily. Gandhi and more than two thousand of his followers who had registered voluntarily thereupon gathered in the grounds of the Hamidia Mosque, in Johannesburg, and burned their registration certificates. A local correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* compared the event to the Boston Tea Party. It was the first of a series of public symbolic acts, which Gandhi used with ever-increasing effectiveness throughout his life to strengthen his causes.

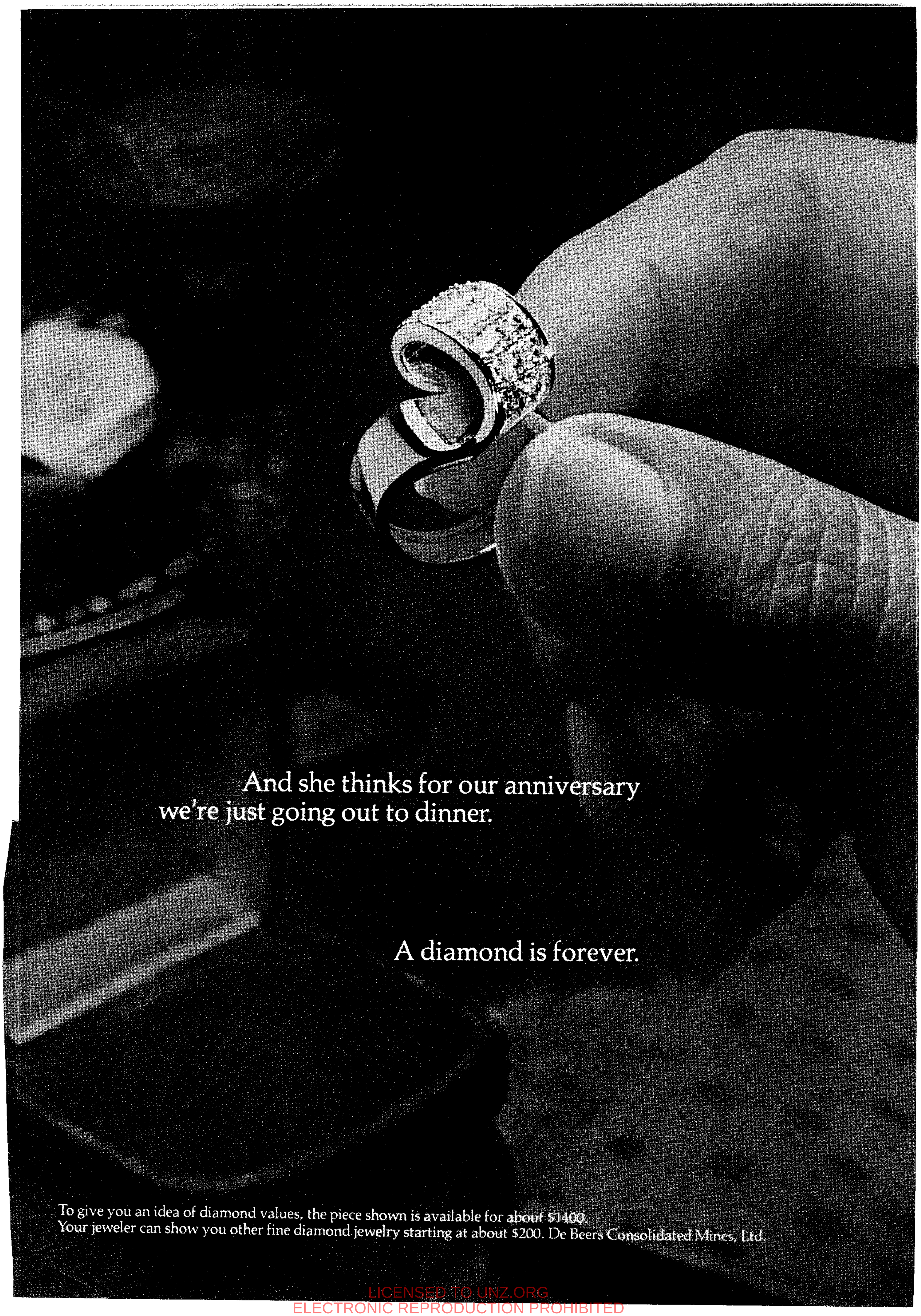
Gandhi was again prosecuted and sentenced to two months in jail, along with scores of other resisters. As soon as they finished their jail terms, they began agitating against the "Black Act" all over again, and most of them were sent back to jail, this time for three months. Some were even deported to India.

When Gandhi was first sentenced to jail, he wondered what he would do there and how he would survive—what would become of his home, his legal practice, his public life. "How vain I was!" he writes. "I, who had asked the people to consider the prisons as His Majesty's hotels, the suffering consequent upon disobeying the 'Black Act' as perfect bliss, and the sacrifice of one's all and of life itself in resisting it as supreme enjoyment! Where had all this knowledge vanished today? . . . This . . . train of thought acted upon me as a bracing tonic, and I began to laugh at my own folly." He found that a simple, chaste, abstemious life of privation and prayer was perfectly suited to jail. Many resisters were locked up together in one cell and were allowed after a time to cook their own fare, and under those circumstances he worked out a regimen of exercising and cooking and of reading and writing. He translated "Unto This Last" into Gujarati, for wider dissemination among his followers, and read for the first time Henry David Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," which reinforced ideas he had already arrived at for himself: that it was more honorable to be right than to be law-abiding; that it was every man's right—indeed, his duty—to resist a tyrannical government; and that a minority of one could bring about a change in the government.

In the next two years, there was something of a lull in what Gandhi often described as the war between the ants and the elephants, because the governments of Natal, the Transvaal, the Cape Colony, and the Orange Free State all became preoccupied with the establishment of the federal Union of South Africa. Since the new Union was to have dominion status within the British Empire, its Constitution had to be approved by the British government, and in 1909 Gandhi again went to London, in the hope that the British government could be persuaded to help Indians obtain rights of citizenship in the new Union which would be—in some respects, at least—on a par with the Europeans' rights. His mission proved, in his words, "thankless and fruitless." When the Union of South Africa was established, in 1910, the British colonies and the former Boer territories, now provinces in the new Union, all kept their old racial laws in force.

Gandhi's mission to England, however, did result in his writing a manifesto entitled "Indian Home Rule." An astonishingly violent defense of nonviolence, the manifesto is a kind of Socratic dialogue between a "reader" (a composite of Indians whom Gandhi had met on this visit to England), who advocates violent overthrow of the Empire, and an "editor" (Gandhi himself), who vehemently opposes violent political action. He lashes out at other Indian leaders and their ideas as outdated; at the British Parliament as sterile; at the free press as dishonest; at doctors and lawyers trained in Western ways for exploiting the Indian people; at railways for spreading the curse of Western civilization; and at Western civilization itself, which is materialistic and encourages the pursuit of pleasure without religion or morality. He offers in its place the ideal of the simple, golden life of ancient India, which he imagines to have been much more in tune with the spirit of satyagraha. By his manifesto, Gandhi at one stroke disowned both the British establishment in India and the Indian Congress establishment opposing it.

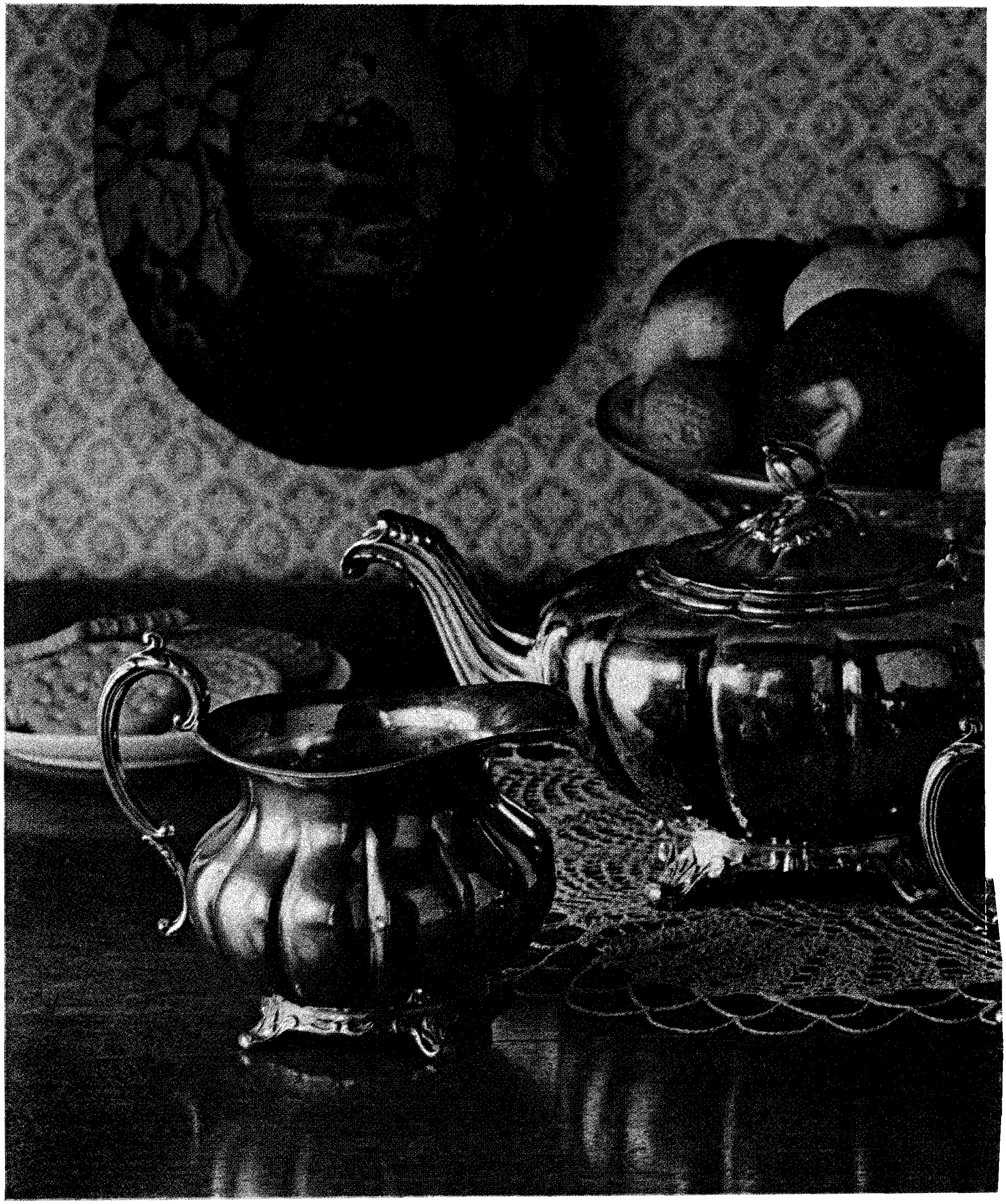
As the struggle over the "Black Act" grew, Gandhi saw a need for a large community in the Transvaal on the model of Phoenix Farm—a community where the resisters and their families might live, work to support themselves, and, in the process, rediscover that simple, golden life. Most of the resisters—or satyagrahis, as they were now generally called—were very poor men, and had to leave their families practically without resources when they went to prison. "Even a satyagrahi may be excused if he feels troubled at heart from want of his daily bread," Gandhi writes. "There cannot be many in the world who would fight the good fight in spite of being compelled to condemn their nearest and dearest to the same starvation which they suffered in their own person." In 1910, Hermann Kallenbach, a successful architect of German-Jewish origins, who had no family of his own, and who had become one of Gandhi's most ardent followers, bought some eleven hundred acres of land twenty-one miles from Johannesburg and gave it to Gandhi, rent free, for his second community. Gandhi called this one Tolstoy Farm, not after the Tolstoy of "War and Peace" but after the later, cranky, fanatically religious Tolstoy of "The Kingdom of God Is Within You": the Tolstoy who disowned his own artistic achievements; who abandoned his estate and his family; who didn't believe in owning property; who thought money was tainted; who gave up smoking and drinking; who didn't believe in killing living things, in hunting, or in eating meat; who espoused manual labor; who wandered the Russian countryside in the plain smock and trousers of a muzhik; and who inveighed against the Russian Orthodox Church as a worldly force whose aim was to crush Christ, and against civilization, which was based on



And she thinks for our anniversary
we're just going out to dinner.

A diamond is forever.

To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about $1400.
Your jeweler can show you other fine diamond jewelry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



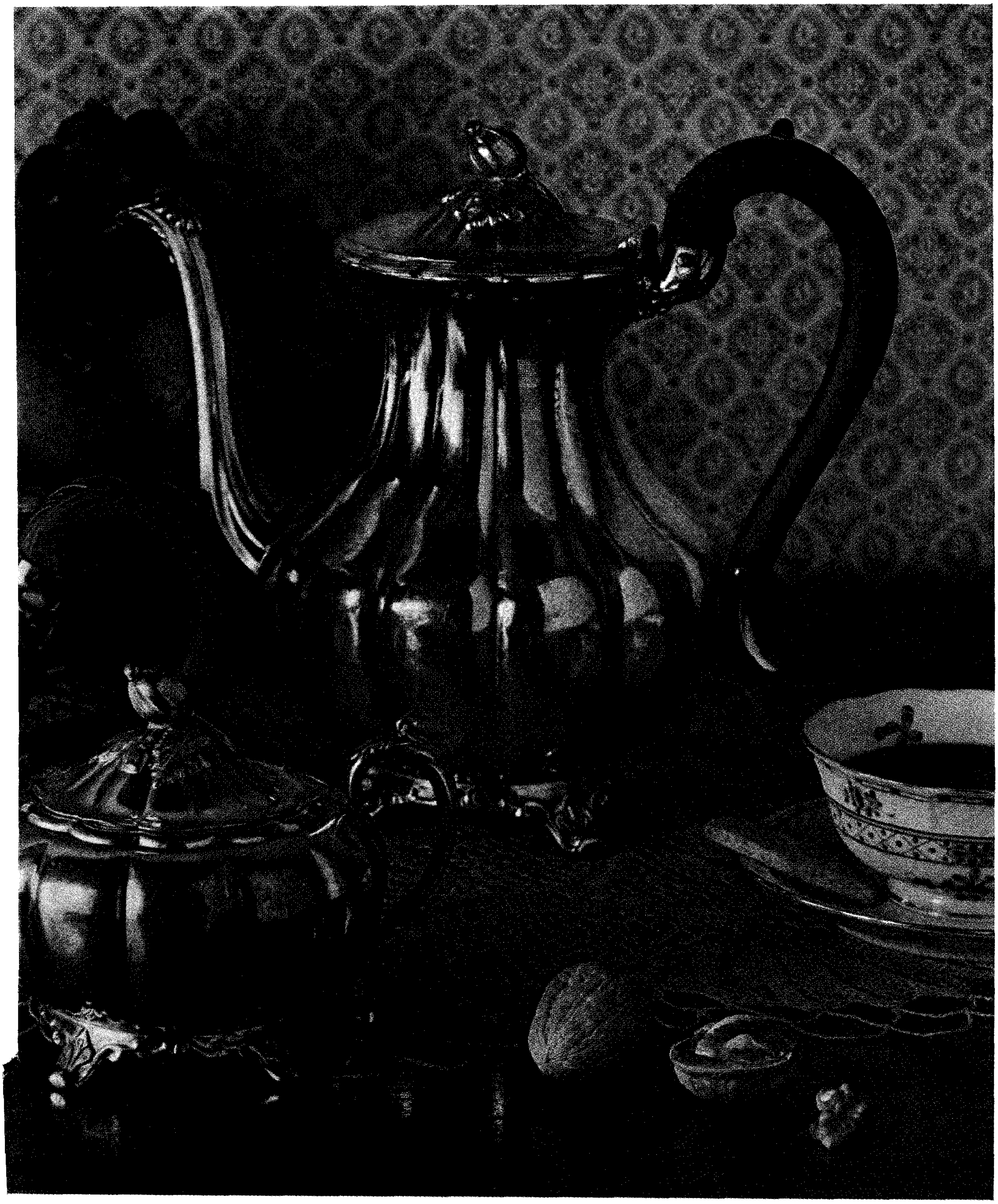
"It's been our silent companion at dinner for nearly 40 years."

"When we were younger many of our friends didn't own a silver service, so they would ask to borrow ours for special occasions."

"Each evening while our children were growing up, we'd all sit down and have tea and 'goodies' before going to bed. It was a nightly ritual in our family."

"Ever since our granddaughter was five she's admired this coffee and tea service. Now that she's a young woman, we're passing it on for her to use."

© Oneida Ltd. 1976.

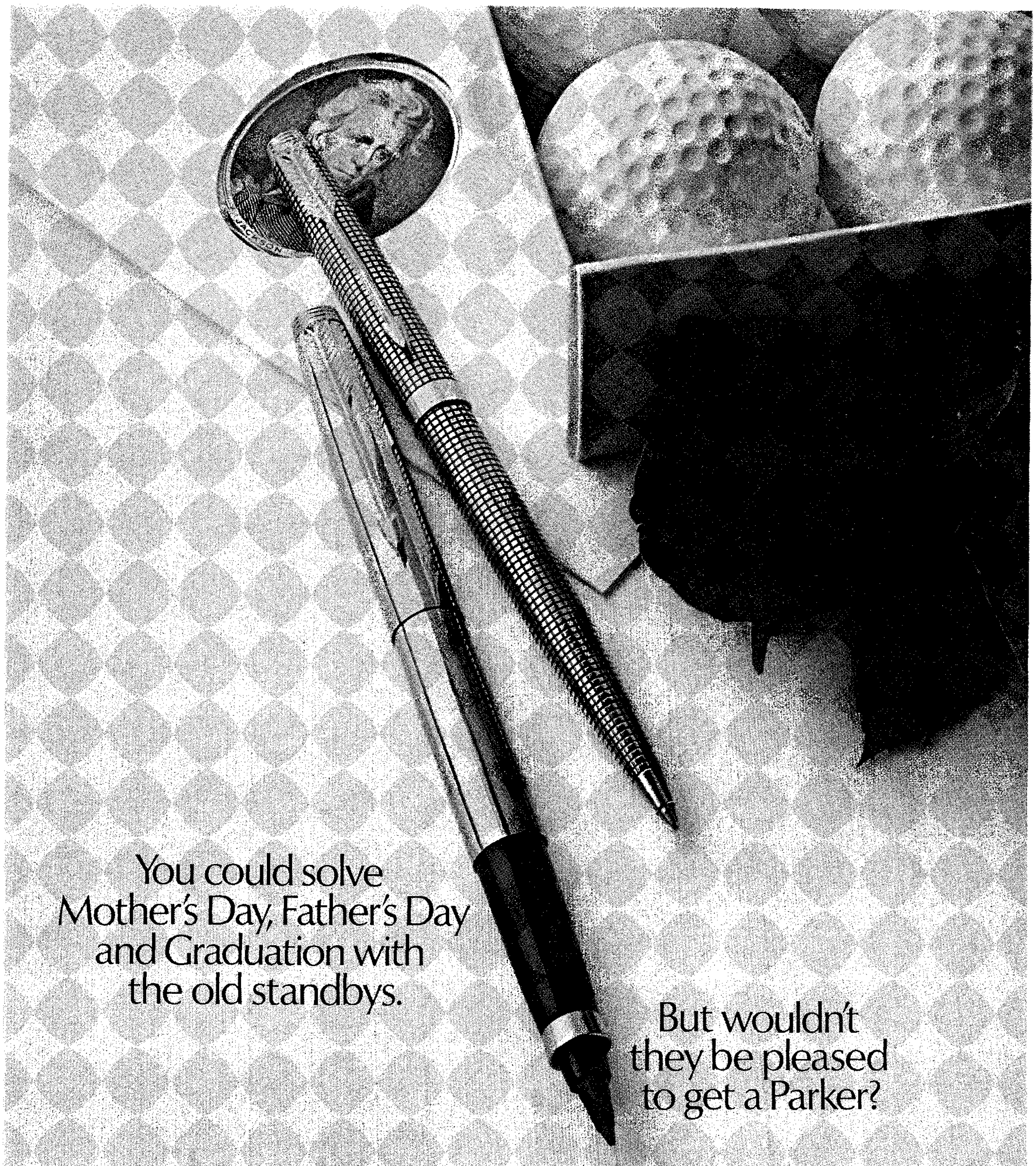


"Thank you, Mrs. Freeman.
We're pleased to be of service."

ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence.

Shown above is Mrs. David Freeman's tea and coffee service made by the Oneida Silversmiths in 1937. It's typical of the lasting beauty of the many Oneida products you will find at fine stores everywhere.


You could solve Mother's Day, Father's Day and Graduation with the old standbys.
But wouldn't they be pleased to get a Parker?

A dozen roses, a dozen golf balls, or cash—they're all tried and true gifts. But sometimes you want to give something that's special. Enduring. Something that will still be around next year or ten years from now.

A Parker 75 is the answer. The Parker 75 ball pen is everything you're looking for, wrapped up in solid sterling silver. Its microscopically-textured ball point sets down a clean, crisp track. And well it might. We take three weeks just to make the tiny ball point.

The Parker 75 soft tip pen is more emotional. Its bold stroke adds weight and warmth to your words. And over the years it will be a constant reminder to someone to keep in touch.

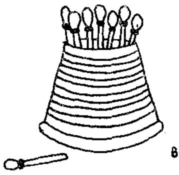
The 75 ball pen in sterling silver is $17.50. The 75 soft tip pen in 22K gold electroplate is $20. In cost, either pen is just about a standoff with the old standbys. But as a gift of immediate and lasting value, a Parker 75 stands alone.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

©1976 The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

violence, since governments were kept in power by huge standing armies. This Tolstoy taught that man's highest duty was to love his fellow-man and resist evil and violence—to live like Christ.

Men, women, and children lived at Tolstoy Farm in the manner of a joint family, and were schooled there in fearlessness, self-reliance, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and suffering; in embracing poverty and living in harmony with other people and with nature—so that they could learn to practice brahmacharya, satyagraha, and ahimsa, and thus do battle indefinitely with the corrupt society and the government. They got up at dawn. They walked everywhere they had to go, however far; Gandhi would often get up at two o'clock in the morning, walk the twenty-one miles to Johannesburg, attend to his law practice, and walk back to the farm in the afternoon. They didn't kill anything—not even snakes. They grew their own food, ground their own wheat, baked their own bread, and toasted some of the wheat to make caffeine-free "caramel" coffee according to a recipe provided by Gandhi. They made their own furniture, clothes, and sandals. They met every day with Gandhi to read the Bhagavad Gita, to pray, and to sing hymns of many religions. Gandhi had begun a number of these practices at Phoenix Farm, and now, at Tolstoy Farm, he made them into a way of life.



Gandhi felt that children were naturally moral and were corrupted by society, so he advocated, among other things, that boys and girls not be segregated but live and play together. They even bathed together—always, however, under his watchful eye. Once, he learned that a boy and a girl had had sexual intercourse, and he immediately cut off all her hair to make her "sexless." At the same time, he himself observed a seven-day fast as a penance for their moral lapse. The boy and girl repeated their offense some time later, whereupon he observed a fourteen-day fast. Hindu ascetics had always observed fasts for self-purification. Gandhi was now observing them for the purification not only of himself but also of others. Believing that there was no boundary between public and private morality in any society, he had concluded that he could expiate the sins of others by taking them on himself—a notion that had the effect of binding the immediate community (and, subsequently, his ever-increasing circle of disciples and followers) more tightly to him.

Gandhi started fasting regularly, for a week at a time, because the Bhagavad Gita said:

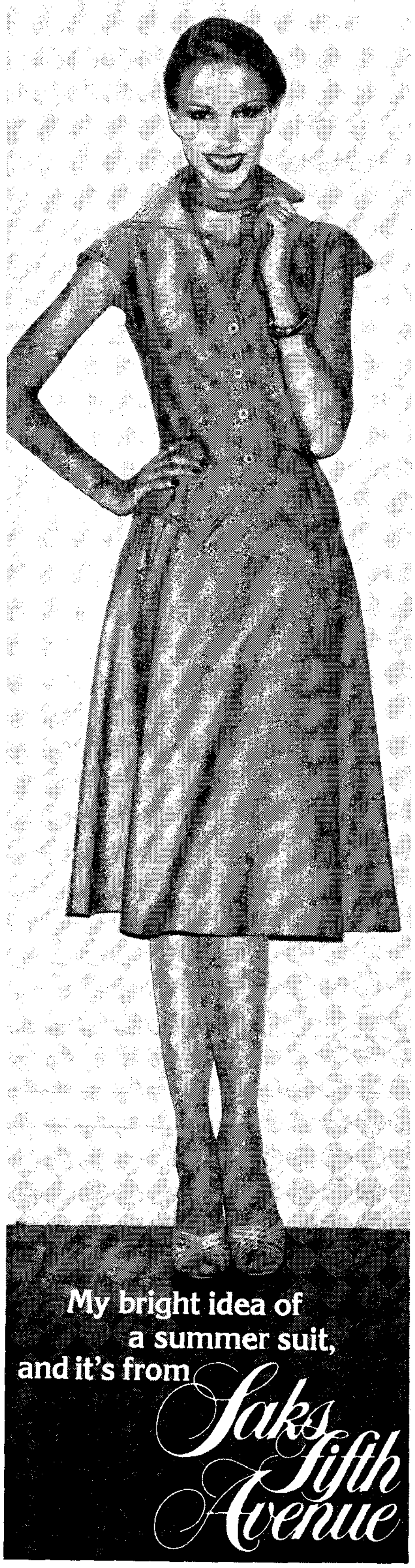
> For a man who is fasting his senses
> Outwardly, the sense-objects disappear,
> Leaving the yearning behind; but when
> He has seen the Highest,
> Even the yearning disappears.

During the first several fasts he undertook, he had a tendency to lose his voice, and when he broke the fast he would have difficulty in swallowing or in keeping food or drink down, and would experience some pain in walking, because his legs and feet had grown weak through lack of use. (He stayed in bed while he was fasting.) In time, he discovered that he could control such effects by swallowing a little water when he fasted, and doing exercises in bed. He would have liked to do away with food altogether, he says, because it inevitably involved some sort of himsa, or violence, against animal or plant life. He says he realized, however, that without some himsa there could be no social order—in fact, no life. The best he could do, he felt, was to reduce his needs to the minimum, and so do as little himsa as possible. He took a vow against drinking cow's milk, because he had read that some dairymen mistreated their cows to get the last drop of milk from them, and he lived for a time only on uncooked cereals, bananas, dates, oranges, lemons, groundnuts, and olive oil. "Medically there may be two opinions as to the value of this diet, but morally I have no doubt that all self-denial is good for the soul," he writes.

IN the autumn of 1912, in response to repeated urging by Gandhi, the Indian nationalist leader Gopal Krishna Gokhale paid a brief visit to South Africa, to see for himself the conditions of the South African Indians and to try to bring pressure on the Union government to repeal the two main anti-Indian laws—the "Black Act" in the Transvaal, and the annual three-pound head tax on freed indentured laborers and their dependents in Natal, for the head tax was prohibitive for most Indian laborers. Gokhale received assurances from Smuts and the Union Prime Minister, General Louis Botha, that both laws would be rescinded within a year or so. But nothing came of these assurances.

In March, 1913, a case involving the right of Bai Mariam, the wife of a Muslim immigrant to the Cape, to join her husband came before Justice Malcolm Searle, in the Cape Supreme

I'm taking a cool view of summer in a little vest suit that couldn't be fresher. Cap-sleeved vest with stand-up collar and back belt, over a stitch-pleated skirt with pockets. Kelly green or yellow polyester-and-cotton, for 6 to 14 sizes, $46. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.


My bright idea of a summer suit, and it's from
Saks Fifth Avenue

Buccellati isn't perfect.

If all you wanted was a perfect set of sterling, there would be no need for Buccellati.

Because any machine can stamp out the same fork over, and over, and over again. (In fact, that's the way most flatware is made.)

But to Buccellati, every piece of sterling must be more than a gracefully shaped piece of metal. It must be a work of art.

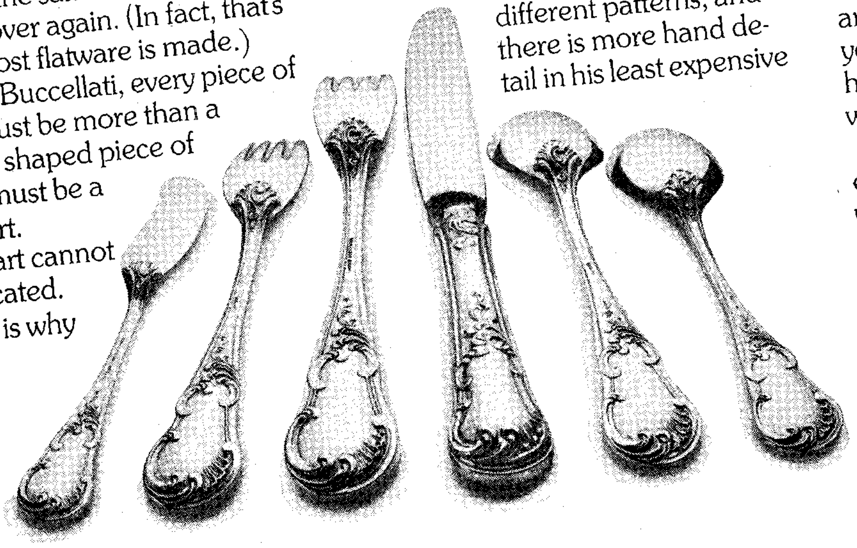
And art cannot be duplicated.

That is why no two pieces of Buccellati are exactly the same. (Notice how the forks don't nest uniformly?) Each Buccellati fork is cut and tooled and finished and polished by hand.

Buccellati makes 22 different patterns, and there is more hand detail in his least expensive one than there is in any other sterling flatware, regardless of price. In fact, it takes a Buccellati craftsman three hours to create a single hand-made fork.

Of course, there are some things about Buccellati flatware that are perfect; the weight and balance you feel when you hold it in your hand. The feeling you experience when you set your table.

But as for each piece being exactly the same? Sorry. After all, we're only human.



Buccellati

From our hands to yours.

Buccellati
ARIZONA Grunewald & Adams *Phoenix, Tucson*
B.D. Howes & Son *Scottsdale*
CALIFORNIA Brown's *San Mateo*
Bullock's Wilshire *Los Angeles, Woodland Hills*
Geary's *Beverly Hills*
Gump's *San Francisco*
B.D. Howes & Son *Palm Springs, Pasadena, Santa Barbara*
Jessop Jewelers *Chula Vista, Escondido, La Jolla, La Mesa, San Diego*
Pardini of Stockton *Stockton*
Shreve & Co. *Palo Alto, San Francisco, San Mateo, Walnut Creek*
CANADA Marilyn Levin, Inc. *Toronto*
Shanfield-Meyers *Windsor*
COLORADO The Habitat, Inc. *Aurora*
International Villa *Denver*
DELAWARE J.E. Caldwell Co. *Wilmington*
D.C. Martin's of Georgetown *Washington*
Charles Schwartz & Sons *Washington*
FLORIDA Mayor's *Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale, Hialeah, Hollywood, Miami, No. Miami Beach, Pompano Beach*
Owen-Cotter *St. Petersburg*
Sobering's *Boca Raton, Delray Beach*
GEORGIA Charles Willis, Inc. *Atlanta*
HAWAII B.D. Howes & Son *Honolulu*
ILLINOIS The Ginny Lee *Decatur*
C.D. Peacock *Chicago, Fox Valley Center, Hawthorne Center, Oakbrook, Old Orchard, River Oaks, Woodfield*
INDIANA Kruckemeyer & Cohn *Evansville*
KENTUCKY C.H.R. Lyon, Inc. *Louisville*
LOUISIANA Coleman E. Adler & Sons, Inc. *New Orleans*
MARYLAND A.H. Fetting Co. *Baltimore, Towson*
MASSACHUSETTS Richard M. Dana, Inc. *Wellesley*
Sharfman's *Worcester*
Shreve, Crump & Low Co. *Boston, Chestnut Hill*
MICHIGAN Artisans *Ann Arbor*
E.A. Rood & Co. *Grand Rapids*
Jules R. Schubot Jewellers *Troy*
Charles W. Warren *Dearborn, Harper Woods, Troy*
MINNESOTA J.B. Hudson Jewelers *Minneapolis, Rochester, St. Paul*
MISSOURI Halls Plaza *Kansas City*
NEBRASKA J.B. Hudson Jewelers *Omaha*
NEVADA Bertha's *Las Vegas*
NEW JERSEY Brielle China & Galleries *Brielle*
J.E. Caldwell *Moorestown*
Hamilton Jewelers *Trenton*
La Vake *Princeton*
S. Marsh & Sons *Millburn*
NEW YORK Buccellati *Fifth Avenue*
Evans & Hartung *Rochester*
NORTH CAROLINA Bailey Banks & Biddle Co. *Charlotte, Winston-Salem*
Elizabeth Bruns, Inc. *Charlotte*
NORTH DAKOTA Royal Jewelers *Fargo*
OHIO Argo & Lehne *Columbus*
H.M. Bailey, Inc. *Cleveland*
Carriage House *Canton*
Peter Danford, Inc. *Beachwood*
Pogue's *Cincinnati*
Shulan's Fairlawn, Inc. *Akron*
OREGON Friedlander & Sons *Washington Square*
Zell Brothers *Portland*
PENNSYLVANIA J.E. Caldwell *Harrisburg, Haverford, Philadelphia, Plymouth Meeting*
Wm. H. Diller, Inc. *West Reading*
Hardy & Hayes *Pittsburgh*
PUERTO RICO Ambiance *Old San Juan*
TENNESSEE Fisher & Evans Jewelers, Inc. *Chattanooga*
Andrew Morton, Inc. *Knoxville*
TEXAS Accents *Conroe*
Carlton House *Houston*
Johnson's Jewelers *Tyler*
The Pavilion *Dallas, Witchita Falls*
Taylor Bros. *Corpus Christi*
UTAH Z.C.M.I. *Ogden, Orem, Salt Lake City*
VIRGINIA Frank R. Ford Co., Inc. *Norfolk*
Schwarzschild Jewelers *Richmond*
WASHINGTON Friedlander & Sons *Bellevue, Bremerton, Everett, Seattle, Tacoma*
WEST VIRGINIA C.F. Reuschlein, Inc. *Huntington*
WISCONSIN Bake's *Green Bay*
E.W. Parker *Madison*
George Watts & Sons, Inc. *Milwaukee*

Court. The Justice handed down the ruling that marriages that had not been solemnized according to Christian rites and had not been registered by the Union Registrar of Marriages had no legal status in the Union. (Hindu, Muslim, and Parsi marriages had never been registered anywhere and were governed mainly by religious traditions that allowed polygamy.) Bai Mariam was not allowed to land and was ordered to return to India. (As it happened, the Searle decision coincided with the passage of the Union Immigration Restriction Act, which, modelled on the Natal Act 14 of 1897, in effect barred any future Indian immigration into South Africa; such a bill had been proposed almost from the establishment of the Union, and had immediately become a rallying point of the Indian protest movement.)

Gandhi felt that the Searle decision had instantaneously made all Indian wives except Christian ones concubines or common-law wives, and their children illegitimate; the wives had no legal right to enter, let alone live in, the Union of South Africa, and were there solely by the grace of the government. Up to then, Gandhi had restricted his satyagraha movement to the Transvaal and its "Black Act," because he felt that it should concentrate on one simple, basic moral issue at a time, and had restricted it to men, because he felt that it was unmanly to call on mothers, wives, and daughters to endure the travails of a satyagrahi. But now, in the Searle decision, Gandhi had a simple, basic moral issue that touched the lives of Indian men and women alike, throughout South Africa. His advocacy of the repeal of the head tax had brought the Indian poor into politics; now his advocacy of the validity of Indian marriages brought women into politics. Women and the poor, who had been left out of the élitist politics usual in that day, became the rank and file of Gandhi's movement in South Africa, as their counterparts did later in India.

Later in the year, Gandhi decided he would try to fill the jails of the Union with Indians and so expose the immorality of the anti-Indian laws, in the hope of bringing about a moral transformation of the whole of South African society. Sixteen of his relatives and close friends from Phoenix Farm, including Kasturbai, courted arrest by crossing the border from Natal into the Transvaal without the required immigration permits. The government, playing into their hands, arrested and jailed them all. A few days later, eleven "sisters" from Tolstoy Farm also courted arrest by crossing the border without the required immigration permits, this time from the Transvaal into Natal. But the government chose not to arrest them, and so, in accordance with Gandhi's plan, they marched on for thirty-six miles to Newcastle, where five thousand indentured Indian laborers worked European-owned coal mines. There the eleven women succeeded in persuading all the miners to go out on strike to protest the head tax and the Searle decision. Gandhi then rushed to Newcastle and took up residence with an Indian Christian couple, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Lazarus. The mine owners tried to intimidate the strikers by shutting off the water and electricity in the company-owned dwellings where they lived and by beating some of them up. Gandhi promptly told the strikers to leave their dwellings and come and camp on the plot of land around the Lazaruses' house. Thousands of miners, accompanied by their wives and children and outfitted with only the clothes on their backs and a blanket for bedding, crowded onto the plot and started camping there, supported by whatever food and utensils the Newcastle Indian merchants could spare. Gandhi was at a loss to know what to do next. How was he going to continue to feed them, let alone take care of their other needs—especially if the strike dragged on? He felt that his only hope was to get them all arrested and so make them charges of the government. He therefore decided to march them all into the Transvaal without the required immigration permits. He warned them of the horrors of being Indian prisoners in European-run jails and encouraged any waverers to return to their dwellings. They all stayed.

On October 28th, Gandhi set out with his straggly "army of peace," numbering five or six thousand, for Charlestown, a small town just inside the Natal border, where the army camped for a week, living off the hospitality of local Indian merchants and European sympathizers. It was no easy business managing so many soldiers. "I found that when the men had a little leisure, they occupied it with internal squabbles," Gandhi writes. "What was worse, there were cases of adultery. There was terrible overcrowding, and men and women had to be kept together. Animal passion knows no shame. As soon as the cases occurred, I arrived on the scene. The guilty parties were abashed, and

There's a hotel in Chicago where the chef never sleeps.

Paris, 1928. In the early hours boat trains from Calais steam into the Gare du Nord. The passengers are travelworn by their journey from Dover, but they know a cheerful welcome and a bountiful table await them at The Ritz.

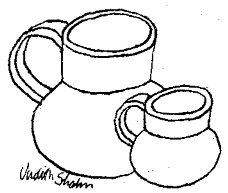
In 1976 The Ritz-Carlton Chicago continues this Ritz tradition. You may come here and dine sumptuously even in the early hours of morning. The chef awaits after-theater diners. He awaits the weary businessman who caught the last flight out of New York. He awaits you.

We've been asked why, at no small cost, we keep The Café and its kitchen open, with a chef and waitresses on duty all night. We can only reply that even in 1976 Ritz service requires it.

Come visit The Ritz-Carlton Chicago soon. Discover a hotel that's the sensible choice for those whose affairs require a serene environment. Single rooms are available from $50 to $60 a day, double rooms from $60 to $75. For reservations, see your travel agent. Or write The Ritz-Carlton, 160 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611, telephone (312) 266-1000. Call toll free 800-323-7500 or 800-261-6906. A Preferred Hotel.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
CHICAGO
at Water Tower Place

they were segregated. But who can say how many such cases occurred which never came to my knowledge?" Gandhi, Kallenbach, and the other lieutenants of the army used the week in Charlestown to plan their protest march into the Transvaal. At the same time, they put the government on notice of their intention to break the immigration laws, hoping to get the government to rescind the "Black Act" and the head tax at last and reverse the Searle decision or else to arrest them all. The government, however, did nothing. Since Gandhi could no longer count on room and board at "His Majesty's hotels" for all the satyagrahis, he decided to march them into the Transvaal and on to Tolstoy Farm.



On November 6th, Gandhi, leading two thousand and thirty-seven men, a hundred and twenty-seven women, and fifty-seven children, crossed the Natal border. (He does not say what happened to the rest of the satyagrahis or why he left them behind; they probably stayed on in the camp in Charlestown.) The marchers got as far as Palmford, a town eight miles inside the Transvaal, on the first day. As they were settling down to sleep after finishing a small meal of bread and sugar that Gandhi had been able to arrange for them, the police finally arrived, but with orders to arrest only Gandhi. Gandhi instructed his lieutenants to continue the march to Tolstoy Farm, which was still a hundred and fifty miles away. He then went off with the police, but after only one night in jail he was released on bail, because the government needed time to prepare a case against him. He rejoined the marchers.

In the next three days, he was arrested twice more—once in the town of Standerton, where he was also released in a very short time, apparently because the government could not make up its mind how to proceed against him, and once at Teakworth, near Johannesburg, where he was charged with inducing indentured laborers to leave Natal. Kallenbach and Polak had been arrested in Charlestown at about the same time and were both sentenced to three months' hard labor in jail; Gandhi was sentenced to nine months in jail or a sixty-pound fine. He chose jail. The satyagrahis had meanwhile continued marching, but when they reached the town of Balfour the government finally stopped them. All of them were herded onto three special trains and taken back to Natal, where the authorities, having no jails to accommodate them, improvised jails by surrounding the mine compounds with wire netting. The satyagrahis, imprisoned behind the wire netting, were forced to work the mines, with the mine staffs acting as jailers. When other Indian laborers—there were now about sixty thousand in South Africa as a whole—heard of these indignities, thousands of them went out on strike.

The march had made headlines in England and in India. Gandhi had seen to it that the government in London and the Indian nationalist leaders knew what was going on almost from day to day, by sending them cablegrams and by making statements to the press. The British government was genuinely shocked, and the Indian nationalist leaders clamored for the Viceroy to do something. Pressure was put on the Union government to release Gandhi and his associates and to set up a commission of inquiry. Gandhi was convinced that the commission was just a way for the government to buy time and end up doing nothing—since not only were there no Indians on it but some of its members were notoriously anti-Indian—so he made ready for another protest march, this one against the commission. Just at that time, as it happened, European railway workers went on strike throughout South Africa, threatening the survival of Botha's government. Gandhi immediately called off his protest march, on the ground that a satyagrahi did not take advantage of his adversary's weakness. Gandhi reports:

> One of the secretaries of General Smuts jocularly said: "I do not like your people, and do not care to assist them at all. But what am I to do? You help us in our days of need. How can we lay hands upon you? I often wish you took to violence like the English strikers, and then we would know at once how to dispose of you. But you will not injure even the enemy. You desire victory by self-suffering alone and never transgress your self-imposed limits of courtesy and chivalry. And that is what reduces us to sheer helplessness."

In June, 1914, through a number of letters and conversations, Gandhi, representing no government and holding no office, negotiated an agreement with General Smuts as if he were on an equal footing with him. All Indian marriages solemnized by Hindu, Muslim, or Parsi tradition were recognized as valid, and the head tax was abolished and arrears cancelled. The Union Immigration Restriction Act, however,

"In the presence of the Great White . . . time suspends itself."

Peter Benchley

Few moments rival the excitement of meeting a Great White Shark face to face. For Peter Benchley, author of *Jaws*, survival depends on experience and precision equipment. Peter wears the gold Rolex Submariner. This Oyster Perpetual, an officially certified superlative chronometer, is carved out of a solid block of 18 kt. gold (1680/9290) $3,825. Also available in stainless steel (1680/9315) $490. Write for free brochure, Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Bldg., 665 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

ROLEX

Send for your passport to Polynesia.

Free Hawaii One-O brochure.

Variety: that's Hawaii One-O vacations. A freewheeling week in Waikiki is just the first choice in this guide to Hawaii. It starts with your private taxi from the airport, and includes a Passport to Polynesia with free admission to four unique Hawaii attractions.

Other-island options are available, including a fly/drive vacation. And Hawaii One-O offers a host of optional excursions around the Neighbor Islands.

In the friendly skies, it's Royal Hawaiian Service for you, with exotic drinks, Hawaiian stewards, Polynesian food . . . all the atmosphere of the Islands.

See the Hawaii of your choice; send for your free guide to a wide range of prices and hotels that are sure to include you.

1007-0517

United Airlines
P.O. Box 27, Dept. 74f
Glenview, IL 60025
Please send your free Hawaii One-O vacation guide.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS__________________

CITY_____________________

STATE________ZIP________

Our little corner of the world.

UNITED AIRLINES

remained in force, except that as a gesture the government allowed six educated Indians to immigrate to South Africa every year. And no more indentured Indian laborers were to be allowed to enter after 1920. The main provision of the "Black Act" also remained in force: Indians were not permitted to move freely from province to province. The agreement was a compromise, but Gandhi considered it a victory for his satyagraha movement.

A fortnight later, Gandhi left South Africa for good. "I sailed for England, to meet Gokhale, on my way back to India, with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret," he writes. "Pleasure because I was returning home after many years and eagerly looked forward to serving the country under Gokhale's guidance, regret because it was a great wrench for me to leave South Africa, where I had passed twenty-one years of my life sharing to the full in the sweets and bitters of human experience, and where I had realized my vocation in life." Gandhi spent the rest of his life refining and deepening the ideas he had formed in South Africa. His South African experience as a whole had brought about in him a religious conversion that was unique in that it was not a sudden revelation but a gradual realization of God. The experience had also left him somewhat disenchanted with the British Empire, for which he had at one time had so much enthusiasm. He now had certain reservations about it, having seen that Britain had sacrificed the interests of its Indian subjects in South Africa for mere trade advantages.

SATYAGRAHI IN INDIA

GANDHI had arrived in London from South Africa in August, 1914, just after the outbreak of the First World War. Radical Indian friends of his in London wanted India to take advantage of the war to wrest political concessions from England, but Gandhi still considered himself a loyal subject of the Empire; besides, he believed that a satyagrahi who had not tried to prevent a war could not avoid taking part in it without being cowardly. (He was constantly introducing and developing new variations on the theme of satyagraha.) While he was in London, he again organized—with the reluctant consent of the British government—a small ambulance corps of Indian volunteers, but it never got to the front, and merely did some token nursing in England. It disintegrated within a few months, partly because Gandhi had fallen out with the military authorities by refusing to let his corps function as part of the Army, and partly because he succumbed to the damp, inhospitable English climate and contracted pleurisy. A friend advised him to seek a warmer climate, and he sailed for India, reaching Bombay in January, 1915, his health considerably restored by the voyage. He was now forty-five.

ACCEPTING an offer of financial help from some textile merchants in his native region of Gujarat, Gandhi in 1915 established his first permanent community in India, near Ahmedabad, on the west bank of the Sabarmati River. Ahmedabad was one of the most ancient and beautiful cities of India, dotted with Moghul mosques and medieval ruins. But it was also the center of India's textile industry—a place of belching smokestacks surrounded by filthy lanes and squalid shanties. Gandhi called his community Sabarmati Ashram. In the ancient Hindu tradition, an ashram was a retreat where a group of devout people lived, meditated, and mortified the flesh, waiting to free themselves from the body, the bondage of worldly existence. But the Sabarmati Ashram was a religious community only in a very loose sense. Gandhi carried over to Sabarmati Ashram the daily regimen perfected at Phoenix and Tolstoy Farms and added to it spinning and weaving. He did, however, ask its members—many of whom had followed him there from Phoenix Farm—to live by a number of simple vows that had both political and religious aims: to practice brahmacharya, satyagraha, and ahimsa; to discipline their palates; to possess nothing; to cultivate fearlessness; to boycott imported English cloth; and to accept untouchables as equals. Some fifty or sixty million people—one-fifth of India's population—were untouchables, but the vow regarding them immediately threatened the survival of the ashram.

Gandhi had begun to fulfill his vow by accepting a family of untouchables—a father, mother, and baby daughter—into the ashram community. The other ashramites, however much they sought to follow Gandhi's precepts, found the family's presence humiliating and defiling, and avoided their company. The man in charge of the communal well balked at allowing the family to draw water from it, and cursed them and Gandhi. The Ahmedabad community as a whole threatened to stop all dealings with the ashram and drive the residents out. The textile merchants on whose charity the ashram depended for its very existence withdrew their support. Gandhi pre-

A Compassionate Offer.

Everyone knows that Hartmann is about the finest luggage you can buy. Everyone also knows that, necessarily, it is expensive. But every once in awhile we do try to give our customers a break.

Hartmann Luggage, as you must know, is famous for luxurious Belting leather and rich Ultrasuede.* Expensive! But it also comes in fabric and vinyl. These styles offer you legendary Hartmann design and construction at a price you can afford–just slightly above popular priced luggage.

And now, just to encourage you to experience Hartmann, we are making this offer. Simply purchase two pieces from the 19 different men's and women's sizes in the new colors shown below and you can buy one of these matching carry-ons at an introductory price.

Three are $50 vinyl carry-ons for only $12.50; the fourth is a $55 fabric and vinyl carry-on for only $13.75.

This new vinyl with the soft feel of moccasin leather comes in these striking colors: Mountain Clay, Slate Blue and Buckskin. The handsome textured fabric with vinyl trim is made of tough 100% nylon in an earthy color called Terra Firma. And they all have an adjustable strap.

That's our offer.

From May 1st through June 20, 1976 at participating dealers only.

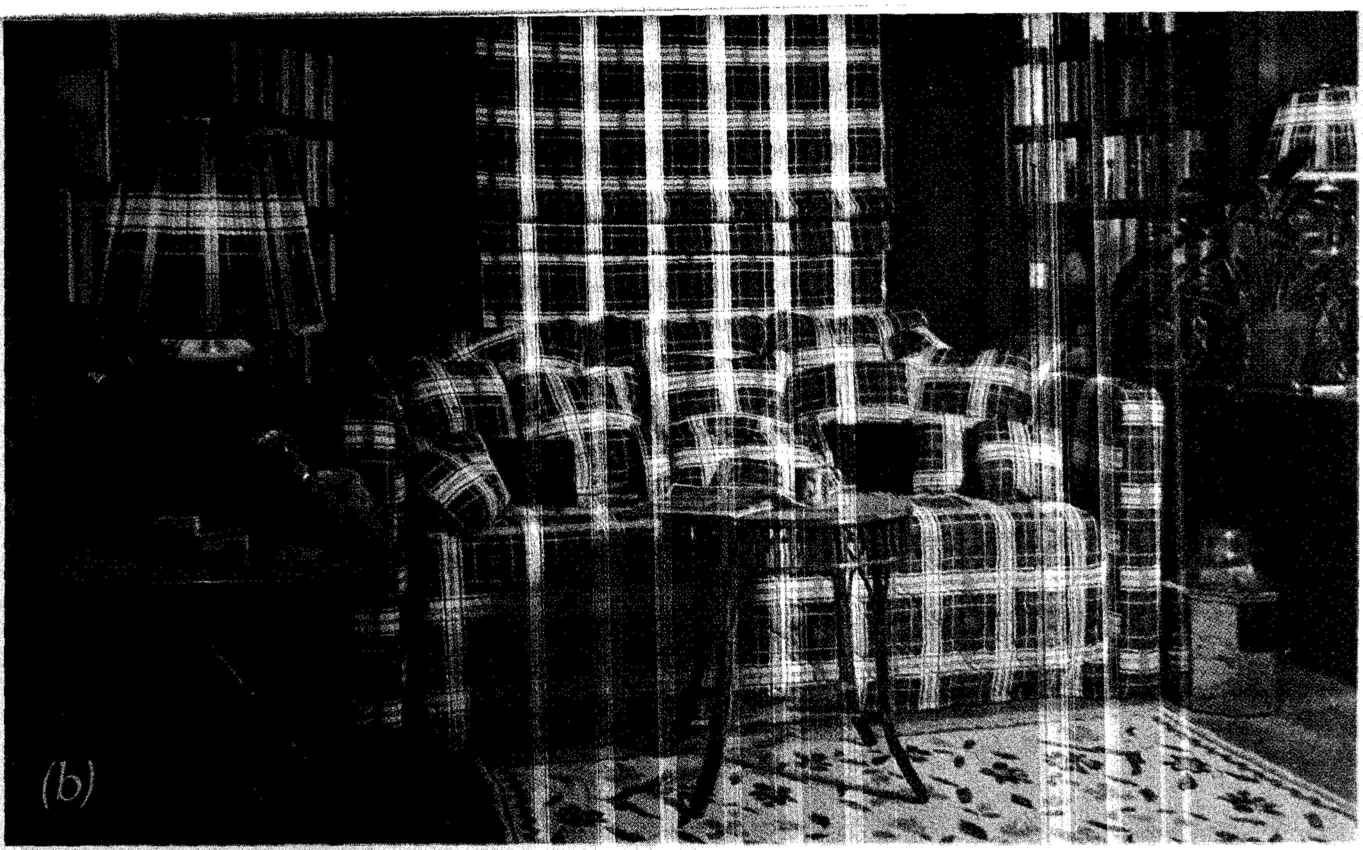
Hartmann

FOR YOUR NEAREST PARTICIPATING HARTMANN DEALER CALL TOLL FREE 800-251-1171

HARTMANN LUGGAGE, LEBANON, TENNESSEE 37087.

WHEN MARTEX INTRODUCES A NEW DESIGN, WE LEAVE LOTS OF ROOM FOR INTERPRETATION. YOURS.

"I love Tartans. I love their (a) crisp, tailored (b) brooding, romantic (c) classic, neutral look."



"You've got to hand it to me.

I may be hard to please. But when I find something I like, I go all out.

This year, I fell in love with Tartans.

Not while touring Scotland, but while rambling through my favorite linens department of my favorite store. I spotted the new Martex® Tartans, and, right there and then, broke into a decorating Highland fling.

First, I sparked up the guest room with crisp, bright Dress Stewart sheets.

Then, I attacked the library, armed with slipcovers that had started out as Martex Dress Gordon bedspreads.

In the master bath, I stacked piles of Dress Gordon towels. And (not shown here because the rooms weren't finished in time) I used the same pattern in the hall sitting-room and the little studio where I keep my sewing machine and paints.

The amazing thing is, with all that plaid going on no two rooms look alike.

I guess that's what makes a classic a classic. The ability to look completely different depending on how it's used.

Of course, there's one thing Martex sheets and towels *always* look. That's spanking fresh and new. They're made of a durable no-iron blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton that holds up washing after washing after washing.

Which leads me to believe that part of the Martex master plan—the part about always getting your money's worth—was written by a Scotsman.

Probably the same fellow who dreamed up Tartan sheets."

® West Point Pepperell

Martex®

For "All About Your Home," a new instructive magazine on how to decorate with sheets and towels, send $1.50 to Martex, P.O. Box 912, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

A TOUCH OF HYATT
you'll never wait in line again.
PASSPORT

Ever find yourself running a little late, especially at checkout time? We make checking out as effortless as possible with this convenient Passport Book, at many Hyatt Hotels. When bidding us farewell, just leave it at the front desk... and you're on your way. No more endless waits in checkout lines.

The Hyatt Passport Book. One of the many special touches... all uniquely Hyatt. A Touch of Hyatt. It means we're doing whatever it takes to make you want to stay with us... again.

HYATT HOTELS®
We're looking forward for you.

800-228-9000 Gets you Hyatt. Worldwide. Toll Free. or call your travel agent

pared to move his community to the section of the city where only untouchables lived, and have its members earn their livelihood doing the work of untouchables. But the ashram was saved when a man drove up in a big car and handed Gandhi thirteen thousand rupees. The donor, who wished his identity kept secret, was revealed later to have been the leading textile merchant of Ahmedabad, Ambalal Sarabhai.

GOKHALE had strongly criticized Gandhi's manifesto "Indian Home Rule" as crude, ill conceived, and indicative of how Gandhi had lost touch with Indian politics. He had extracted from Gandhi a promise to refrain from direct political activities and pronouncements until he had spent at least a year reacquainting himself with the country. Gokhale died shortly after Gandhi's return to India. Gandhi resolved to go barefoot for a time to mourn his mentor, and, to reacquaint himself with the country, he began travelling through India by train, always going third class, with the poor. Third-class compartments had almost unrestricted ticket sales and no reserved seats—only uncushioned benches—and the compartments were crowded not only with people but with their bedrolls, bundles, trunks, baskets, and rubbish. Sometimes Gandhi had barely enough room to stand, and occasionally he was forced to sleep standing up. Everywhere he went, he saw poverty, filth, and disease. He stopped at Hardwar, on the Ganges, among the holiest of the holy places of pilgrimage for Hindus, and was aghast to find it as badly befouled as the rest of the country. As an act of atonement, he resolved that thereafter he would restrict his diet in any given twenty-four hours to only five articles of food.

IN December, 1916, when Gandhi had been back in India for almost two years, he attended a session of the Indian National Congress, in Lucknow, which had on its agenda, among other subjects, agrarian discontent in Champaran. Gandhi knew nothing about Champaran and took no part in the debate, but afterward he was approached by a poor farmer who pleaded with him to go there and see for himself how the tenant farmers were being exploited by their English landlords. Champaran was such a remote district—in the foothills of the Himalayas, in the province of Bihar—that Gandhi had never heard of it, and he put the farmer off. But the farmer persisted, and followed him wherever he went—to Cawnpore, to Ahmedabad, to Calcutta—and at last Gandhi agreed to make the journey. In April, 1917, Gandhi and the farmer left Calcutta for Champaran.

They stopped in Muzaffarpur, which was the town nearest to Champaran, and there Gandhi learned from the local vakils that most of the arable land in the area was owned by Englishmen and cultivated by Indian tenant farmers. Under the tenancy system, each farmer had been obliged to set aside fifteen per cent of his land for growing indigo—once Bihar's most profitable crop—and turn over all the indigo to the landlord as rent. The English landlords had the crop processed in local factories into the deep-blue dye, which they then shipped to Europe for sale. At the beginning of the century, however, the Germans had discovered a method of making a synthetic blue dye, which eventually became so inexpensive that no one wanted to buy natural indigo anymore. The landlords, taking advantage of the farmers' ignorance of the German discovery, had thereupon demanded that they pay their rent in cash. When the farmers finally realized that they were growing an unmarketable crop, they felt that they had been cheated and robbed. They banded together and engaged vakils to sue for a full refund of the cash they had paid as rent. Gandhi concluded that litigation would only impoverish the poor farmers further, and he said that what the vakils should do instead was to go into the villages and, as the first step in reforming the whole tenancy system, collect testimony from the farmers about all their grievances. Gandhi was so persuasive that many vakils took his advice, even though by doing so they risked imprisonment as political agitators. When Gandhi tried to talk to the landlords in Champaran, they would have nothing to do with him. As far as they knew, he was nothing but an interloper and a troublemaker.

In Champaran, Gandhi himself began collecting testimony from the farmers. Local English officials soon served him with an order to quit the district, but he refused to obey the order and was summoned to appear before a magistrate. Gandhi telegraphed these developments to the Viceroy and to various prominent friends. Moreover, word spread locally that a champion of the helpless was going on trial in Motihari, the district headquarters, and poor, emaciated farmers flocked there on foot or by bullock cart from surrounding villages, as if Gandhi's mere presence had liberated them from their old fear of landlords and officials. Gandhi told the magistrate that he had not disturbed the peace in any way but that since he could not obey the order he was guilty as charged. "I have disregarded the order served upon me," he said, "not for want of respect for lawful authority, but in obedience to the higher law of our being, the voice of conscience." Before Gandhi came up for sentencing, however, the authorities in Delhi, realizing that the local officials had bungled by making him into a hero, ordered that the charge against him be dropped and that he be allowed to proceed with his work undisturbed.

With the help of vakils and other recruits, Gandhi succeeded in collecting testimony from some eight thousand farmers throughout Champaran. "We may look on Mr. Gandhi as an idealist, a fanatic, or a revolutionary according to our particular opinions," a young British civil servant in Champaran reported at the time. "But to the *raiyats* [farmers] he is their liberator, and they credit him with extraordinary powers. He moves about in the villages asking them to lay their grievances before him, and he is transfiguring the imaginations of masses of ignorant men with visions of an early millennium." Gandhi was hailed as a "liberator" because he had imparted to the farmers, for the first time in their long history of exploitation by landlords, some hope of relief. Eventually, at the insistence of the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, a Champaran Agrarian Enquiry Committee was set up to investigate the local tenancy system, and Gandhi was given a seat on it. The farmers expected him to hold out for a full refund of their cash payments, but the committee unanimously recommended that the landlords refund only twenty-five per cent of the cash. On this particular issue, Gandhi had compromised because he felt that any repayment was an acknowledgment that the landlords had wronged the farmers and because he was more interested in the triumph of principle than in the rout of an adversary. He writes,

A tale of two oceans. Eight seas. Seventy-five ports. And two French ships. M.S. Mermoz. And M.S. Azur.

It all adds up to the cruise of a lifetime.

Go to the top of Europe. Get to the bottom of India. See Rhodes, Istanbul, Corfu, Haifa, Yalta, Malta, Varna, Athens, Alexandria, Bombay, Dubrovnik, the Fjords and more.

The choice is yours among 14 Paquét cruises.

Including the pièce de résistance, our XIVth Music Festival at Sea this August. With names such as Rampal and Rostropovich, André and Forrester and the English Chamber Orchestra.

Cruise for a week or two or for as long as 40 days. Depending on which cruise you select, you'll leave from either Toulon or Calais. You'll also leave the world in your wake.

On the friendly M.S.Mermoz, or the lively M.S.Azur, with the continental cuisine and complimentary wines of Paquét—the only cruise company that rhymes with café, pâté and everything that is très Français.

So come away this Spring, Summer or Autumn. Your Travel Agent has all the details. Or write Paquet Cruises, Inc. 1370 Avenue of the Americas, New York City 10019.

Do it today. Before you know it, you'll have more marvelous tales of your own to tell.

M.S. Mermoz and M.S. Azur are registered in France.

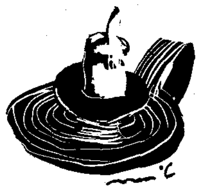
PAQUÉT FRENCH CRUISES

Paquét puts the French accent on cruises.

Drivingwear,
chippingwear,
puttingwear,
Munsingwear.
"Have a great weekend."
Don Meredith
718 Glenwood Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn. 55405

"The superstition that the stain of indigo could never be washed out was exploded."

Gandhi stayed in Champaran for several more months and, with the help of volunteers recruited from as far away as Bombay, set about trying to teach the villagers rudimentary methods of hygiene and sanitation. Most of them suffered from chronic dysentery and chronic malaria, and from boils and scabies. They were introduced to simple medicaments—quinine and sulphur ointment—along with nature cures. They were taught how to keep their huts tidy and well swept, and their lanes clear of filth. Schools were improvised in huts, and soup kitchens set up in many villages to feed the poor and teach them the virtues of eating nutritious meals at regular hours. But at the end of 1917 Gandhi was called to Ahmedabad to help settle a labor dispute. Without his inspiring presence, the volunteer workers left, and the villagers reverted to their old ways.



IN July, 1917, plague had broken out in Ahmedabad, and people had begun fleeing the city, abandoning their dwellings and shops. The mill owners, afraid of losing business to their competitors in Bombay, started paying the miserably poor unskilled mill hands "plague bonuses," amounting to as much as eighty per cent of their wages, to keep them in the city. No such bonuses were paid to the skilled mill hands, who were expected to stay in any case because they enjoyed certain small privileges at the mills. They began negotiating for a "dearness allowance," pleading that the war had doubled the prices of most necessities. When the plague epidemic abated, a few months later, the mill owners stopped the bonuses and cut short all discussion of the "dearness allowance." Together, the skilled and unskilled mill hands numbered some ten thousand, and now—even though they all lived virtually from hand to mouth, belonged to no unions, and had no bargaining power to speak of, since they could easily be replaced—they started talking, for the first time, of striking against the mill owners.

Gandhi received a call for help in the labor dispute from Anasuyabehn Sarabhai, who was a sister of the mill owner Ambalal Sarabhai but was championing the mill hands' cause. Gandhi had many friends among the mill owners and was well known to the mill hands as the sadhu who lived in the local ashram. He agreed to help, and quickly became the spokesman for the mill hands, who were asking for a fifty-per-cent increase in the wages they had been earning when the plague broke out; the mill owners, acting together, were offering twenty per cent. Gandhi recommended as a compromise a thirty-five-per-cent increase, but the mill owners turned it down.

On February 21st, a small group of mill hands actually went on strike, and the mill owners, who were experiencing shortages of materials because of the war, used the occasion to close down all the mills, declaring that the mill hands could go back to work only when they accepted the twenty-per-cent increase. Gandhi now started meeting every day with the mill hands under a babul tree on the east bank of the Sabarmati River, just outside the city, to pray with them and to exhort them to remain united and firm in their demand. The mill hands, after four days of no work and little to eat, began to think of settling on the mill owners' terms, but at the meeting on the fifth day of the lockout Gandhi persuaded them to make a pledge that, regardless of the consequences, they would not return to their jobs without the thirty-five-per-cent increase, and that they would not beg or steal, loot or damage property, or resort to violence of any kind. The daily meetings continued, and the babul tree was soon dubbed the Keep the Pledge Tree.

Gandhi, Anasuyabehn, and other volunteers visited the huts of the mill hands daily and tried to provide them with a little food and keep them occupied in constructive work—repairing huts, cleaning roads, and putting up buildings across the river in the Sabarmati Ashram. But as the days passed, the mill hands grew more and more desperate, attendance at the meetings became smaller and smaller, and it began to look as if the starving mill hands would go back on their pledge—especially since, after the lockout had been going on for three weeks, the mill owners again announced that the men could return to their jobs if they accepted the twenty-per-cent wage increase.

At the Keep the Pledge Tree meeting on March 15th, Gandhi, in an effort to rally the strikers' spirits, declared that he would not touch food until either the mill owners accepted binding arbitration or the mill hands quit their jobs for good. "While I was still groping and unable to see my way clearly, the light came to me," Gandhi

Introducing Alitalia's Sea-and-Sun Season. In Sicily and Sardinia.

Sicily. Here Alitalia has chosen seven splendid holiday centres for you at Pollina and Cala Mpiso on the North Coast, Kamarina in the South, and on the little islands of Vulcano, Ustica, Favignana and Lampedusa.

Sardinia. Here too you have seven magnificent opportunities: three holiday centres on the Costa Smeralda and another four at Stintino, Capo Caccia, Arbatax and the island of La Maddalena.

Saving. For each of the 14 holidays, the tour price includes both the Alitalia flight to and from Italy, and the connecting round trip to the nearest island airport. All accommodations are in excellent hotels/hotel-villages with private bath or shower and often include full or half pension. Many sports and services are included.

Scuba. Underwater training courses are held in some resorts and at several of them there are also courses in underwater photography.

Sailing. Above water, you can sail or water ski. Or be a sport at tennis or table tennis, golf or minigolf, bowls or trapshooting. Or just laze to the sound of music by day and dance the night away at a discotheque.

Scenery. No pollution, no clamour, blue sky, transparent sea, dense cool parks, peaceful hideaways, enchanting bays: with all modern comforts in a setting of wild, unspoilt beauty.

Shopping. Carpets, pottery, terracottas, silverware, coral crafts, inlaid wood, wrought iron, cork articles, lacework...you only have to follow your imagination.

Season. It's hot and sunny right from May to October. But book early if you want to come in July or August.

Stroll. Excursions can be made by boat, coach, public bus or on foot to discover the exciting, surprising, exotic surroundings of your chosen holiday place.

Specialist help. Underwater equipment (air cylinders, regulators, & compressors) is available at every resort. It is supplied and maintained by the underwater experts, the AMF Mares Sub company.

Send in the coupon for full details or contact us.

AMF maressub

NR5/17

Alitalia

Offers you a great S-S-S-Summer.

ALITALIA TOUR DEPARTMENT
666 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

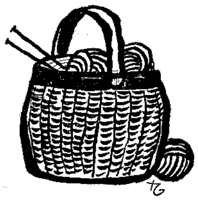
Submerge me in information.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City________________________

writes. "Unbidden and all by themselves the words came to my lips." Gandhi had never before undertaken a fast for a public cause, but, he says, he now saw that it could be an important weapon for a satyagrahi, provided that the motive for using it was disinterested and pure, and the issue involved so critical that death was preferable to capitulation. Yet, he says, he was instantly filled with self-doubt. The mill owners might capitulate not because of the justice of the cause but because of their affection for him, their concern for his well-being, or even their fear of the consequences if he should die. He tried to convince himself that his fast was true to his principle of satyagraha, but he could not overcome the feeling that it might actually turn out to be a betrayal of it. Still, having committed himself to a fast, he felt he had no choice but to go through with it. Three days later, on March 18th, the mill owners agreed to arbitration. Gandhi called off his fast, the mill hands returned to work, and eventually, through arbitration, they received the thirty-five-per-cent increase. The Ahmedabad strike was the first such organized effort by any workers in India. (Two years later, Gandhi inaugurated the Ahmedabad Textile Labor Association and so helped launch India's trade-union movement.) Gandhi's fast was in the Hindu tradition, for Hindus often used fasts to exert pressure on their opponents, but in justifying his own fast in Ahmedabad he later drew a distinction between a fast in the service of what he considered a "creative idea"—in this case, binding arbitration—and a fast for private gain or for the intimidation of an adversary. "I can fast against my father to cure him of a vice, but I may not in order to get from him an inheritance," he explained. In the course of the next thirty years, he used the weapon of public fasting seventeen times.



AT about the time of the Ahmedabad strike-*cum*-lockout, the peasants in the Kheda district, near Ahmedabad, were claiming that the damage to their crops from adverse weather in 1917 was so great that it called for remission of their annual revenue assessment, which they were not required to pay if the harvest fell twenty-five per cent below the yield for a normal year. The local officials were disputing the extent of the damage and insisting that the assessment be paid. In late March of 1918, Gandhi agreed to go to the Kheda district, and there he addressed a meeting of some five thousand peasants. He urged them not to pay the assessment, and "to fight it out." Inspired by Gandhi's call, many educated men and women in the area gave up the practice of their professions and went with him from village to village encouraging the peasants to overcome their fear of authority and refuse to pay the assessment. They were eagerly received, and were helped along the way with offers of bullock carts and food and shelter. The local officials retaliated by attaching the peasants' land and cattle, but then they realized they had gone too far—that their retaliatory measures had boomeranged. A compromise was arranged: the richer peasants had to pay the assessment; the poorer were let off. The effort in the Kheda district was Gandhi's first large-scale satyagraha movement in India. It brought him into contact with influential people in the area, who later became stalwarts of his future campaigns, and it established him as a leader in a populous countryside, from which his fame quickly spread. The foundations of his national leadership and national satyagraha campaign were thus laid in his native Gujarat.

In April of 1918, Gandhi received an invitation from the Viceroy to attend a conference in New Delhi on recruiting Indians for service at the front. About eight hundred thousand Indians were already fighting in the British Army. Nationalist leaders like Lokamanya Tilak and Annie Besant objected to any recruitment in India without firm guarantees from the British that India would be granted home rule, or dominion status, when the war was over. Gandhi, in contrast, still felt that Indians, as loyal subjects of the Empire, were duty-bound to help Britain in the war. (English officials had been taunting him by saying that so far all that he himself had done for the war as a loyal subject of the Empire was to harass them in Champaran and Kheda.) But since he was also committed to satyagraha and ahimsa, he went to the conference reluctantly. Nevertheless, once there, he allowed himself to be persuaded by the Viceroy to become an active recruiting agent. He wrote at the time to a Christian missionary friend, Esther Faering, "Indians have a double duty to perform. If they are to preach the mission of peace, they must first prove their ability in war. . . . A nation that is unfit to fight cannot from experience prove the virtue of not fighting." All the

The Stieff Bicentennial Collection is available at these fine stores.

ALABAMA **Goldstein's**—Mobile
Sam Jackson, Inc.—Tuscaloosa
Klein & Son—Montgomery
Mason Jewelers—Huntsville
Claude Moore Jewelers—Mobile
CALIFORNIA **Broadway**—Orange/Torrance
Corricks—Santa Rosa
Gump's—San Francisco
Hunt's China—*Santa Barbara*
Wickersham Jewelers—Bakersfield
CONNECTICUT **Barry Cooper Gift Shop**—Hamden
Lux, Bond, Green & Stevens—Hartford
Macy's—New Haven
DELAWARE **H. Feinberg's**—Wilmington
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA **Garfinckel's**—Washington
R. Harris & Co.—Washington
Hecht Co.—Washington
Woodward & Lothrop—Washington
FLORIDA **Virginia Lee, Ltd.**—North Palm Beach
GEORGIA **Bailey, Banks & Biddle**—Atlanta/Macon
Desbouillons—Savannah
Golden Rooster—Atlanta
Levy Jewelers—Savannah
ILLINOIS **Marshall Field & Co.**—Chicago
Potter Anderson—Peoria
INDIANA **Governor's Palace**—Laporte
KANSAS **Wolf Jewelers**—Topeka
LOUISIANA **Adler's**—New Orleans
Hausmann's—New Orleans
The Pillars—Monroe
MARYLAND **Bailey, Banks & Biddle**—Bethesda
R. Harris & Co.—Chevy Chase
Stieff Co.—Baltimore
Tiara Gifts—Wheaton
Tilghman Co.—Annapolis
MASSACHUSETTS **Austin Ahearn Jeweler**—Cohasset
Faneuil Hall Heritage Shop—Boston
Thomas Long's—Boston/Braintree/Wellesley/Burlington/Peabody
The Outlet Co.—Dartmouth
The Pewter Shop—Rockport
MICHIGAN **Knapp's**—Lansing/Jackson
Robinson's—Battle Creek
Smith-Bridgman's—Flint
Wigg's—Bloomfield Hills
MISSISSIPPI **Albriton Jewelers**—Jackson
MISSOURI **Byron Cade, Inc.**—St. Louis
NEW HAMPSHIRE **The Baker's Peel**—Ossippee
NEW JERSEY **Brielle China**—Brielle
Hamilton Jewelers—Trenton/Lawrenceville
Henke's, Inc.—Montclair
Marcus Jewelers—Ridgewood/Hackensack/Rutherford/Paramus Park Mall
S. Marsh & Sons—Millburn
NEW YORK **B. Altman & Co.**—New York
The Carl Co.—Schenectady/Saratoga/Clifton
Macy's—Colonie
Sibley's—Rochester/Syracuse
NORTH CAROLINA **Bailey, Banks & Biddle**—Charlotte/Winston-Salem
OHIO **Halle's**—Cleveland
The Higbee Co.—*Cleveland*
O'Neil's—Akron
Pogue's—Cincinnati
Seventeenth Colony House—Columbus
Strouss—Youngstown
OKLAHOMA **B. C. Clark**—Oklahoma City
Nielsen's—Tulsa
OREGON **Flair**—Portland
Zell Bros.—Portland
PENNSYLVANIA **Bailey, Banks & Biddle**—Philadelphia
Gimbels—Philadelphia
Kaufmann's—Pittsburgh
J. Wanamaker—Philadelphia
RHODE ISLAND **The Outlet Co.**—Providence/Lincoln/Auburn/Cranston/Warwick/New London
Tilden Thurber—Providence
The Westerly Jewelry Co., Inc.—Westerly
SOUTH CAROLINA **LeRoy's Jewelers**—Charleston
Sylvan Bros.—Columbia
TEXAS **Cox's**—Waco
Foley's—Houston
Hemphill-Wells—Lubbock
Ivy House—Dallas
Kaplan's-Ben Hur—Houston
Lichtenstein's—Corpus Christie
Regal Touch—Houston
Scarbrough's—Austin
VIRGINIA **Cardinal Shop**—Alexandria
Mesmeralda's—McLean
The Pewter Place—Alexandria
WISCONSIN **Bake's**—Green Bay
E. W. Parker—Madison
Schwanke-Kasten Co.—Milwaukee

And others across the Nation.

The Stieff Company, *800 Wyman Park Drive,*
Baltimore, Maryland 21211

"It had to be a classic in its own right before we picked it for our Bicentennial Collection."

Charles Stieff

At a time when everyone is slapping Bicentennial labels on anything that looks pre-20th Century, it's refreshing to know that someone takes that distinction seriously.

In selecting the pewter pieces that make up the Stieff Bicentennial Collection, Rodney and Charles Stieff insisted on these three rigid requirements: First, it had to be an "authentic" reproduction bearing the stamp of the institution owning the original. Second, the piece had to be rich in American history. And third, it must have been a popular classic in its own right.

These beautiful pieces range in price from as little as $6.75 to as much as $45.00. For more complete descriptions and suggested retail prices, send for our Bicentennial Collection booklet.

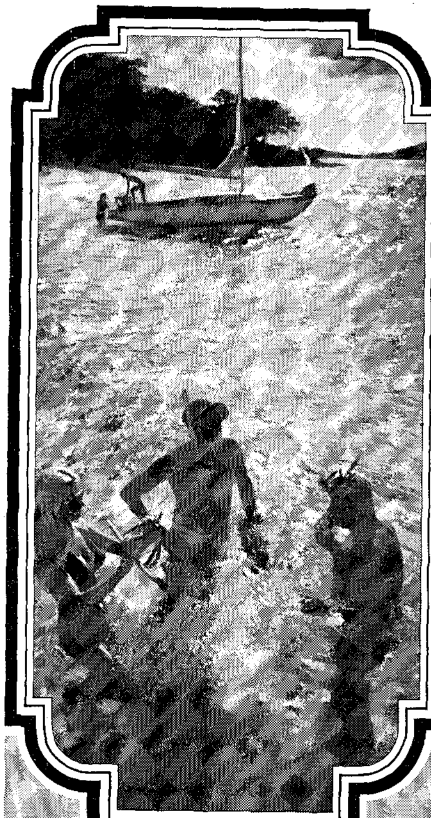
Stieff. The one Bicentennial Collection that will ring true.

Look for it in fine stores everywhere. The Stieff Company, 800 Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21211.

Authentic
Stieff

® Identifies Trademark of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation: Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

MAY 17, 1976



Caneel this summer is a very bright idea.

First, there's all that brilliant sunlight, shining on our seven golden beaches and blue, blue waters. Then there's our great tennis, now complete with videotape and clinics by Sports Illustrated Tennis Centers. Then there's the lively, laughing scene of dancing in the evening to a steel band in a flowered patio. Romantic. And finally there's the very bright idea that you're getting all this at our much lower summer rates (April 22-November 1), plus plans that include our Combined Vacation with Little Dix, our charming sister resort in the British Virgins. Ask your travel agent, or call the Loews Reservations office in your city. In New York call (212) 586-4459.

Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
Virgin Islands National Park
St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands

same, his decision was condemned both by his co-workers and by most of the nationalist leaders.

Gandhi started recruiting in familiar territory, in Kheda. The district contained six hundred villages, and he hoped to recruit at least twenty able-bodied men from each, but he found that the peasants who had so recently cheered him shunned him now as a turncoat. Some days, he would walk as much as twenty miles without getting anyone even to listen to him, let alone enlist. He became weak and dispirited—at the time he was living mostly on groundnut butter and lemon juice—and in August, while he was stopping over at Sabarmati Ashram, he contracted dysentery. He tried to cure himself by fasting, but, he says, he became so hungry that when Kasturbai gave him porridge and lentils he overate, and made his dysentery worse. Nevertheless, he set off by train with a co-worker, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, for Nadiad, a town in Kheda twenty-nine miles from Ahmedabad, to carry on the recruiting campaign. They reached Nadiad around ten o'clock in the evening and had to walk about half a mile from the station to the ashram where they were to spend the night. "It was as good as ten [miles] for me," Gandhi writes. "I somehow managed to reach the quarters, but the griping pain was steadily increasing." He developed a fever, became delirious, and, he says, lost his will to live. He was taken back to Ahmedabad, where Ambalal and Anasuyabehn Sarabhai nursed him in their home. He was convinced that he was going to die, and he wanted to die in his own ashram, so he was moved there. The doctors pressed meat broth, eggs, and milk upon him, but he spurned them. Kasturbai, however, persuaded him to drink goat's milk by arguing that his vow against milk applied only to cow's milk. He says that the goat's milk, together with the news that Germany had been defeated and the war was over, helped him to start getting better.

IN March, 1919, the British government passed the Rowlatt Act, which kept in force in India such stringent emergency wartime measures as press censorship and summary justice for political agitators, and put an end to any lingering hopes for dominion status. Gandhi, who had put his trust in the good intentions of the British, felt betrayed. He says he had a waking dream that he should call for a twenty-four-hour hartal, or general strike, as a satyagraha protest against the Rowlatt Act. During the hartal, all work would stop and the entire country would pray and fast for self-purification. He called for a day of hartal to be observed, and eventually fixed the date for April 6th. The idea of a hartal against the widely unpopular Rowlatt Act was eagerly taken up by the nationalists, and on April 6th work in a number of towns and cities came to a standstill. People pledged that, regardless of the consequences, they would not submit to the Rowlatt Act. Some prayed and fasted, but others took to violence: officials were attacked, government buildings burned, shops and houses plundered, trains stopped and looted, telephone and telegraph wires cut. Many people died in the rioting. Gandhi, horrified, called for an end to the hartal, but the violence continued. On April 10th, in the city of Amritsar, in the Punjab—the scene of the worst violence—an English schoolteacher was assaulted by a mob. Although she escaped being killed, Brigadier General Reginald Edward Harry Dyer, a veteran of the First World War who had also fought in Burma and on India's northwest frontier, arrived in Amritsar on April 11th, and the next day he proclaimed a ban on public meetings and processions. On April 13th, some five thousand of the city's residents, in defiance of the ban, held a meeting at Jallianwalla Bagh, a tract of land mostly walled in by buildings. General Dyer blocked the main entrance with troops and ordered them to open fire. The panic-stricken crowd, trapped and unarmed, surged in all directions. Within ten minutes, at least four hundred people were dead and twelve hundred maimed or wounded. The following day, General Dyer decreed that all Indians passing along the street on which the English schoolteacher had been assaulted must crawl on all fours as penance for the crime. He further decreed that any Indian who failed to show proper respect for the British—by getting down from his bullock cart to salute a passing Englishman, for instance—would be publicly flogged. Some time later, when word of the massacre and Dyer's other excesses finally reached Gandhi (any violence against Europeans and Anglo-Indians was widely publicized, but news of the massacre was censored), he concluded that the British would stop at nothing to keep India subjugated, but he blamed himself for the outbreaks of violence, because it was he who had called the hartal in the first place. He felt his mistake to be of such proportions that he referred to it as his "Himalayan blunder." He had miscalculated the forces of evil in Indian society, he said, and had summoned his people to satyagraha before they were ready for it.

In any event, the government swiftly countermanded the crawling order and appointed Lord Hunter, a distinguished jurist, to head a committee of investigation. His report was thorough and fair, but the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre, though it was exceptional in the history of the British raj, became a byword for British brutality.

LATE in 1919, the British proposed to grant Indians, among other things, more places in the Indian Civil Service and greater participation in the provincial legislative assemblies and ministries. Gandhi dismissed the proposals, known as the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, as a "subtle method of emasculation," and said that Indians should have nothing more to do with the British or the government. In fact, he said, they should observe a whole program of "non-coöperation"—not only stay out of the Civil Service and legislative assemblies but also boycott English (the official language), the courts, British-run schools and colleges, and British goods, including textiles. And they should volunteer their services for nationalist causes, speak their mother tongues, set up Indian arbitration boards to settle their court cases, enter Indian-run schools and colleges, and, above all, wear khadi, or homespun cloth, as an expression of their nationalism. Gandhi believed that he had found in non-coöperation yet another powerful weapon for satyagrahis—one that could achieve *swaraj* (literally, "self-rule") for India in a year, at most. He was vague about what form *swaraj* would take, speaking of it, variously, as a people's democracy, spiritual and political freedom, and the millennium.

Non-coöperation was at once attacked by other nationalists as a creed of "negation, exclusiveness, and despair;" as an anarchist scheme to undermine respect for law and authority, for persons and property; as a doomed attempt to build a "Chinese wall" between India and the West. Nevertheless, in 1920 non-coöperation was narrowly adopted by the Indian National Congress, India's chief political party, as its national program. The Congress, from its founding, in 1885, had been the preserve of the upper and middle classes—of Anglicized lawyers educated in British-run schools and universities,

CYBIS® Porcelains

Children have always dreamed of running away to join the circus. And so it is with FunnyFace, captured in ruffles and greasepaint by the artists of Cybis.

FunnyFace dreams in porcelain, 10-1/2 inches tall. And he's just one of the inhabitants of the enchanted world of Cybis.

A world where carousel horses prance, baby owls practice wisdom, turtles live in jewelled houses, and flowers and children bloom forever.

Enter our world. Your dream is waiting there.

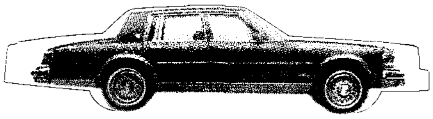
©CYBIS 1976

For select literature pre-viewing the world of Cybis, send $3.00 to Cybis Porcelains at 65 Norman Avenue NC, Trenton, New Jersey 08618.

The unique American luxury car.

International size and styling.

Seville is about 25 inches shorter and several hundred pounds lighter than full-size U.S. luxury cars for maneuverability and ease of parking. Yet, it has about the same overall height for interior roominess and comfort.



Seville is a new kind of Cadillac . . . designed for American tastes but at home anywhere in the world. A car that is meeting the needs of more and more particular people—so much so that it is already outselling every luxury import sedan.

Cadillac comfort and convenience.

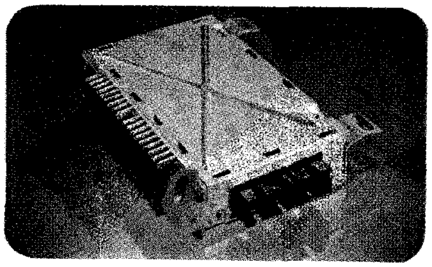
Here is the first American car to combine international size and styling with Cadillac comfort and convenience. A car of tasteful elegance—with the accent on function and driving pleasure. Standard features abound. Dual Comfort 50/50 front seats. Individual fold-down armrests in the front. Automatic Climate Control. Power door locks. Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel. And many more.

Features beyond luxury.

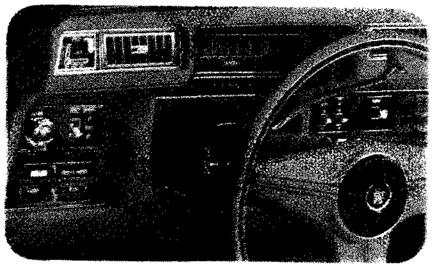
As one of the world's best equipped cars, Seville is engineered to be a delight to drive. Beginning with its Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine that can be started without touching the accelerator. With a 114-inch wheelbase, Seville is sized and engineered to take the hassle out of city traffic and parking. With Variable Ratio Power Steering. With 15-inch steel-belted radial tires instead of 14. And many other standard features. The result is quick response—a confident feeling that you are in command.

Cues to quality engineering.

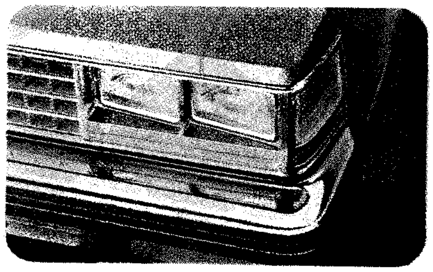
There are many things that tell you what kind of car this is. Things you can see—features like Lamp Monitors and Cornering Lights. Things you can't see—like the on-board analog computer, nerve center of the Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine. Things you can feel—like Automatic Level Control and Automatic Climate Control. Little things that all but go unnoticed—like placing controls for the front power seat adjusters on the door armrests for easy reach. And even things you can hear—like the pleasant chime that asks you—not orders you—to buckle up. Yet, to really know Seville, you must experience Seville. And that pleasure now awaits you. Your Cadillac dealer would be happy to arrange it.



Computer for Electronic Fuel Injection.



Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel.



Cornering Lights.

Seville
BY CADILLAC

Anyone-anywhere-anytime dinnerware.

Ruska, the funny little brown stoneware by Arabia of Finland, is the only dinnerware you'll ever need. ☐ She's a fashion plate that works hard at breakfast and lunch, then slips under something glamorous for dinner. Her cups fit the hand. Her profile delights the eye. And she stacks. ☐ One of a large collection of masterpieces in stoneware, earthenware, enamelware and glass. At fine stores. Arabia of Finland, 8300 N.E. Underground Drive, Kansas City, Missouri 64161.

SAY AH-RAH-BEE-YAH OF FINLAND

ARABIA
WÄRTSILÄ FINLAND

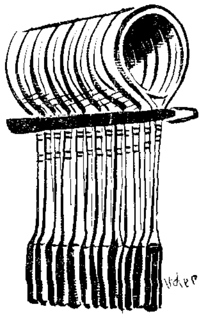
The best in Scandinavian design. And it works.

who wore Western-style suits, spoke English among themselves, and were more interested in becoming partners of the British than in overthrowing them. Party meetings were likely to be devoted to rhetorical debate rather than to serious discussion. But since 1918, in view of Britain's failure to grant India any kind of home rule, the Congress had become more nationalistic and more radical. Now, in 1920, it adopted a new Constitution, drafted by Gandhi, which was designed to refashion it into a militant grass-roots movement, with village, district, provincial, and national committees, all democratically elected. Anyone who could afford the subscription of four annas, or one-fourth of a rupee, a year could become a member. Gandhi's success in the Congress was due in part to his ability to influence its Muslim minority—an ability he possessed because at around that time he had lent his support to the most important Muslim political and religious issue of the day. This was the Caliphate—or, as it was called in India, the Khilafat—Movement, an attempt by the Indian Muslims to save the defeated sultan of Turkey as the caliph of Islam. It was a hopeless undertaking, because the caliphate had long been as moribund an institution as the Turkish Empire. Gandhi espoused this exclusively Muslim cause for the sake of Hindu-Muslim unity, and thereby won widespread Muslim backing for the first—and also the last—time in his life. (The Khilafat Movement fizzled out in 1924, when the Turks themselves—having previously banished the sultan and declared Turkey a republic—abolished the caliphate.)

In 1921, Gandhi began a dizzying tour of the country, travelling to the most remote villages to meet, direct, and advise Congress workers and recruit new ones. He now always wore a white khadi dhoti—the mendicant's or fakir's garb. Villagers who got word that he was coming mobbed his train in country station after country station simply to catch sight of him—to receive his darshana. He would often say a few words about satyagraha and ahimsa, or about his experiences in South Africa. He became renowned for his voluntary poverty, his humility, and his simple, saintly life, and began to be called Mahatma.

The British at first did not take non-coöperation seriously, dismissing it as a foolish, hysterical scheme, which would soon destroy itself. But as non-coöperation gathered momentum, they came to realize that it posed a threat to their entire system of law and administration. The government began to watch Gandhi's movements closely. In November, 1921, when the Prince of Wales arrived in Bombay on a visit to India, his arrival was boycotted by the local residents, and there were also outbreaks of rioting and arson. Thereafter, in Indian cities, meetings and processions were forcibly dispersed, midnight searches were made of Congress offices for seditious material, and by January, 1922, as many as thirty thousand Congress workers had been put in jail.

In February, Gandhi came under pressure from his Congress colleagues to lead the country in mass civil disobedience. He resisted at first, because he could not think of one basic issue capable of mobilizing the whole country and he feared that the people would again resort to violence, as they had during the agitation against the Rowlatt Act. Then he decided to experiment briefly with civil disobedience in the county of Bardoli, in Gujarat, by directing peasants to refuse payment of the land-revenue tax. If it worked there, he intended to raise the same issue and fight it in the same way in district after district, until the whole country was striking against the payment of the tax. But, as he had feared, shortly after he launched his Bardoli campaign, on February 5th, rioting broke out—in Chauri Chaura, a little, out-of-the-way village in the nearby United Provinces. He called off the experiment and abandoned all thought of a national campaign, thus confounding his colleagues and followers.

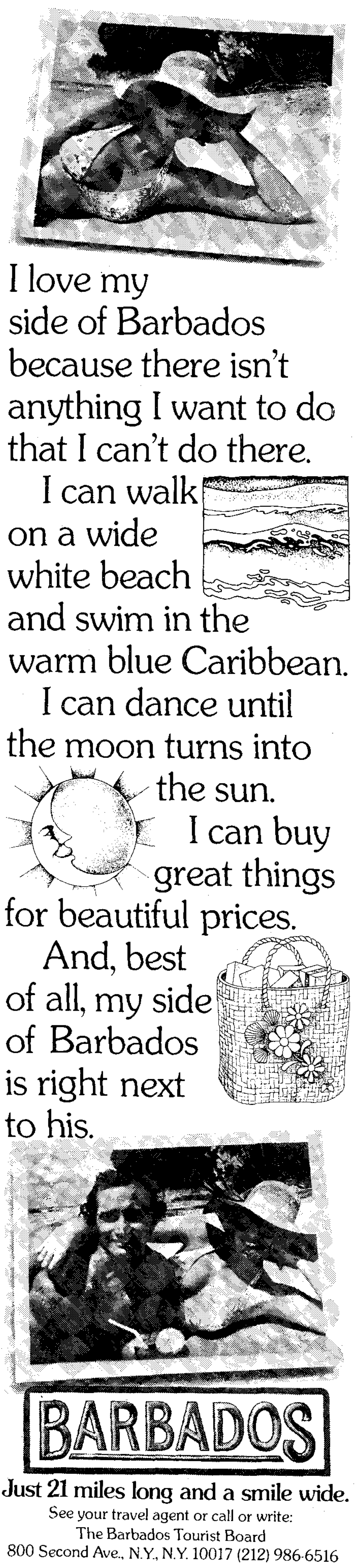


Nevertheless, on March 10th, at ten-thirty in the evening, a police officer arrived at Sabarmati Ashram and arrested Gandhi. A week later, Gandhi was tried in Ahmedabad on a charge of writing three seditious articles in his weekly *Young India*. "I am satisfied that many English and Indian officials honestly believe that they are administering one of the best systems devised in the world and that India is making steady though slow progress," Gandhi said in his statement to the court. "They do not know that a subtle but effective system of terrorism and an organized display of force on the one hand, and the deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defense on the other, have emasculated the people and induced in them the habit of simulation. . . . I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in non-coöperation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. In my humble opinion, non-coöperation with evil is as much a duty as is coöperation with good. . . . I am here, therefore, to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the Judge, is either to resign your post and thus dissociate yourself from evil, if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is an evil and that in reality I am innocent; or to inflict on me the severest penalty if you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country and that my activity is, therefore, injurious to the public weal."

The judge sentenced Gandhi to six years in jail, adding that "no one would be better pleased than I" if the government later saw fit to reduce the sentence. Two days later, Gandhi was taken by special train to Yeravda Central Jail, in Poona, a hill station about three hundred and fifty miles south of Ahmedabad. He served only twenty-two months of his sentence, partly because in 1924 he had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Not only did this leave him weak and exhausted but the non-coöperation movement was now in complete disarray, so the government decided to release him. For the next three or four years, he mostly stayed out of politics.

Then, in 1928, the government increased the land-revenue tax by twenty-two per cent—in, as it happened, Bardoli. Gandhi was persuaded to help organize a second civil-disobedience campaign there. The peasants refused to pay the tax, and the government retaliated by arresting many of them and attaching their property. This time, there was no rioting; the peasants stoically bore the indignities heaped upon them, and, as a consequence, the government was obliged to yield. It rescinded the tax increase, released the prisoners, and restored the property. But two more years passed before Gandhi, disillusioned by British attempts at Constitutional reform, finally launched a national civil-disobedience campaign.

Early in 1928, the Conservative Government of Stanley Baldwin had sent a commission, under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon, to India to re-



I love my side of Barbados because there isn't anything I want to do that I can't do there.

I can walk on a wide white beach and swim in the warm blue Caribbean.

I can dance until the moon turns into the sun.

I can buy great things for beautiful prices.

And, best of all, my side of Barbados is right next to his.

BARBADOS

Just 21 miles long and a smile wide.

See your travel agent or call or write:
The Barbados Tourist Board
800 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 (212) 986-6516

The Crushables
Two Handy Hats for all Seasons

Glacier Hat, $2.75 postpaid.
Comes in comfortable 100% cotton. A wide brim blocks the sun's glare. Sizes S, M, L, XL. White only. Allow one size for shrinkage.

Wool Felt Crusher Hat, $3.75 postpaid.
Made of 100% wool felt for outdoor wear. Crush, stash or roll it up in your pocket. This outdoorsman's hat keeps you comfortable in all kinds of weather. Choose from red, yellow, or tan. Sizes 7-7¾. Allow one size shrinkage. (Our full-color catalog included with purchase.) Annual money-back dividend to Co-op members.

Shop REI in Seattle and Berkeley. Use coupon or call toll free (800) 426-0351.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for:
____REI Glacier Hat(s) at $2.75 postpaid.
Size(s)________
____REI Wool Felt Crusher Hat(s) at $3.75 postpaid.
Please indicate color choice.
Size(s): 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½, 7⅝, 7¾
Size(s)________Color(s)________
Offer expires September 30, 1976.
Add sales tax for California and Washington deliveries only.
☐ I want to be a MEMBER, enclosed is $2.00.
☐ Please send me FREE color catalog only.
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________
STATE________ZIP________
NY-5-H
REI co-op
Recreational Equipment Inc.
"The Original Outdoor Co-op—Est. 1938"
P.O. Box 22090, Seattle, WA 98122

view its Constitutional status—a move called for in the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919. Gandhi and other Congress leaders boycotted the Simon Commission, on the grounds that no Indians had been appointed to it and that, in any case, the appointment of a commission was a charade, given the imperialist attitude of the Conservative Government. Both the Government and the commission were denounced at protest meetings across the country. The meetings were often forcibly dispersed by lathi charges. (A lathi is a large, heavy, ironbound stick commonly carried by policemen in India.) During a lathi charge in Lahore, Lala Lajpat Rai, the best-known Punjabi nationalist—he was popularly called the Lion of the Punjab—was fatally injured. In revenge, a Punjabi named Bhagat Singh assassinated the assistant superintendent of police in Lahore and later bombed the Legislative Assembly in New Delhi. Once again, to Gandhi's horror, a peaceful protest had turned violent.

In December of 1928, Gandhi was prevailed upon to come out of his relative political seclusion to attend the annual session of the Congress, in Calcutta. The Congress leaders were bitterly divided over the question of whether India should demand dominion status or press for all-out independence, and they looked to Gandhi for an answer. Gandhi, who still preferred accommodation with the British to a complete break, and so favored dominion status, came up with a compromise: if at the end of one year the government still refused to grant India dominion status, then he himself would lead a national civil-disobedience campaign for all-out independence.

Meanwhile, in June, 1929, the Labour Government of Ramsay MacDonald had succeeded Baldwin's Conservative Government, and after due deliberation it proposed a Round Table Conference in London between British and Indian representatives to debate whether India could be granted dominion status and, if so, when and how. The members of the Congress decided to boycott the conference, ostensibly on the ground that they had demanded immediate dominion status, not more talk on the whether, when, and how, but actually because they knew they would have a poor negotiating position. All over India, people were divided not only on the question of dominion status versus independence but also on the questions of the disposition of some six hundred practically autonomous princely states—the so-called Indian India—and of the protection of the Muslim minority. Some Indians even wished India to continue under British rule or to receive dominion status in stages. Therefore, neither the Congress nor Gandhi could claim to speak for all Indians, and so neither was in a position to make a "national demand" at the conference. Instead, on January 1, 1930, Congress defiantly unfurled a flag for independent India and so opened its campaign for all-out independence.

Everyone in the Congress now looked to Gandhi to find an issue around which the whole country could be rallied nonviolently, and within two months he did find one. His "inner voice" told him to lead a civil-disobedience campaign against the salt-tax laws, on the model of his 1913 satyagraha campaign in South Africa. First, he wrote to Lord Irwin, the Viceroy:

> The iniquities [of the tax laws in general and the salt laws in particular] . . . are maintained in order to carry on a foreign administration, demonstrably the most expensive in the world. Take your own salary. . . . You are getting over 700 rupees per day against India's average income of less than two annas per day. . . . Thus you are getting much over five thousand times India's average income. . . . On bended knee, I ask you to ponder over this phenomenon. I have taken a personal illustration to drive home a painful truth. I have too great a regard for you as a man to wish to hurt your feelings. . . .
>
> But a system that provides for such an arrangement deserves to be summarily scrapped; . . . nothing but unadulterated non-violence can check the organized violence of the British government. . . .
>
> But if you cannot see your way to deal with these evils and my letter makes no appeal to your heart, on the eleventh day of this month, I shall proceed with such co-workers of the ashram as I can take, to disregard the provisions of the salt laws.

The Viceroy, rather than enter into a discussion with Gandhi or arrest him, contented himself with having his secretary write a formal acknowledgment of Gandhi's letter.

Under the salt laws, the government enjoyed a monopoly on salt mining, levied a sales tax on salt, and forbade Indians to make their own salt or to use contraband salt. A large number of Indians lived on plains not far from the sea and could easily have made their own salt by drying out seawater in the sun. For Indians, salt was as essential as air and water: most of them labored long hours in the fields in blistering heat and ate only lentils, bread, and salt. Gandhi came to look upon the salt tax as a tax on Indian sweat and blood.

On March 12, 1930, Gandhi—accompanied by scores of ashram residents; workers in what he had named his Constructive Programme, a movement for social reform; and press correspondents—set out for Dandi, a coastal town two hundred miles south of the ashram, where he planned to publicly flout the salt laws, vowing that he would not return to the Sabarmati Ashram until they had been repealed. Every day, he marched about twelve miles, then stopped for the night in a village, where he held a prayer meeting and gave a talk about the salt laws and the Constructive Programme, on occasion mentioning the second Bardoli campaign as an inspiring example of both the potency of nonviolence and his countrymen's capacity for it. Every evening, too, he found time to do an hour's spinning and to keep his diary and correspondence up to date. Some villagers joined the march; others sprinkled water along Gandhi's path to settle the dust, and strewed leaves and flower petals before him.

Gandhi's journey to Dandi was compared by his disciples and followers to Jesus's journey to Jerusalem; in fact, a donkey was led behind Gandhi to underscore the symbolic connection. Many Hindus who could read bought a copy of the Bible and read it. Gandhi himself apparently thought that he might have to die in Dandi, as Jesus died in Jerusalem. He and his followers arrived there on April 5th and spent the night praying on the beach. In the morning, he walked into the sea to bathe and purify himself. Then he and his followers went through the process of making salt from seawater and so became criminals in the eyes of the law. He and his followers camped near Dandi for the next month, making and selling small quantities of salt, and waiting to see what the government would do. At first, the government did nothing, in the expectation that Gandhi's bizarre campaign would spend itself. But the story of the salt march and Gandhi's illicit activities was reported around the world, and in India more and more people began going on symbolic salt marches of their own. Up and down the coasts, on the beaches, and on the banks of brackish streams—wherever there was salt to be found—people became satyagrahis and broke the law. Scarcely any violence was reported. The satyagrahis waded into the sea, collected salt water in pans, watched it evaporate in the sun, and shared the precious salt

When Did You Last Think About How Old You Look?

MONTHS ago? Maybe even years? You wash your face in the morning, put on your makeup and rush off to do the dozens of things that fill your day. And probably never even stop to think that the passing years are showing on your face. Perhaps more than they ought to.

But time hasn't stood still. Look at your children. Not babies anymore, are they? Look at your husband. He's no longer the fresh-faced youth of your wedding pictures. Then take a close look at yourself. Do you really want to look that old this soon?

If it would please you to look as young as you can, discover a remarkable beauty fluid whose secret benefits are known to enlightened women in many parts of the world. These women look their very youngest, no matter how old they really are. This unique fluid, discovered by beauty researchers, can be found in drugstores in the United States, where it is known as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

SOOTHE Oil of Olay onto your face and throat. Watch as your skin virtually drinks in the precious fluid. You'll be wonderfully surprised how quickly and completely the beauty fluid penetrates to work on dryness, that unwelcome dryness that accents the little lines and wrinkles that too easily can cause you to look older than you are. A profusion of pure moisture, along with tropical oils and other emollients, lets your skin feel noticeably softer and smoother within moments. You'll actually see the renewed lustre and radiance of your skin...a look you once had and probably never dared hope for again. Oil of Olay gives your complexion a fresh glow, even without makeup. And it never, ever, leaves a greasy afterfeel.

Working with nature itself in a mysterious way, Oil of Olay helps maintain the oil-moisture balance of your skin, necessary if you're to look as young as possible. The precious fluid acts remarkably like your skin's own natural moisture in easing away the dryness that can make you look unnecessarily old. And it helps keep your own natural moisture in the skin to help your complexion look softer and smoother.

DEVOTED users of Oil of Olay wouldn't let a day go by without using the beauty fluid at least twice. Faithfully every single morning...as a superb makeup base that lets cosmetics glide on easily and remain fresh looking for unexpected hours...or to let skin thrive in its own moist climate. Faithfully every single night, knowing that Oil of Olay continues its beautiful work through hours and hours of silent sleep. You may decide to use Oil of Olay even more often, any time you feel dryness needs easing and the moisture content of your skin should be increased.

Now that you've taken a moment to think about how old you look, it shouldn't take more than a second to think about Oil of Olay. The unique beauty fluid may be exactly the thing you didn't even realize, till now, you were looking for.

•

BEAUTY SECRETS. Oil of Olay penetrates so surprisingly quickly, you can reapply after only a few moments and have the leisure to massage it into your extra-dry areas, like the skin at the outer edges of your eyes (notice those crow's-feet?).

•

When you can steal time for a leisurely bath, apply Oil of Olay® to your face and throat before stepping into the tub. You and your complexion will emerge feeling relaxed.

The Greenbrier
presents
New Deluxe
TENNIS
AND GOLF
Packages

Effective April 1 to November 10, 1976

Imagine playing your tennis and golf games at this incomparable, year-round resort . . . and at package rates! You'll choose from luxurious accommodations in either a charming Golf and Tennis Cottage, or in the Hotel; enjoy a hearty, full-course breakfast and a famous Greenbrier dinner. Also included are two hours' court time on outdoor courts or one hour's court time in the beautiful new indoor facility . . . or daily greens fees on one of three challenging 18-hole courses . . . complimentary sauna and swimming. As an added bonus for tennis players, take home your own Greenbrier racquet cover.

All at these special rates, which include breakfast and dinner, but exclude service charge and tax.

$60. *daily per person*, double occupancy MAP, in Golf and Tennis Cottage.*

$62.50 *daily per person*, double occupancy MAP, in deluxe Hotel room.*
**Minimum stay two nights.*

Aside from some great tennis, golf and swimming included in the packages, other enjoyable sports are available: platform tennis, trap and skeet, bowling, riding, carriage rides, walking trails and fishing. The Spa offers mineral baths, steam, whirlpools and massages.

Exciting sports, luxurious accommodations, superb dining and service . . . the great Greenbrier traditions await you. For more information on the Deluxe Tennis and Golf Sports Packages, see your travel agent, or call S. H. Odell toll free at (800) 624-6070.

The Greenbrier
White Sulphur Springs,
West Virginia 24986

John S. Lanahan, President & Managing Director

left behind. The authorities, completely underestimating the symbolic power of Gandhi's action, ridiculed the idea that the British raj could be dissolved in pans of seawater. Not much salt was actually produced, but stories of selling and using contraband salt were widely told to dramatize the evils of the British system. Civil disobedience spread to other forms of protest and soon far surpassed the non-coöperation campaign of 1920 and 1921. In fact, the 1930 effort became the largest protest movement that Gandhi ever led.

The government had continued to follow a policy of restraint in the hope of diffusing the force of the movement, but at last it decided to act, and on May 5th, in the middle of the night, the police appeared at Gandhi's camp and arrested him. His arrest was followed by government action against practically anyone who was involved in an important way in the civil-disobedience campaign. Webb Miller, a United Press International correspondent, described what happened on May 21st to a march designed to raid the government's Dharasana Salt Works, a hundred and fifty miles north of Bombay:

> Suddenly at a word of command, scores of native policemen rushed upon the advancing marchers and rained blows on their heads with their steel-shod lathis. Not one of the marchers even raised an arm to fend off the blows. They went down like ten-pins. From where I stood I heard the sickening whack of the clubs on unprotected skulls. The waiting crowd of marchers groaned and sucked in their breath in sympathetic pain at every blow. . . . They marched steadily, with heads up, without the encouragement of music or cheering or any possibility that they might escape serious injury or death. The police rushed out and methodically and mechanically beat down the second column. There was no fight, no struggle; the marchers simply walked forward till struck down.

By midsummer, according to one estimate, as many as a hundred thousand satyagrahis, including most of the major and minor Congress leaders, were in jail.

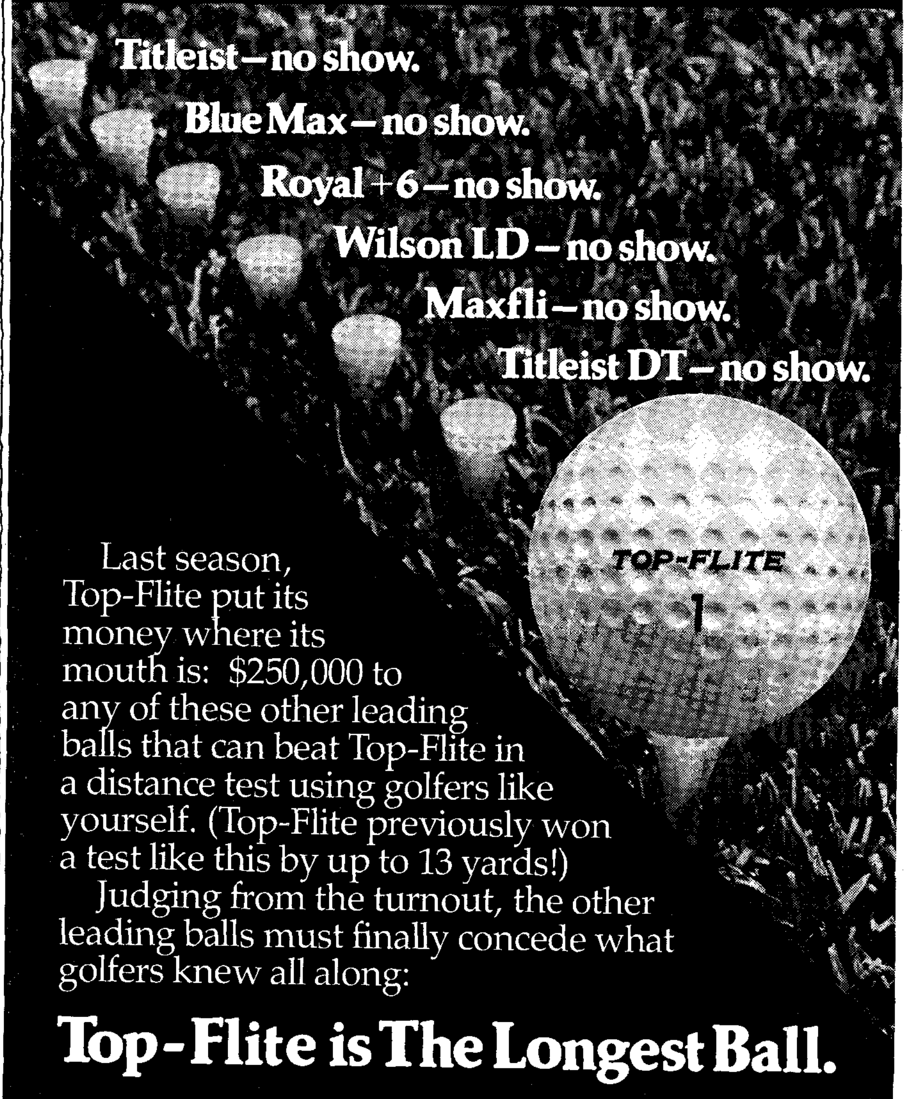
Civil disobedience nevertheless continued in India, and it was against that background that, in November, the Round Table Conference was convened in London. Britain was represented by delegates from the Labour, Conservative, and Liberal Parties, and, except for the Congress, practically all important sections of Indian opinion were represented, in the persons of some of the most important potentates of the Indian princely states and preëminent leaders of the All-India Muslim League—a minority religious party that from its founding, in 1906, had dedicated itself to greater representation of Muslims in the government. The conference lasted over two months and ended with unanimous agreement on a new system of federal government for India, which would grant Indians some measure of responsible self-government both in the provinces and at the center. The princes agreed to the federation partly because they were afraid of the effects of the civil-disobedience movement in their states; the Muslim Leaguers agreed to it partly because they looked upon the Indian princes—whether Hindu or Muslim—as allies against rule by the Congress, which amounted to populist Hindu domination; and the British agreed to it partly because they saw in the federation a way of safeguarding minority interests while allowing greater Indian participation in the government. The agreement had the effect of making many Hindus, including members of the Congress, abandon their civil disobedience, and at the same time raised the expectations of Muslim Leaguers about their role in any future Indian government. When the conference adjourned, Prime Minister MacDonald expressed the hope that the Congress would participate in a second Round Table Conference. In January, 1931, Gandhi and many other Congress leaders were therefore released from jail, and Gandhi was invited to New Delhi for preliminary discussions with the Viceroy.

In New Delhi, Gandhi often went five miles on foot from a friend's house, where he was staying, to the Viceroy's palace for the discussions. In England, Winston Churchill, among other upholders of the Empire, declared himself humiliated and revolted by the "spectacle of this one-time Inner Temple lawyer, now seditious fakir, striding half-naked up the steps of the Viceroy's palace, there to negotiate and to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor." Between February 17th and March 4th, Gandhi and the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, met eight times, for a total of twenty-four hours. During the discussions, Gandhi had very much in mind the precedent of his successful negotiations with General Smuts in 1914, in the far more racially tense atmosphere of South Africa, after which the two had parted as friends with mutual esteem. Irwin, for his part, was well disposed toward Gandhi and genuinely interested in Constitutional reforms for India. The two finally concluded what came to be called the Irwin-Gandhi Pact, in which Gandhi agreed to go to the Second Round Table Conference, without any prior commitment concerning independence, and to call off all protest against the salt laws and every other form of civil disobedience, while Irwin agreed to release most civil-disobedience prisoners and to grant Indians living on the coast permission to manufacture salt. Both Gandhi and Irwin had yielded much more than they wanted to, but each was looking to the second conference for further political gains. (The salt laws were never completely repealed, so Gandhi never returned to Sabarmati Ashram to live. When he was not travelling or in prison, he lived at a second ashram, Sevagram, which he established in 1936 near the village of Segaon, in Central India, and which he dedicated to the carrying out of the ideals of the Constructive Programme.)

The Congress elected Gandhi as its sole representative to the Second Round Table Conference, and he sailed for England late in August of 1931, accompanied by, among others, Mahadev Desai, Mirabehn, Pyarelal, Devadas Gandhi, and Sarojini Naidu, who together had made up for many years what was a kind of informal secretariat. Gandhi and his entourage stayed in a settlement house called Kingsley Hall, in the East End of London, about five miles from St. James's Palace, where the Second Round Table Conference was held, but Gandhi was prevailed upon to maintain an office in Knightsbridge for the convenience of his English friends and admirers and also of many well-to-do Indians living in England who were eager to talk with him.

Gandhi's visit created a great stir in England, and he made the most of it. He went to Oxford colleges and Lancashire cotton mills. He met Charlie Chaplin and George Bernard Shaw, and gave interviews to journalists from all around the world. In his encounters, he often returned to the simplistic, romantic themes he had introduced in "Indian Home Rule": that through much of history the West had been governed by the laws of force and violence, imperialism and aggression, while the East, in contrast, had been governed by love and spirituality, by ahimsa and satyagraha, and that he was the evangelist from the East to the West.

The Second Round Table Conference met under less propitious circumstances than the first. Although the Muslim League and the princely states



The results of the $250,000 Longest Ball Challenge:

Titleist–no show.
Blue Max–no show.
Royal +6–no show.
Wilson LD–no show.
Maxfli–no show.
Titleist DT–no show.

Last season, Top-Flite put its money where its mouth is: $250,000 to any of these other leading balls that can beat Top-Flite in a distance test using golfers like yourself. (Top-Flite previously won a test like this by up to 13 yards!)

Judging from the turnout, the other leading balls must finally concede what golfers knew all along:

Top-Flite is The Longest Ball.

Sold through professional shops.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIRSTS IN SPORTS 100 SINCE 1876 SPALDING

SPALDING®

A DIVISION OF QUESTOR

OUTDOOR TRADERS
INCORPORATED

LOOKING GREAT ANYWHERE there's sun and fun. Easy care Arnel sharkskin short shorts with fly front zipper and two side slash pockets. Colors: Yellow, Powder Blue, Crisp White, Pink. Sizes 6 - 16.
$13.00

Topped with scoop-neck pullover of imported cotton & rayon showered with blossoms of many colors. Sizes S.M.L.
$13.00

Please add $1.50 for postage.
Conn. residents add 7% sales tax.
Write for our free color brochure.

Est. 1948

Box 1608A Boston Post Road/Greenwich, Conn. 06830
Telephone: 203-869-5193
Branch Shops in Essex & Litchfield, Conn.

Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS JAMAICA W.I.

A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service: 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.

INCOMPARABLE!
Both resorts retain their individual, very relaxed atmosphere. Both are owned and operated by the Young Family.
INCOMPARABLE!

Lantana
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE · BERMUDA

The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 217 E. 49 St. N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323

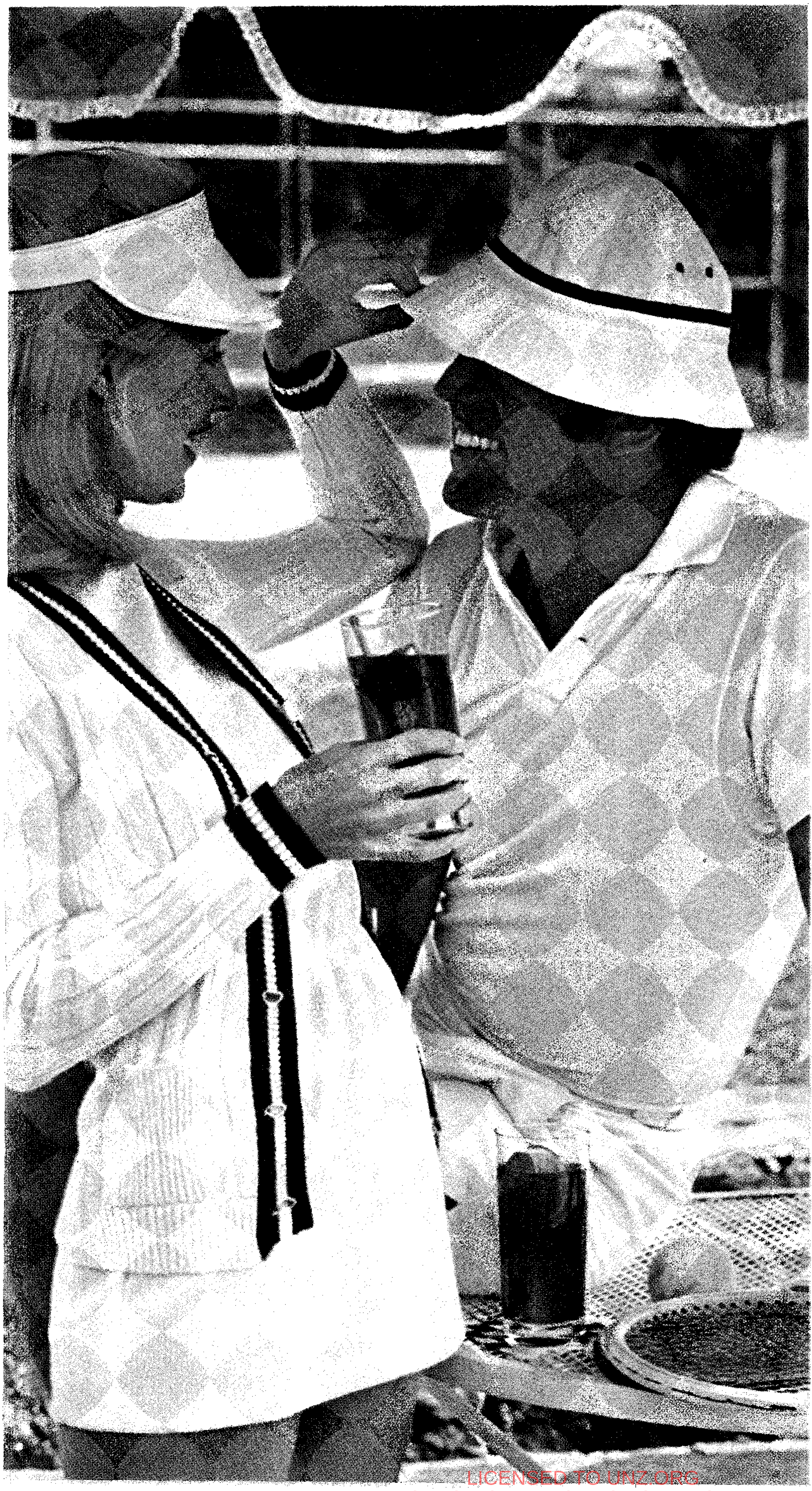
were once again represented, the Labour Government had been replaced by the National Government, which, though still led by Ramsay MacDonald, was dominated by the Conservatives. At the conference table, Gandhi argued passionately for independence, or, at the least, a partnership of equals between India and England, but the National Government, for all its interest in setting up a responsible federal government in India, was far from ready to give up the Empire. Moreover, the conference further exposed the underlying differences between the Congress, on the one hand, and the Muslim League and the princes, on the other, and both the latter feared more than ever that if the British departed without first guaranteeing their interests they would be overwhelmed by the Congress. Gandhi returned to India in December, 1931, a disappointed man, recognizing that he would now have to contend for independence not only with the British but also with his own countrymen; indeed, he now despaired of ever achieving independence through negotiation. He and his followers in the Congress tried to launch another civil-disobedience movement for independence, but this time they were arrested at once, and were again sent to prison. They were released about a year and a half later. Gandhi called off the movement, which had lost much of its momentum, and gave up his membership in the Congress, and for the rest of the thirties he had little to do formally with politics.

In 1937, the British finally put into effect a new Constitution for India—the product of many years of debate and agitation, dating back to the Simon Commission. India was to be granted its long-awaited self-rule in stages, beginning with the transfer of most powers to the popularly elected provincial governments. The Congress was divided in its reception of the Constitution. One faction regarded it as, among other things, a means of realizing the goals of Gandhi's Constructive Programme, and urged coöperation; the other faction, one of whose leaders was Jawaharlal Nehru, regarded is as "a charter of slavery" (Nehru's phrase), and urged non-coöperation. (Nehru, who had first met Gandhi in 1916, was an aristocrat of modern Western outlook, while Gandhi, in some respects, pictured himself as a peasant of medieval outlook. They became very close but continued to espouse opposing political principles.) In part because the Congress didn't want to leave the field open to the Muslim League, and in part because it was seduced by the prospect of power, those who urged cooperation eventually prevailed, and the Congress participated in provincial elections held under the Constitution in 1937.

GANDHI *was drawn back into politics* by the spectacle of Indians' being forced to fight in the Second World War as subjects of the British Empire. Though he had tried to follow the political events in Europe leading to the war, he seems never to have quite grasped the phenomena of Nazism and Fascism or to have seen the war, when it came, as much more than a clash of imperialistic interests. Some of the leaders in the Congress, asserting that Indians should fight only as free people in defense of their homeland—which, as part of the British Empire, was then threatened by the possibility of a Japanese invasion—and only in support of the cause of freedom, instead of as subjugated people, now urged Gandhi to lead a mass civil-disobedience campaign for independence. But Gandhi, although he was opposed to war in any form, did not want to stab the British in the back. He therefore came up with a strategy that at once satisfied the Congress and avoided undermining the British war effort: a succession of individual acts of civil disobedience in place of mass civil disobedience. In line with this strategy, he designated one satyagrahi at a time to court arrest by breaking the law—for instance, by spreading anti-war propaganda. His first choice was Vinoba Bhave, a brahmachari resident of his ashrams, whom he considered the most saintly of his followers and therefore the purest of sacrifices. Bhave was arrested in October, 1940, tried, and sentenced to three months in jail. Gandhi's second choice was Nehru, who was also arrested, tried and sentenced—to four years in jail—and so it went, over a period of about a year, until there were some twenty-three thousand Congress workers in jail. Gandhi himself stayed out of jail to manage the campaign.

Late in 1941, a few days before the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, Winston Churchill, faced with the prospect of an imminent Japanese invasion of India and pressured by anti-colonial sentiment not only in the Labour Party but also in the United States, released all the important Congress prison-

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



You're about to have your usual after-the-match drink. But you're in the mood for something different. So you have Campari & Tonic instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Tonic makes a satisfying thirst-quencher any afternoon or evening. And it's the perfect light drink before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a refreshing change from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.

ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
Schweppes
Schweppes
TONIC WATER

Campari & Tonic...Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with **Schweppes Tonic Water.** Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime, if desired.

CAMPARI & TONIC.

IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY.
48 PROOF BITTER LIQUEUR.

CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

At $3,699, either this Fury is priced too low, or most of the competition is priced too high.

That base sticker price above, of course, excludes taxes, destination charges and $71 for white sidewall tires and deluxe wheel covers. Even though, put it side-by-side against most of the cars in the mid-size field and you'll find this beautiful Fury comes with a very beautiful price advantage. And that's not the only place Fury beats the competition.

FURY: ROOMIEST 2-DOOR IN ITS CLASS.

Fury is a foot shorter than most full-size cars. But, in a comparison of head, shoulder, hip and leg room, Plymouth Fury offers more total space for six passengers than any other car in its class.

GOOD GAS MILEAGE. EVEN WITH AN AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION.

23 mpg. hwy **16** mpg. city
E.P.A. estimates

In recent E.P.A. tests, a 6-cylinder* Fury, even with automatic transmission, got an estimated 23 mpg on the highway and 16 in the city. Of course, your mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car, and its optional equipment.

*6-cylinder model as priced and tested not available in California

AND HERE'S THE CLINCHER.

Chrysler Corporation has a warranty so strong, all you'll have to take care of in your new Fury is normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. Our warranty takes care of everything else. Here's what it says: For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage.

Why don't you come out ahead of the competition, too? Get into a Fury today. At your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.

Plymouth Fury

The more you get to know it, the more beautiful it gets.

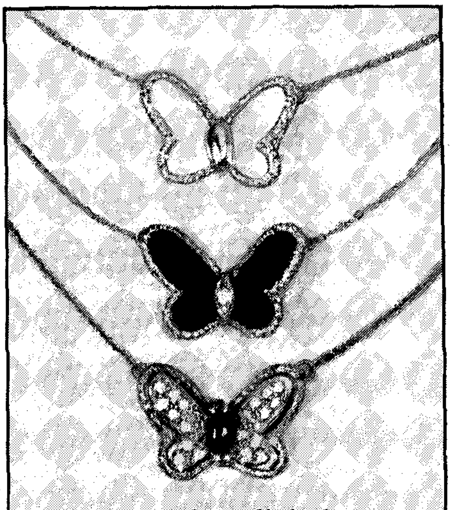
ers. Then, in March, 1942, he sent Sir Stafford Cripps—a left-wing Labour Member of Parliament, a nephew of Beatrice Webb, and, as it happened, a vegetarian—to India to make another attempt to work out a Constitutional arrangement acceptable to Gandhi and the Congress. Cripps proposed immediate Indian participation in the government (including matters of defense), but under the Viceroy's direction, and full self-government after the war—even the right to secede from the Commonwealth—but with the proviso that any Indian province, princely state, or religious minority could, if it chose, negotiate a separate relationship with Britain. Though Congress took the offer very seriously, Gandhi saw in it not the promise of a free, united India but the threat of several separate Indias. In any event, negotiations eventually broke down over the nature of Indian participation in the government and in the war effort. The British blamed Gandhi for the breakdown. At the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London that November, Churchill made his famous quip "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire." As B. R. Nanda, in his "Mahatma Gandhi"—the biography perhaps most familiar to Indian readers—suggests, each British proposal for reform and self-government "tended to become out-of-date by the time it was actually granted." He explains, "The Reforms of 1919 might well have appeased political India in 1909; the Reforms of 1935 would have evoked enthusiasm in 1919; and an equivalent of the Cripps offer in 1940 could [in 1935] have opened a new chapter in Indo-British relations, halted the process of estrangement between the Congress and the Government and between Hindus and Muslims."

In August, 1942, Gandhi at last felt impelled to launch the mass civil-disobedience campaign, demanding that the British "quit India," which he had been trying to avoid for the past two years. He told Congress workers to consider themselves thenceforth free of British rule. The government promptly arrested all the Congress leaders. Gandhi and his closest followers were imprisoned in the abandoned palace of the Aga Khan in the vicinity of Poona—quarters improvised as a jail expressly for them. Outside the jail, Gandhi's mass civil-disobedience campaign quickly degenerated into mass violence, this time abetted by Marxist revolutionaries in the left wing of the Congress.

Lord Linlithgow, who was now the Viceroy, said that Gandhi was responsible for the violence. Gandhi, shocked by the accusation, wrote a stream of letters to him from jail, maintaining that it was the government's precipitate arrest of him and other Congress leaders which had excited popular passions and provoked the violence. But Lord Linlithgow, in his replies, persisted in blaming Gandhi. And so in February, 1943, when Gandhi was seventy-three years old, he undertook a twenty-one-day fast as an appeal to God to help him settle what he called his "misunderstanding" with Lord Linlithgow. Lord Linlithgow, for his part, allowed Gandhi to be attended by teams of doctors but continued to refuse to admit that he himself had been in any way responsible for the violence. He condemned Gandhi's fast as political blackmail, as a form of personal violence, and as a denial of Gandhi's own pronouncements over twenty-five years that fasts should be used only for self-purification and for disinterested ends. Gandhi survived the fast, but his health was seriously impaired. In subsequent months, he came down with a succession of diseases—malaria, amoebic dysentery, hookworm, and acute anemia. All across the country, there was considerable agitation for his release, and it intensified after Kasturbai died, in prison, on February 22, 1944. On May 6, 1944, Gandhi was finally released. By then, he had spent some five and a half years in British jails in India, much of that time as a result of his three major civil-disobedience movements—the non-coöperation movement of 1920-22, the salt movement of 1930-32, and the individual and mass satyagraha movement of 1940-42. He was never to go to jail again.

CONSTRUCTIVE WORKER

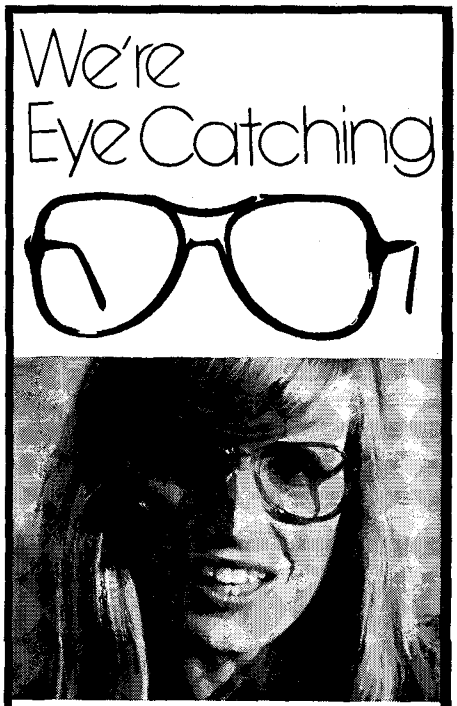
BETWEEN 1924 and 1940, Gandhi had devoted himself mostly to the social, economic, and spiritual regeneration of the country, which he came to believe would be achieved not by Constitutional concessions and reforms, political debates and resolutions, but by the efforts of the people themselves. As the years passed, he put more and more emphasis on what he had originally conceived of as "spiritual socialism"—the positive counterpart of non-coöperation and civil disobedience—and eventually called the Constructive Programme. The authorities, the Congress members, and the intellectuals all dismissed the Constructive Programme as anemic, visionary, a sort of diversion from the main political struggle, but for Gandhi the Construc-



The original is still the best.
Butterflies in 18 kt. gold, $125;
with diamond center, $150.
Gemstone wings and diamond
center, $225. Diamond wings with
cabochon ruby or emerald center,
$590. Each with 18 kt. gold chain.
Designs © Prices subject to change.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS®
"Boutique"

NEW YORK 746 FIFTH AVENUE 10019
TEL (212) 644-9500
BEVERLY HILLS 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE 90210
TEL (213) 276-1161
WHITE PLAINS at BERGDORF GOODMAN
TEL (914) 428-1660
PALM BEACH • PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES
DEAUVILLE • GENEVA • TOKYO



With Brown, Blue or Honey frames, tinted lenses and soft leather case, $50. ppd.
Prescription lenses extra.

LUGENE
opticians

New York: 38 East 57th, and Madison at 80th
Palm Beach: Worth Ave. Atlanta: Phipps Plaza
Houston: The Galleria Dallas: North Park

Rogers Peet

Countess Mara . . .

designs the classic knit sport shirt in an elegant satin stitch of 100% polyester. Ideal for active sportswear or casual relaxation. Machine wash & dry. Available in navy, white, lt. blue, tan or red. S-M-L-XL. 16⁵⁰

Mail & Phone orders invited.
Call 212-682-8170
Please add $1.00 handling charge.

479 FIFTH AVENUE • 600 FIFTH AVENUE
258 BROADWAY • RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS, N.J

Golf Boy...

$100.00 Retail **6" high**

SCULPTURE BY MALCOLM MORAN

Lost wax bronze sculptures. Each piece truly unique. "Golf Boy" is mounted on a beautiful mineral slab.

This and other Malcolm Moran sculptures available from

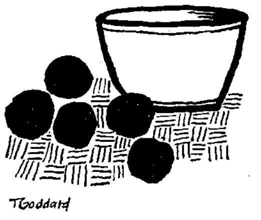
Chas. Schwartz & Son. Since 1888
1313 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004
Also at The Mayflower Hotel

©MALCOLM MORAN STUDIOS®

tive Programme was really another form of satyagraha, which could bring about a nonviolent agrarian revolution—in fact, was the only road to economic development for a poor country like India. The Constructive Programme was intended to ameliorate conditions in the bleak, disease-ridden villages in which most Indians lived—to revitalize the old relationships between the cultivator and the soil, the herdsman and his animals, the craftsman and his craft. Gandhi simply wanted to give Indians the opportunity to live in modest circumstances with a certain amount of dignity and decency—to make it possible for hundreds of millions who were going naked or in rags, were hungry or undernourished, and could find little or no work, to be clothed, fed, and provided with useful occupations. He called on all Indians to breed cattle, so that there would be milk for nourishment, dung for fertilizer and fuel, and bullocks for pulling the plows and drawing water from the wells; to take up some form of handicraft, so that no one would be a burden on society; to rediscover man's original relationship to nature, because divorce from nature, he believed, was the source of all ills; to educate themselves in the rudiments of sanitation and hygiene, so that they could halt the spread of filth and disease; to engage in such activities as forestry and beekeeping, pottery and papermaking, so that no one would be without food, utensils, or books; to promote basic education through work-and-study schools, so that children would grow up knowing how to read and write and do manual labor; to raise cotton and to spin and weave it, so that there would be no shortage of khadi; to participate in village assemblies and thereby learn to solve local problems; to form economic coöperatives, so that no one would profit unfairly from another's labor; to extend equal rights to the tribal peoples oppressed for centuries as untouchables; to accord lepers the respect due them as human beings and to work for the eradication of leprosy; to abolish hereditary bars to learning, so that knowledge would not be the preserve of the Brahmans; to work for the total prohibition of alcohol, which was the curse of the poor, and especially of the untouchables; to abolish purdah and grant equal rights to women; to overcome religious hatred, so that Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, and members of all other faiths could live together in harmony; and to learn Hindi, so that there would be a common language for the whole country. In these ways, Gandhi believed, each village could overcome its social and economic divisions, of which untouchability was the most extreme example; discover a new sense of identity and a new interdependence; and, in the end, make the whole of India into an association of religious village republics working harmoniously together.

A few illustrations will serve to show how Gandhi tried to put the Constructive Programme into practice.

ONE of the main causes of religious antipathy between Hindus and Muslims was as old as the Persian invasion of India in the eleventh century, which first brought the two religions into real contact: Hindus had always worshipped the cow as a symbol of motherhood, and abstained from eating beef for fear of spiritual pollution; Muslims slaughtered cows, and beef was a staple of their diet. But other causes of antipathy between the two communities had their beginnings under the British rule. In 1909, ostensibly to protect the rights of Muslims, who were outnumbered five to one by Hindus, the British instituted a separate Muslim electorate, and then, in 1922, they reinforced the separation by reserving special places for Muslims in the Indian Civil Service. "Since the economic backwardness of India made government employment one of the major, if not the major industry of the country," Fischer writes, "the reservation of official jobs for Mohammedans remained a festering sore as long as British rule lasted." Gandhi, the evangelist of universal brotherhood, who often romanticized India's past, imagined that Hindus and Muslims had lived together like brothers until the advent of the British, and, left to themselves, would do so again. In fact, he himself had succeeded in bringing them together when he joined the non-coöperation movement to that of the Khilafat, but this alliance soon fell apart. Nanda writes:



> A number of Hindu leaders . . . felt that the Muslim masses had received a dangerous awakening through the coalescence of the Khilafat and non-coöperation movements, and that it was necessary for Hindus to adopt measures of self-defense against Muslim communalism, which was the more dangerous because it appeared to them to have the backing of the British Government. Many Muslim politicians who had been in the forefront of the Khilafat movement

had also second thoughts and felt that they had too readily joined hands with the Congress, in fighting for a new order in which the position of the Muslim community was not likely to be too secure.

When Gandhi came out of jail in 1924, he discovered that non-coöperation was being directed not against the government but against other Indians, and, what was worse, that it had unleashed unusually violent and widespread Hindu-Muslim riots. Extremists in the two communities were gaining the upper hand everywhere. Gandhi blamed himself, for he felt he had helped to awaken the masses politically by his campaigns for the non-coöperation movement and the Khilafat. "Have I not been instrumental in bringing into being the vast energy of the people?" he wrote after one such riot. "I must find the remedy, if the energy proved self-destructive. . . . Have I erred, have I been impatient, have I compromised with evil? . . . If real non-violence and truth had been practiced by the people, the gory duelling that is now going on would have been impossible." In order to stem the influence of Hindu and Muslim extremists and regain his power over the people, he undertook a twenty-one-day fast at the home of a Muslim friend in Delhi, entrusting himself to the care of Muslim doctors. He understood that his fasts had a great emotional effect, because the news of his suffering and possible death quickly travelled far and wide, and people who were unable to read or to understand complex issues readily grasped the symbolic importance of his fasting. By now, Gandhi had worked out a regime for surviving a long fast—drinking a lot of water, sometimes with salt in it, having enemas twice a day to remove toxins from his body, and remaining in bed.

Impelled to action by the possibility of Gandhi's death, Hindu and Muslim leaders met in Delhi, papered over their differences, and affirmed the right to freedom of conscience and religion. Gandhi broke his fast to his followers' singing of "Lead, Kindly Light" and to their reading from Hindu and Muslim scriptures.

EVER since writing his "Indian Home Rule," Gandhi had romantically imagined that Indians had been spinning and weaving their own cloth for centuries before the British came to India, and that British textile mills had deprived the native clothmakers of work and turned them into half-naked consumers. (In reality, the spinning wheel and loom had been unknown in many parts of India, and long before the British came many

If our sixteenth hole doesn't get you, our six-course dinner will.

At the sixteenth hole of The Homestead's spectacular Cascades course, the scenery is so beautiful you're to be pardoned if you take your eye off the ball. And it's just one of The Homestead's 72 magnificent holes of championship golf.

We have tennis, swimming, fishing and horseback riding, too. It all seems marvelously calculated to whet your appetite for our terrific buffets and meals, all served with Virginian hospitality and style. In fact, to put it simply, you can enjoy your vacation at The Homestead getting hungry, and getting un-hungry, too. Ask your travel agent about our golf and tennis plans. Or call toll-free 800-336-5709. In Virginia call 800-542-5734.

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Three 18-hole championship golf courses, swimming pools and mineral spa, horseback and walking trails, surrey and buckboard driving, 15 tennis courts, children's playground, trout fishing, skeet and trap. The Homestead is easy to reach via U.S. Route 220 or Piedmont Airlines to the Hot Springs Airport.

lieve that our primary duty is to get you where you're going—on time if at all possible. We don't believe in cancelled flights, and last year we avoided them 99.2% of the time.

Here are 5 good reasons Eastern rarely has to cancel your flight.

First, Eastern's regular maintenance centers keep our fleet of 222 jets in such superb condition that mechanical problems are few and far between. Still, if an engine hums even a little off key, we ground the

Third, if it's likely that repairs will take too long, we try to find a spare plane available at the same airport.

Fourth, if it's certain that a plane won't be ready on time, we can call in a replacement from two, three or four hundred miles away. Eastern keeps an average of five planes on standby at terminals from Miami to New York to cover these situations. Not all airlines do this.

Fifth, if we can't bring in another plane soon enough, we'll book you

you where you're going? Because where you're going is what you paid for. And since Eastern is the first and only airline with a profit-sharing plan for more than 30,000 employees, now each of us has a personal stake in your goodwill and repeated patronage.

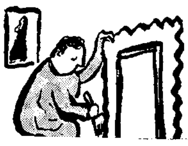
We know there are a lot of airlines out there you could fly besides Eastern.

So if we want you to fly Eastern all the time, we have to earn our wings every day.

EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

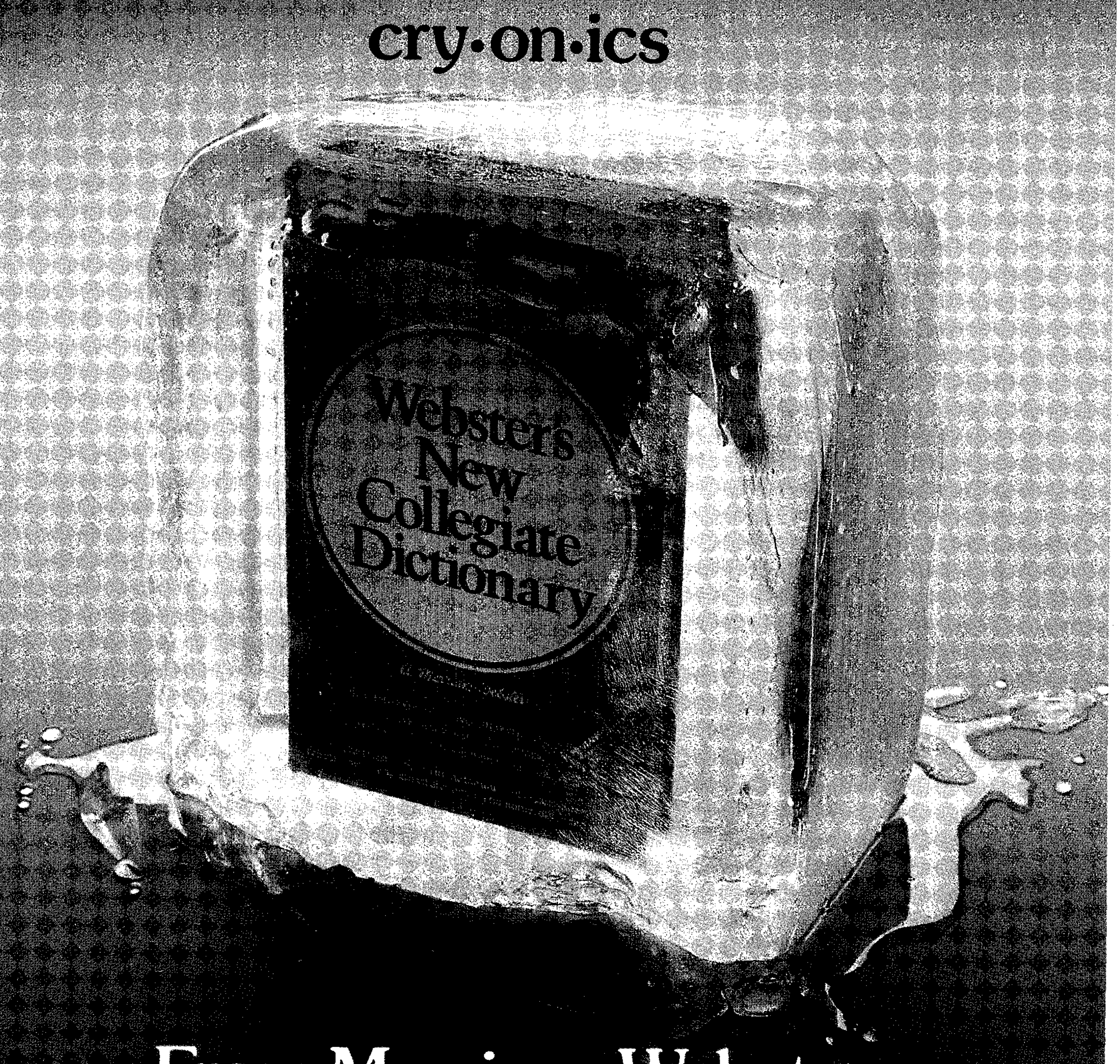
"THE WINGS OF MAN" IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.

Indians went half-naked.) He condemned the British for carrying much of India's cotton off to Lancashire mills and making it into cloth, which they then brought back to India and sold at prices that few could afford. He believed that industrialism, by divorcing man from handicrafts and manual "bread" labor—from nature itself—had robbed him of his identity and made him prey to exploitation and enslavement. He argued that man could regain his heritage and freedom only by rediscovering the value of "bread" labor, and particularly of the spinning wheel and the hand loom. At the time Gandhi started wearing dhotis, they were rarely made of khadi,



length about "the khadi franchise," "yarn currency," and "the thread of destiny." He told them that their enslavement was the result of their weakness, not of British might. He told them that they could become strong by taking pride in a simple, frugal, chaste life, by praying, by eating unspiced food, by wearing simple clothes, and by treating Muslims, untouchables, women, and other oppressed minorities as equals. He succeeded in making "spinning wheel" a byword for economic independence and nonviolent revolution, and "Lancashire mills" a byword for economic imperialism and oppression.

Despite his protestations,



From Merriam-Webster, America's best-selling dictionary. It's where the words live.

Merriam-Webster's newest desk-top dictionary doesn't just define words. It brings words alive. So anyone can feel the bitter emptiness of "rip-off." And get the full impact of "chopper." And at last understand the deathly chill of "cryonics."

How does Webster's New Collegiate accomplish such a feat? With over 3,000 quotations from poets, comics, critics and presidents. With over 24,000 phrases showing you how a word is used in context. And with scores of illustrations, charts and tables.

Altogether, over 150,000 words spring vividly to life. Including 22,000 new ones like "bummer" and "dashiki" as well as the grand old Melvillian polysyllables.

Everything in it is designed to make words easier to use than ever before. Which may explain why it has already become the best-selling dictionary ever. Buy one for your family, or as a gift. Just $9.95. Wherever books are sold. Merriam-Webster Dictionaries. Springfield, MA 01101.

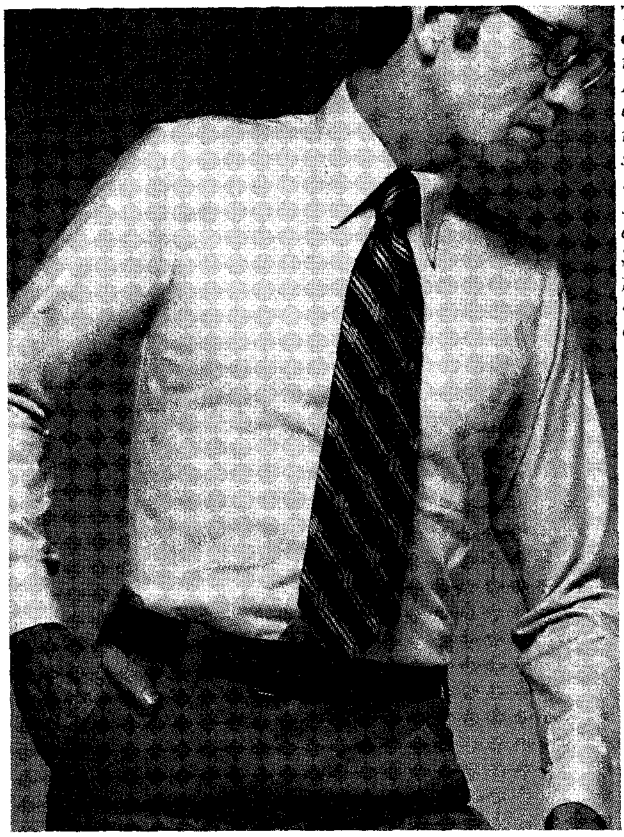
G.&C. MERRIAM 1976

applaud favored treatment for them. All three groups condemned his fast, which they felt would play into the hands of orthodox Hindus who wanted to perpetuate the old religious and social disabilities of the untouchables. Gandhi, however, saw in the Constitutional provision a further British attempt to stoke minority discontent in order to keep India subjugated. First the Muslims had been given a separate electorate, and now the untouchables. Who would be next? He felt, moreover, that religious and social disabilities could not be legislated out of existence but could only be set aside by a change of heart. "I believe that if untouchability is really rooted out, it will not only purge Hinduism of a terrible blot but its repercussions will be worldwide," he said in a press interview a few hours after beginning his fast. "My fight against untouchability is a fight against the impure in humanity. . . . The very best in the human family will come to my assistance if I have embarked on this thing with a heart . . . free of impurity, free of all malice, and all anger. . . . You will, therefore, see that my fast is based first of all in the cause of faith in the Hindu community, faith in human nature itself, and faith even in the official world. . . . My cry will rise to the throne of the Almighty God."

News of Gandhi's fast spread quickly, and everywhere people prayed for his life and observed a day's fast in sympathy. The fast so dramatized the plight of the untouchables that all across the country Hindus opened temple doors to them and allowed them to walk on public roads reserved for caste Hindus, and, in some cases, even touched them and broke bread with them. The government opened the gates of the jail, so that Gandhi and his followers, the untouchables' leaders, and orthodox Hindus could settle the issue among themselves. Several days of intense negotiation followed, with Gandhi lying on an iron cot under a mango tree in the jail yard, his health failing rapidly. The negotiators reached the so-called Poona Agreement, or Yeravda Pact, which gave untouchables the right to elect more representatives to the provincial legislatures than were allowed for in the British proposal but also gave caste Hindus a role in selecting the representatives. The British government agreed to the change, and on the seventh day of the fast Gandhi broke it by drinking a glass of orange juice.

The fast, however, failed to bring about any lasting change in the lot of the untouchables, whom Gandhi had started calling Harijans, or "children

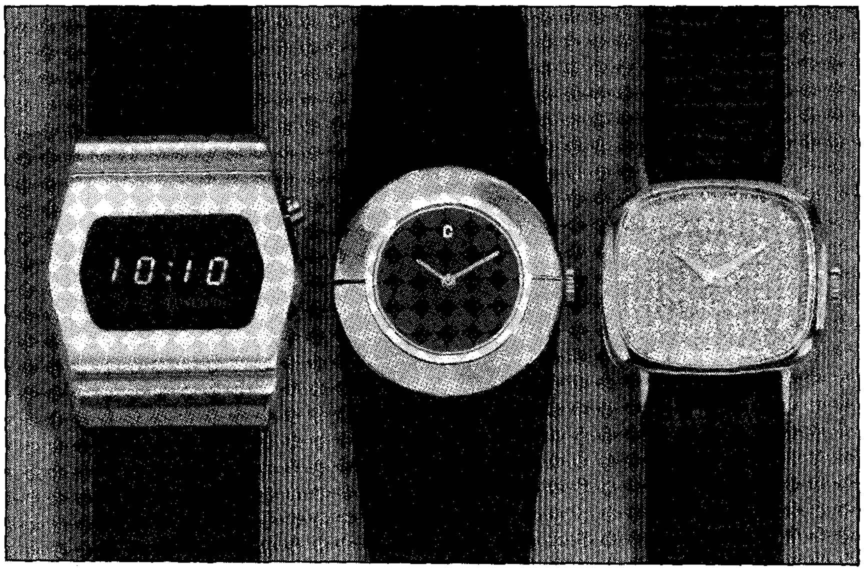
Paul Stuart



There are few shirtings cooler *or lighter than this fine cotton batiste. And on a hot summer's day, none quite as refreshing. In the driest shades of sand, soft blue, pink, peach, suntan or white. Button cuffs, 14½-32 to 17-35. $22.50. Please add $1.50 for delivery. New York State residents please add applicable tax.*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

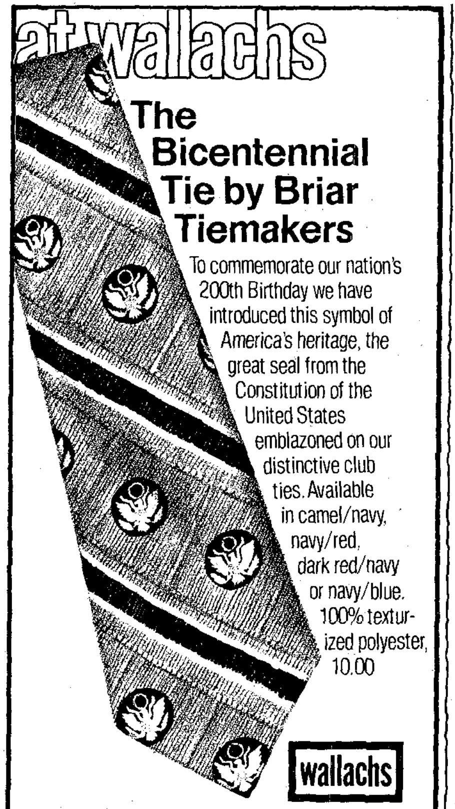
IN NEIMAN-MARCUS STYLE...
Time for Father



A stainless steel Concord computer watch 255.00; a stainless steel, 14-kt gold-filled dress watch 390.00; a fabulous 18-kt yellow gold watch with a diamond dial 1990.00. Father's Day is June 20. Any one of these would make clear to him that your time is his time. He'd like that! Precious Jewels Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas; Houston; Ft. Worth; Bal Harbour; Atlanta; St. Louis and Northbrook, Illinois


at wallachs

The Bicentennial Tie by Briar Tiemakers

To commemorate our nation's 200th Birthday we have introduced this symbol of America's heritage, the great seal from the Constitution of the United States emblazoned on our distinctive club ties. Available in camel/navy, navy/red, dark red/navy or navy/blue. 100% texturized polyester, 10.00

wallachs

For your convenience there are 24 stores in N.Y., N.J., Conn., Mass. and R.I.

Phone Shopping Service: (212) 361-7500 (Mon.-Fri.).
Mail orders to 32-36 47th Ave., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.
N.Y.C. deliveries add 8% sales tax. Other areas add sales tax rate at place of delivery. Outside of Met. N.Y. add 1.00.
Sorry no C.O.D.'s.

Use your Wallachs Credit Card, American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard.

“Like Champagne!”
“The Architect Was A Genius!”
“The Most Elegant Project North of Lauderdale!”
“Breathtaking!”

The most talked about new building in the South offers the most talked about new lifestyle between Cape Cod and Key West. For sales and rental information, call (803) 449-7497 or write Maisons-sur-Mer, Box NY, Star Route 2, Shore Drive, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577.

Maisons-sur-Mer

This offering is not available to residents of any state, such as New York State, where prohibited by law.

of God,” and in 1934 he attributed a calamitous earthquake in Bihar to the persistent Hindu oppression of them. Even some of his admirers, like Nehru, and the poet Rabindranath Tagore, reproached him for linking cosmic and human events and so fostering superstition, but he continued to make the point for days as he walked from village to village consoling and nursing the earthquake victims.

IN 1930, when Gandhi was serving an earlier sentence in Yeravda Central Jail (he jocularly called it “Yeravda Temple”), he started sending a weekly letter to his disciples in the Sabarmati Ashram. The letters, which were read at the evening prayer meeting in place of the short discourses he usually gave, all illustrate his preoccupation with the monastic dedication required of ashram residents and Constructive Workers alike—to truth, to nonviolence, to celibacy, to poverty, to scripture reading, to control of the palate, to humility, to devotion, to sacrifice, to honesty, to fearlessness.

He vowed to seek after the Truth. For Gandhi, Truth was God, as distinguished from “God is Truth.” He believed that the existence of Truth/God could not be proved, only experienced. “There is an indefinable mysterious power which pervades everything,” he writes. “I feel it, though I do not see it.” Truth/God was not a personal being but an eternal principle, and each person had an inborn sense of it. Truth/God could not be perceived through the senses, which deceived us, but only through the soul, which was the divine in us.

He vowed to practice nonviolence. For Gandhi, the way to holiness and to yoga, or union with God, lay not in withdrawal from the world (jnana-yoga, or philosophical contemplation) but in immersion in the world (karma-yoga, or action)—the way celebrated by the Bhagavad Gita. All action of necessity involved the search for Truth/God. Each person would find a different Truth/God, but if he searched honestly and took care not to violate or injure another person's Truth/God, then he would be right, whatever he believed and however he acted. By thus making the means and the end virtually identical, Gandhi tried to get around the dilemma of means and ends which especially bedevils religious men in politics.

He vowed to dedicate his life to celibacy. For Gandhi, selfless service was the holiest action, and chastity, in body, speech, and mind, was the best armor for such action. Since marriage ordinarily meant, in Gandhi's words, “we two first and the devil take the rest,” a husband and wife were to relegate sex to the function of procreation only, and were otherwise to live, like brother and sister, for the ideal of service.

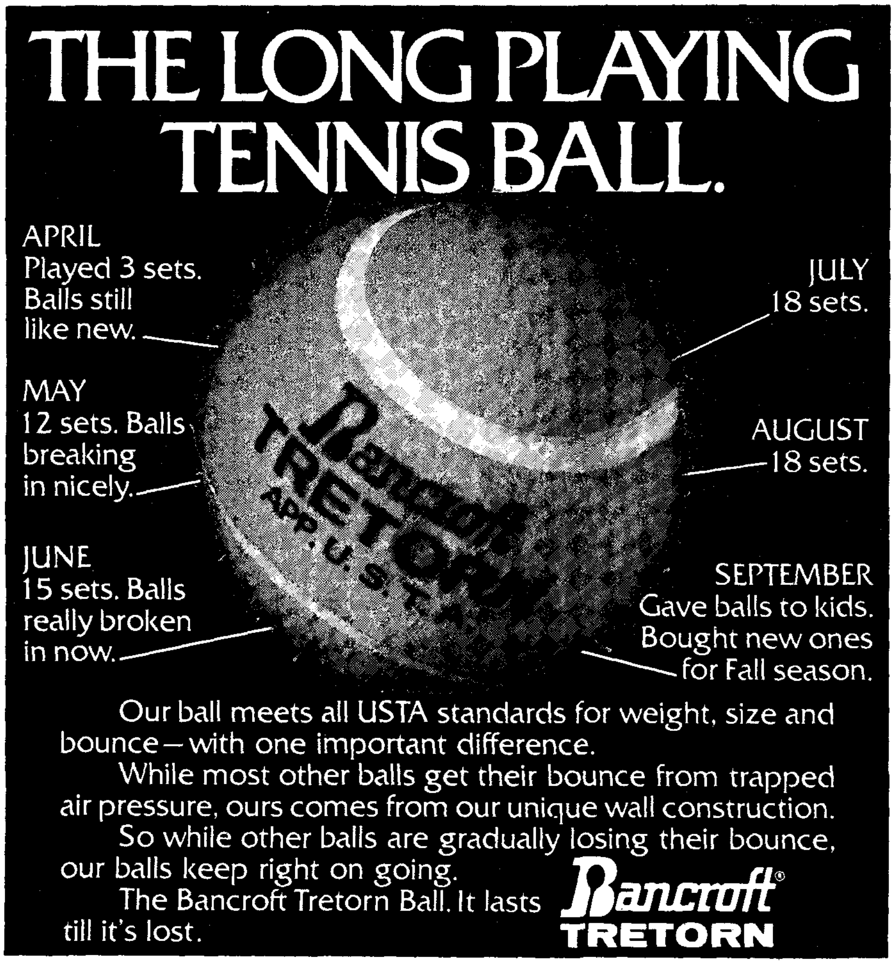
He vowed to own nothing. For Gandhi, possessions had no value—and, in fact, were encumbrances to service. He believed that in life everyone should travel light—that, for example, a person saving for the future of his children was living in fear when he should be trusting his welfare and his family's to Truth/God.

And so on. In a sense, Gandhi had been experimenting with and perfecting these principles of the Constructive Programme for most of his adult life.

Although by his mid-thirties Gandhi was committed to an ascetic life, he was unlike many ascetics in that he continued to discharge his family responsibilities. As time went on, however, he came to see these responsibilities simply as part of a larger responsibility, to his farms in South Africa and to his ashrams in India—to all his followers, wherever they were—and he found it more difficult to be a husband to his wife and a father to his sons than to be a surrogate husband and father to his larger family. Exasperating as he found it, no matter how hard he tried to wean Kasturbai away from possessions and money, she continued for much of her life to yearn for them, and no matter how many geography lessons he gave her, she continued to think until the end of her life that Calcutta was a province whose capital was Lahore. Fischer, who spent a week with Gandhi and Kasturbai in 1942, two years before she died, writes, “Kasturbai, with sunken face, straight mouth, and square jaw, seemed to listen attentively, but I did not hear or see her say a single word to her husband during the entire week, nor him to her.”

Gandhi urged his sons to live lives of godliness and poverty, accepting the moral principles that he himself had arrived at only after formal study, considerable self-indulgence, and the pursuit of worldly ambition, and had systematized in the Constructive Programme. At one time or another, all four sons tried to live up to their father's expectations of them, but each, in his own way, failed, and in Gandhi's attitude toward their failure there was, by his own testimony, an element of guilt for sexual excesses in his childhood marriage. When his eldest son, Harilal, disappointed him, he would say, "I was a slave of my passions when Harilal was conceived," or "I led a carnal and luxurious life during Harilal's childhood." Gandhi's sons, for their part, resented being made the victims of their father's theories—by, for example, not being given a formal education, which would have provided them with their own way of earning a living.

Harilal had received some formal education in India; when the rest of the family joined Gandhi in South Africa in 1905, Harilal was left behind in order that he might go on with his schooling, as the ward of a Muslim lawyer, Haridas Vakatchand Vora. Harilal fell in love with the lawyer's daughter, Gulab, and secretly married her. When Gandhi learned of the marriage, he all but disowned his son. Harilal, being eager to rehabilitate himself in his father's eyes, later accepted a challenge from Gandhi to go to South Africa and join in his struggle. Harilal arrived in Johannesburg, with his wife, in 1907, threw himself into the fight against the "Black Act," and was jailed several times. He also lived on Tolstoy Farm. But he longed for a university education and legal training in England. He frequently quarrelled with his father for denying him the necessary money, and said that without a legal education his father himself would never have been able to do what he had done. But Gandhi insisted that what was important in life was moral education, not a slavish academic education. The upshot was that in 1911 Harilal left a letter for his father saying he was breaking all ties, and disappeared. He lived for a couple of months under an assumed name in Portuguese East Africa. Later, returning to Ahmedabad, he continued his schooling for a time, dabbling in Sanskrit and French. He lived there quietly, with his wife and four children, not attracting much notice or taking any part in politics. Then, in 1918, Gulab died in the influenza epidemic. Harilal never quite recovered from her death. He became notorious for doing nearly everything his father disapproved of. He became a meat eater, an alcoholic, a gambler, a philanderer. He was converted to Islam, and he began using his father's name for shady business dealings even as he reviled his father and his father's way of life. He embezzled thirty thousand rupees from a Madrasi merchant; he played at being a successful Calcutta businessman, accumulating large debts; on one occasion, in 1925, he bilked a Muslim businessman out of an investment. The Muslim


THE LONG PLAYING TENNIS BALL.

APRIL
Played 3 sets.
Balls still
like new.

MAY
12 sets. Balls
breaking
in nicely.

JUNE
15 sets. Balls
really broken
in now.

JULY
18 sets.

AUGUST
18 sets.

SEPTEMBER
Gave balls to kids.
Bought new ones
for Fall season.

Our ball meets all USTA standards for weight, size and bounce—with one important difference.

While most other balls get their bounce from trapped air pressure, ours comes from our unique wall construction.

So while other balls are gradually losing their bounce, our balls keep right on going.

The Bancroft Tretorn Ball. It lasts till it's lost.

Bancroft®
TRETORN
Bancroft
TRETORN
APP. U.S.T.A.

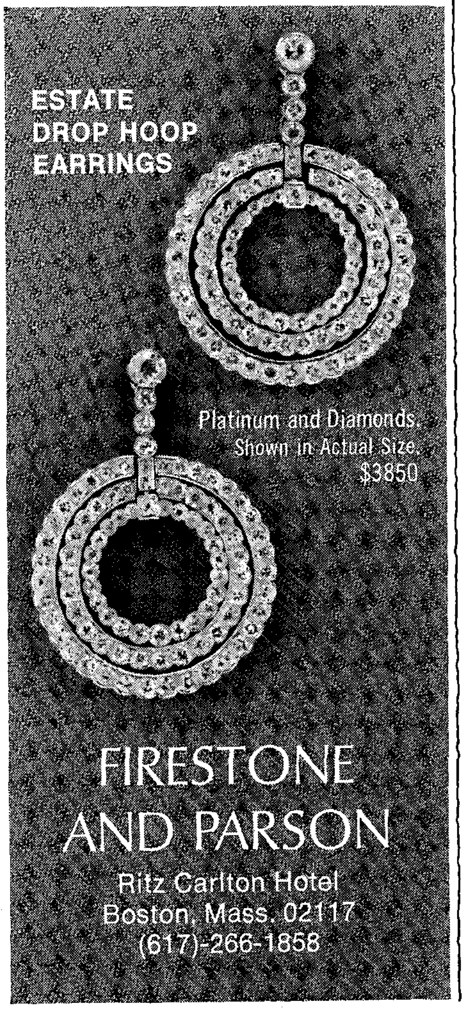
It's bad news when you have to open your suitcase and rummage through tee shirts to find your sunglasses. I have enough to think about without that. So I picked up two men's bags: One with a wrist handle, the other for over the shoulder. Now I have things back in hand. With wrist handle, $22. For over the shoulder, 37.50. Both in natural canvas with leather edging. Small Leather Goods. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Whatever I need,
it's in the bag.
The man's bag.
And it's from
Saks Fifth Avenue

The store.
The clothes.
The San Francisco experience.

helga howie

Helga Howie
140 Maiden Lane,
San Francisco
956-5450



businessman did not prosecute, because of his regard for Gandhi, but, instead, wrote a letter to Gandhi appealing for the money. Gandhi responded not by repaying the man but by publishing the letter in *Young India*, along with his reply, which warned people against being swayed by big names in their transactions, and noted that "men may be good, not necessarily their children." Harilal gave himself over completely to a dissolute life and was rarely seen sober. He quarrelled with his brothers, calling them charlatans for trying to emulate their father. He wrote long, accusatory letters to his father and threatened to send them to newspapers for publication, but generally he contented himself with circulating them among his father's friends. For years, the family did not know where or how he lived. He was seen in various parts of India, in rags—gaunt, sick, and penniless. In his later years, he mostly divided his time between Calcutta, where he had old friends; Delhi, where Devadas settled; and Bombay, where his eldest son, Kantilal, lived.

Kasturbai generally took her son's side, and suffered much despair on account of the quarrels between father and son. She dictated a letter to Harilal in 1936 when she heard he had been arrested yet again for drunken, disorderly conduct. (She had already been exposed to many newspaper accounts of his debauches.) "You know that he [Gandhi] attaches the greatest importance to purity of conduct," she wrote. "For sheer shame, I am unable to move about among my friends or strangers. . . . Every morning I rise with a shudder to think what fresh news of disgrace the newspapers will bring. . . . You are my eldest son and nearly fifty years old. I am even afraid of approaching you, lest you humiliate me." When Kasturbai was dying, Harilal was brought to her bedside in the Aga Khan Palace jail, but he arrived drunk. She beat her forehead in despair. She died the next day. Harilal also appeared at his father's funeral, in 1948, but he arrived late, long after the cremation, and looked so much like a derelict that only a few people recognized him, and then belatedly. Several months later, he died, of tuberculosis, in a sanatorium.

IN 1944, Gandhi established in the village of Uruli, near Poona, a small nature-cure clinic, thereby institutionalizing his system of spiritual medicine and putting into practice another element of the Constructive Programme. In 1901, by following the nature cures of Kühne and Just—a regimen of hip baths, mud poultices, and long walks—he had been able to cure himself of the headaches, constipation, and physical lassitude from which he had long suffered. A few years later, Kasturbai had started hemorrhaging from a serious gynecological disorder. (We don't know what it was.) She had been operated on in a hospital and was so weak that the attending doctor refused to accept responsibility for her life unless he was allowed to give her at least meat broth. Gandhi promptly dismissed the doctor, removed her from the hospital, and nursed her back to health with hydropathy and other Kühne and Just remedies, one of which was to deny her salt and lentils, the principal items of her diet. Thereafter, Gandhi came to believe, with Kühne and Just, that man's disharmony with nature was the cause of all his physical and mental illnesses; that God had provided in earth, water, and air the means of tending the body; that the best way of keeping fit was to avoid everything artificial, to eat no meat or other rich foods, and to discipline oneself against lethargic ways. He believed that thanks to his practice of the nature cure he had a strong constitution and would live to be a hundred and twenty-five years old—the traditional life span of a Hindu sage.

GANDHI carried his concept of nonviolence so far that after the Nazis came to power in Germany he wanted the Jews, whom he called the "untouchables of Christianity," to resist Hitler nonviolently. In 1938, he wrote in *Harijan:*

> If there ever could be a justifiable war in the name of and for humanity, war against Germany to prevent the wanton persecution of a whole race would be completely justified. But I do not believe in any war. . . . If I were a Jew and were born in Germany and earned my livelihood there, I would claim Germany as my home even as the tallest gentile German might, and challenge him to shoot me or cast me in the dungeon. . . . For to the God-fearing, death has no terror. . . . The Jews of Germany can offer satyagraha under infinitely better auspices than the Indians of South Africa. The Jews are a compact, homogeneous community in Germany. They are far more gifted than the Indians of South Africa. And they have organized world opinion behind them. I am convinced that if someone with courage and vision can arise among them to lead them in non-violent action, the winter of their despair can in the twinkling of an eye be turned into the summer of hope. And what has today become a degrading manhunt can be turned into a calm and determined stand

offered by unarmed men and women possessing the strength of suffering given to them by Jehovah. . . . The German Jews will score a lasting victory over the German gentiles in the sense that they will have converted the latter to an appreciation of human dignity.

Gandhi thus urged a program of mass civil disobedience on the Jews, even if it led to mass martyrdom, for he was confident that if they went to their deaths voluntarily, their martyrdom would have such an effect on public opinion that in the end the Jews would triumph over Hitler. He could not have foreseen that a modern, mechanized state would be able to dispatch six million people in secret, but after he learned of their fate, he continued to insist that if the Jews had followed his counsel of total nonviolence, and gone to their deaths voluntarily, they would have scored a moral victory even though their fate would have been no different. He maintained that moral courage in the long run would always triumph over tyrants like Hitler, who would come and go, and who could win only small, tactical battles, not the big moral battles, which were the only ones that counted.

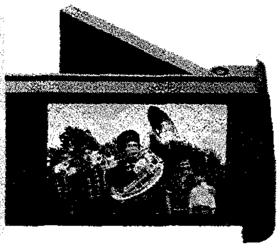
MARTYR

THE Second World War and the anti-imperialist forces it brought to the fore made Indian independence all but inevitable. Yet it began to look increasingly as though the independent India for which Gandhi and his Hindu and Muslim followers had been striving for some twenty-five years would be not the secular, united country of their dreams, in which religious toleration would reign, but a country partitioned by religious strife into two warring parts—the predominantly Hindu India and the predominantly Muslim Pakistan. This ominous prospect (eventually the reality) haunted Gandhi's last years and reduced him to despair about his entire life's work. He put the primary blame for that outcome on Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who became the founder of Pakistan.

Jinnah, who came to be known among his followers as Qaid-e-Azam, or Great Leader, was born in 1876 into a merchant family in Karachi, on the Arabian Sea. He married in his teens, studied at the Inns of Court, was called to the bar, lost his mother while he was in England, spent ten years in India building up a flourishing legal practice, and then entered politics as a staunch nationalist—a Congress follower of Gokhale. Here any parallels between Gandhi's life and Jinnah's

What you don't see makes your movies easier to see.

Kodak Moviedeck projector Model 455


Simulated projection.

There are plenty of things you won't see when you look at a Kodak Moviedeck projector. But they're all there. Things like automatic threading, rapid reel-to-reel rewind, permanently attached take-up reel, elevation control and the capability to show both super 8 and 8 mm movies.

You might even miss the special pull-out viewing screen on Models 455, 465 and 475. It gives you the option of looking at your movies without setting up a big screen or turning off the room lights.

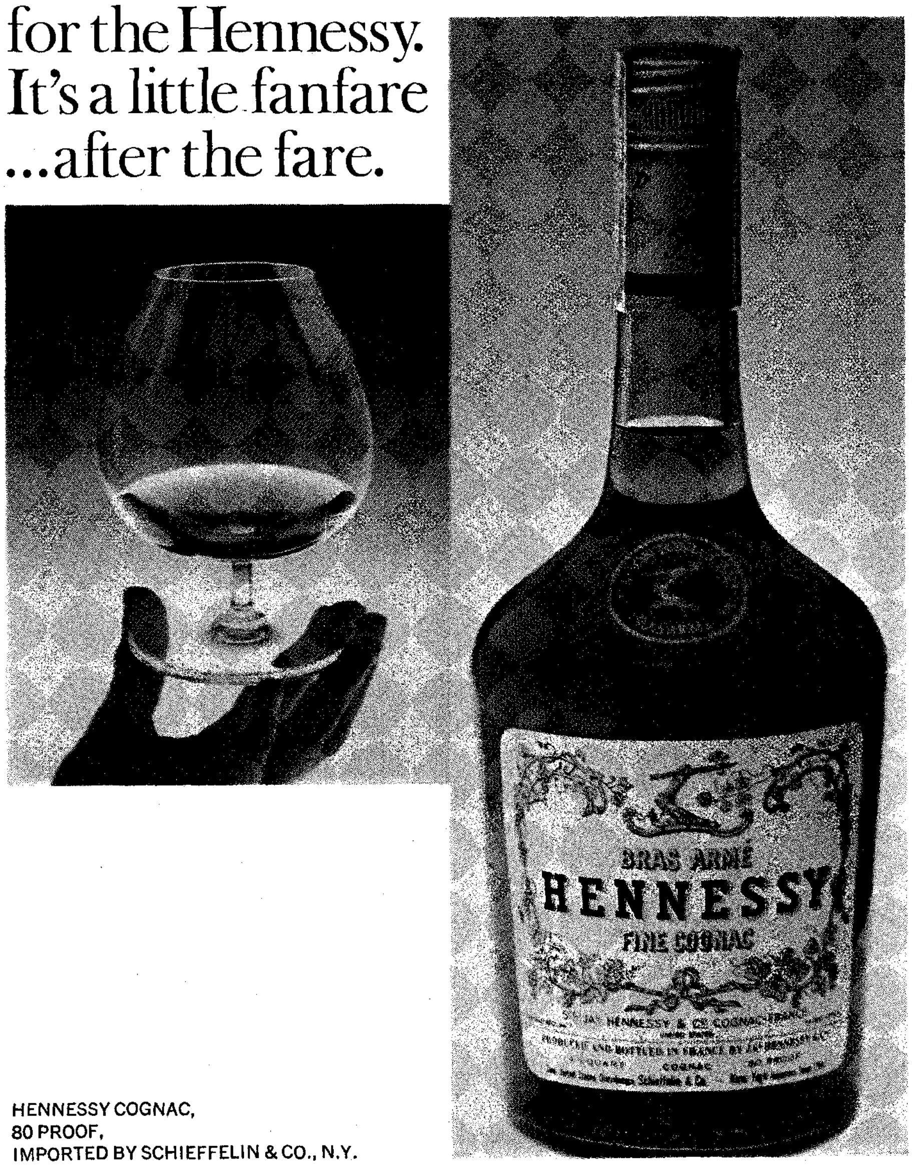
What you will see, however, is a movie projector that's well-designed, dependable and beautifully easy to use. Which should make the Kodak Moviedeck projector and your movies look good—any way you look at it.

Model 455 (shown), less than $220. Other models, from less than $120. At your photo dealer's.

Kodak Moviedeck® projectors

Prices are subject to change without notice.

Hennessy after... is a soothing way to conclude a dinner. You can capture its magic in a snifter glass. Call for the world's most civilized spirit. Call for the Hennessy. It's a little fanfare ...after the fare.



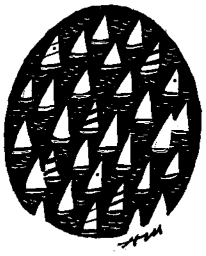
HENNESSY COGNAC,
80 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

cease. By temperament, Jinnah was haughty, punctilious, and worldly—a city dweller who often dressed like an English gentleman and modelled himself on the political élite of Britain. Jinnah left the Congress in 1920, just when—and, in fact, because—Gandhi was rising to power in it and transforming it into a mass movement. He disdained Gandhi's religious attitude toward politics, his civil-disobedience campaigns, his fasts and marches, because of their appeal to the masses. He himself had little in common with the orthodox of his religion: he seldom went to the mosque; he never learned to read the Koran in the original Arabic; he married out of his religion (his child bride had died while he was studying law in England, and his second wife was a Parsi heiress); and he drank, smoked, and ate pork—all taboo to Muslims. He nevertheless became the spokesman for politically ambitious middle-class city Muslims, who came to regard Gandhi's pleas for Hindu-Muslim toleration as a means of perpetuating Hindu domination. (Jinnah's idea of a Muslim nation was, of course, abhorrent to Gandhi, but it also seemed visionary and impractical, since the Muslims in India were outnumbered five to one by the Hindus and were dispersed all over the country; Gandhi's idea of Hindu-Muslim toleration seemed visionary and impractical to Jinnah, especially since Gandhi sometimes referred to independent India as the Hindu Ram Rajya, or Ram's Kingdom.) Jinnah went on to become the moving force behind the Muslim League, which in 1940 voted for the partition of India. The arrest of Gandhi and the Congress leaders in 1942 left Jinnah and the Muslim League free to consolidate their position in the country.

By 1944, Jinnah had acquired such a large following among Muslims and, with his demand that the British secure a separate homeland for Muslims before leaving India, had become such a powerful obstacle to independence that Gandhi was impelled to go to him and plead with him to moderate his demand. Gandhi met with him several times in Bombay, where Jinnah had a palatial seaside home, and proposed a number of compromises, among them the right of Muslims to take a separate vote after independence on the part they wanted to play in India. But Jinnah was adamant in his demand for Pakistan, and the talks broke down.

Gandhi had had many previous adversaries in his life, but none of them had ever aroused his passion or made him despair as Jinnah did. Up to then, in everything Gandhi had said, done, or written there had been a current of optimism, which flowed out of his unshakable faith that Providence guided human destiny. That optimism had begun to diminish. He stopped talking about living to be a hundred and twenty-five, and started calling himself such things as a "spent bullet." He was losing his will to live.

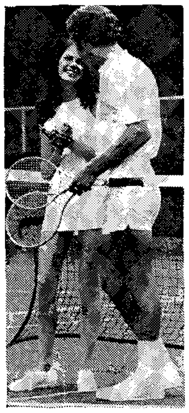
In 1945, Clement Attlee's Labour Party was elected to office and expressed its willingness to transfer power to India as soon as the Indians agreed among themselves what form their independence would take. Hindu and Muslim chauvinists in many cities resorted to violence, making it the more urgent to resolve the problem of whether there should be one nation or two. At the same time, the violence posed for Gandhi the question of whether he had been right in ever thinking that Hindus and Muslims could live like brothers, that his people could master his principles of satyagraha and ahimsa, that he understood the role of violence in human nature.



In March, 1946, Attlee sent a Cabinet Mission to India to determine how best to transfer power. The Mission listened to all the politicians, and then recommended a three-tiered governmental structure: a weak central union to deal with foreign affairs, defense, and communications; semi-autonomous regional groups of provinces and states—one group predominantly Hindu, one predominantly Muslim, and one more or less balanced between the two religions—to deal with other matters of common concern; and individual provinces and states within the groups to deal with all local matters. Gandhi felt that any regional division along religious lines was "sinful" and a first step toward Jinnah's Pakistan, yet after several days of studying the scheme and searching his heart he declared, "It is the best document the British government could have produced in the circumstances." The Constitutional scheme was necessarily vague—on, for instance, whether or not the semi-autonomous regional groups were "optional"—but precisely because of its vagueness it was at first acceptable to both the Congress and the Muslim League. It foundered on the basic question it was intended to resolve: how to reconcile the differences between the advocates of one nation and the advocates of two. Many members of the Congress began saying that the regional groups were optional, and Nehru said that they would never come into being; Jinnah, taking his cue from the Congress and Nehru, rejected the whole notion of central union.

In August, 1946, Jinnah initiated what he called a direct-action program for the creation of Pakistan, and, however unwittingly, touched off a long religious civil war. Hindus and Sikhs, on the one hand, and Muslims, on the other, began striking out at each other from Calcutta to Lahore—burning and looting bazaars, torturing and murdering their neighbors, and turning whole communities into refugees. One of the worst outbreaks of violence occurred in the predominantly Muslim district of Noakhali, in Bengal; previously, the violence had been restricted to cities, but here it spread to the villages. Gandhi did personal penance for the violence, trudging barefoot through the mud and swamps of Noakhali and preaching a message of total nonviolence, which was marred, as always, by inconsistencies; for example, although he believed that suicide was immoral, he counselled women to take their lives rather than sacrifice their virtue by being raped.

In London and New Delhi, the Congress, the Muslim League, and Labour Party leaders continued to debate the ramifications and modifications of the Constitutional scheme. The British felt they could not coerce any section of the country into accepting it. The Muslim League, citing the religious violence as evidence of a natural enmity between Hindus and Muslims, refused to compromise in any way on the demand for Pakistan. As for the Congress, alarmed by the growing violence in the country, it finally, in January, 1947, acceded to the demand, thereby implicitly accepting Jinnah's premise that Hindus and Muslims could not live together, and rejecting Gandhi's premise that they could. Gandhi felt betrayed and confused: on the one hand, he blamed Jinnah for inflaming religious passions, although he had to concede that the passions must have been present in the first place to be inflamed; on the other, he blamed the Congress for acting precipitately and out of fear, since if it had remained adamant against partition the British would sooner or later have had no choice but to transfer power to it as the majority party. Instinct told him to or-



HILTON HEAD ISLAND.

The Vacation.

Subtropical Hilton Head Island, for the perfect vacation... with 189 holes of golf, 97 tennis courts, miles of sugar-white beach, bike and equestrian trails, deep sea charters, sailing and children's programs, and a wealth of fine shops, restaurants and accommodations.

Send me your brochure on The Vacation.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ________ State ________ Zip ____

Hilton Head Island
Chamber of Commerce
Box 5647-11
Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928

Bird Lover's Bow Tie

IMPORTERS LONDON EST. 1847

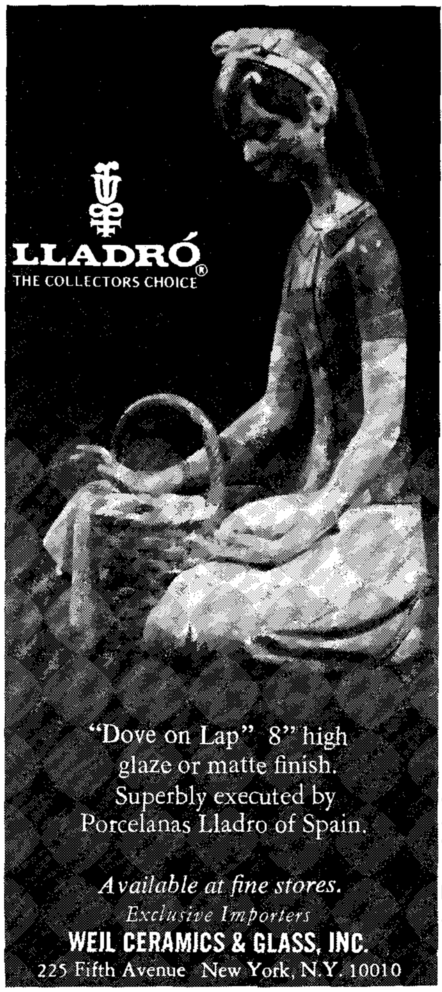
Set off your own male plumage with our luxurious handmade clip-on bow of pheasant feathers from the finest game farms. 5½ x 4 inches. Send **$12.50 ppd.** for the tie that will make you cock of the walk.

BankAmericard, Master Charge and telephone orders accepted. Phone: (617) 542-9234.

London Harness Company

60 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. 02110

Branches: Braintree, Burlington, Chestnut Hill, Falmouth, Harvard Square, Peabody, Wellesley, Mass.



LLADRÓ®
THE COLLECTORS CHOICE

"Dove on Lap" 8" high
glaze or matte finish.
Superbly executed by
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain.

Available at fine stores.
Exclusive Importers
WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010

We only have one hotel... and it's in the right place...

A stone's throw away from everything on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard just a whisper off Rodeo Drive. In Beverly Hills, today the heart of Los Angeles.

Beverly Wilshire Hotel
Beverly Hills/Los Angeles
(213) 275-4282

9500 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Ca 90212
Toll Free Reservations: 800-223-6800 or 800-323-7500

ganize a civil-disobedience campaign in protest against partition, but he did nothing—because, he writes, his reason told him that the British were acting in good faith and a civil-disobedience campaign against them would be unfair. He seems to have lost his old confidence in the right course of action and in his ability to understand and lead the people. The opportunity for civil disobedience was soon lost in the onrush of events.

In February, Attlee stated in the House of Commons, in effect, that Britain was ready to transfer power to India, united or not. In March, Lord Louis Mountbatten, a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, arrived in New Delhi as Viceroy to supervise the transfer of power. In June, the new Viceroy announced a procedure for legislators and their leaders to vote for or against a partition whereby two areas of the country—West Punjab (along with Sind, the North-West Frontier Province, and Baluchistan) and East Bengal, where there were sizable majorities of Muslims—would become Pakistan, even though they were separated by about a thousand miles. After intensive negotiations, both the Congress and the Muslim League voted for partition. J. B. Kripalani, president of the Congress and an eminent Gandhian, addressing his Congress colleagues after they had accepted partition, observed, "Some members have accused us that we have taken this decision out of fear. I must admit the truth of this charge. . . . The fear is that if we go on . . . retaliating and heaping indignities on each other, we shall progressively reduce ourselves to a state of cannibalism. . . . I have been with Gandhiji for the last thirty years. . . . Why then am I not with him [now]? It is because I feel that he has as yet found no way of tackling the problem [of Hindu-Muslim violence] on a mass basis."

On August 15th, India celebrated its independence, and Pakistan its birth. Gandhi took no part in the independence celebration. He felt that his thirty-two years of work for independence had come to "an inglorious end." In October, he observed his seventy-eighth birthday, saying to well-wishers, "Where do congratulations come in? Would it not be more appropriate to send condolences? . . . Time was, whatever I said, the masses followed. Today, mine is a lone voice."

In the months after independence, the religious war continued with redoubled violence as Hindus and Sikhs fled for their lives from Pakistan and Muslims from India. "The battlefield was everywhere, in village, town, road, temple and mosque," writes the Canadian political scientist Michael Brecher. "In sheer numbers it [the cross-migration] was the greatest in history, probably about twelve million, equally divided between Hindus and Sikhs fleeing from West Punjab and Muslims from [East Punjab]. Before the year was out half a million people died, or were murdered." A similar battlefield was opened up in Pakistani East Bengal and Indian West Bengal. The violence was becoming a war of extermination.

Gandhi twice fasted "unto death" for a restoration of religious toleration in independent India. The first fast, in Calcutta, at the moment of independence, has been called his last great achievement, because he served, in Mountbatten's words, as a "one-man boundary force" to stop the Hindu and Muslim communities in Calcutta from repeating the massacres of the previous year. He broke each of his fasts only after receiving pledges from Hindu, Muslim, and Sikh leaders that they would try to make their people live with each other amicably. The pledges had a miraculous short-term effect, but in the end they did not stem the growing violence. Moreover, Gandhi became disillusioned with the Congress government, which, he felt, was like that of the British: monolithic, élitist, out of touch with the masses, and pursuing policies abhorrent to him—Westernizing, industrializing, and modernizing India, and so continuing the process, started under the British raj, of dividing the city from the village, the urban middle class from the rural poor, the government from the religious life of the people. Gandhi's two principal lieutenants—Nehru, a latter-day Fabian Socialist, who was now the first Prime Minister of India, and Patel, a Bismarckian conservative, who was now the Deputy Prime Minister—were always at loggerheads over whether to take a "soft line" or a "hard line" on a problem, such as how to treat the forty million Muslims still living in India. Gandhi would somehow manage to settle their differences on one matter, only to see the two men fall out over another. He came to realize that the Congress rank and file were as corrupt and greedy in power as they had been idealistic and self-sacrificing out of power. Gandhi could probably have become head of the government and ruled the country through his Constructive Workers, but that was not his way. He had spent his public life opposing the government in power, and now he continued to oppose the government in power, appealing directly to the people, and organizing his disciples and followers to be the "conscience" of the government by striving to attain the social and economic goals of the Constructive Programme.

Gandhi's allegorical interpretation of the Bhagavad Gita—that man was a battlefield for good and evil—was fundamental to his view of politics. It made him spend most of his life battling the government in power with an extremist's zeal, since to coöperate with evil in any form was to compromise one's goodness. But it also made him think that one's opponents and enemies—the Jinnahs, and even the Hitlers—could be reconciled and won over, and, indeed, redeemed, by appeals to their good impulses through the goodness of one's own impulses and sacrifices. He once wrote, "You must never despair of human nature."

THE date was January 30, 1948; the place, a room in a house in New Delhi owned by Gandhi's longtime benefactor Ghanshyam Das Birla; the time, four-thirty in the afternoon. Gandhi sat on the floor eating his customary evening meal and talking with Patel in an attempt to settle yet another of Patel's differences with Nehru. Abha Gandhi, the young wife of a grandnephew of Gandhi's, interrupted the talk by pointing to a large pocket watch pinned to Gandhi's dhoti. Gandhi rose, visited the bathroom, and then went out of the house, supporting himself on the shoulders of Abha and another young woman relative, Manu Gandhi. They walked briskly to a nearby terrace, where a congregation of about five hundred had assembled for Gandhi's evening prayer meeting. People rushed forward into his path to get his darshana and to touch his feet. Gandhi removed his hands from the women's shoulders and greeted the people by bringing his hands together in the traditional Hindu manner. When he was a few yards away from the wooden platform where he was to sit, a thickset man with close-cropped hair and heavy-lidded eyes, wearing a blue sweater and a khaki bush jacket, pushed forward in front of him as if to make obeisance. Instead, he fired three shots from a small pistol. Gandhi fell to the ground and died within minutes. In the ensuing shock, tumult, and hubbub, Gandhi's disciples managed to carry his body into Birla House. They laid him on the floor of the room where he had spent his last few days.

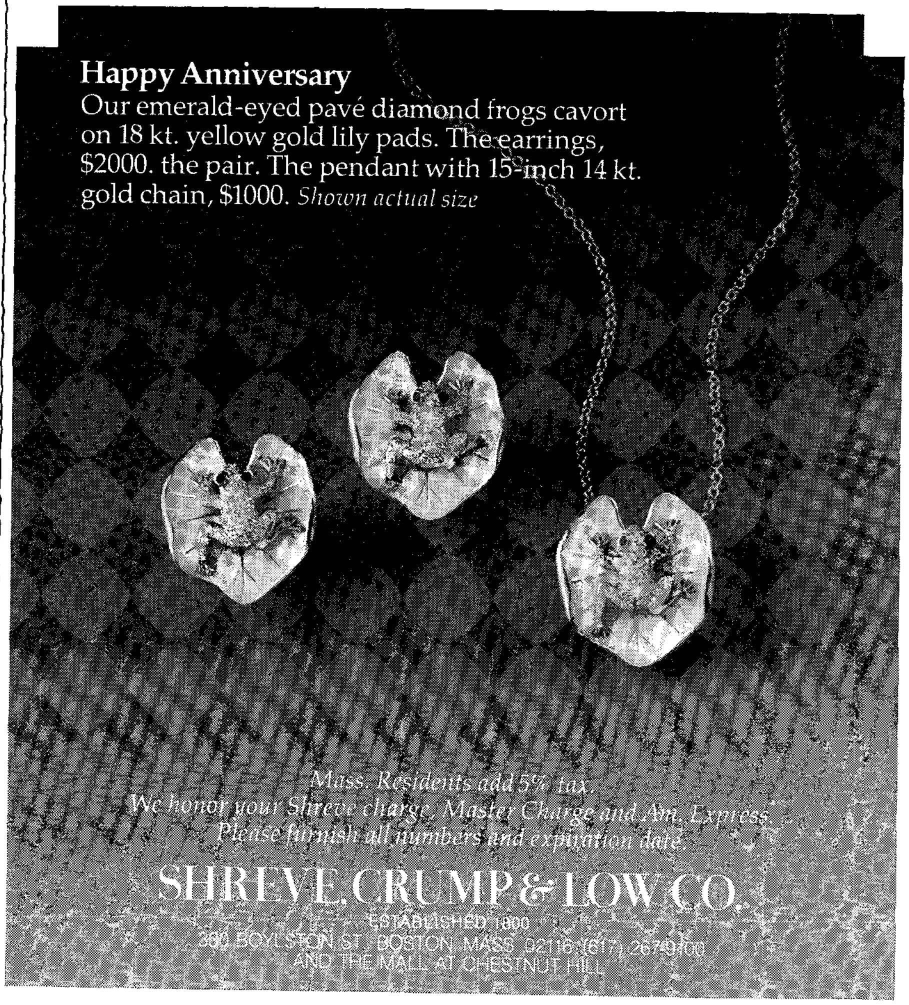
Nehru, in a choked voice, announced

Divide and conquer

Albert Nipon has a way with
the shirtwaist that sets it apart.
Part I: The shirt-styled top
that's fit to be tied.
Part II: The side-wrapped skirt
with bias dropped waist.
Both in 100% Italian cotton check
with floral motif.
Beige/ brown check, taupe floral.
Or red/ black check, blue floral.
Sizes 2 to 14.
$146

Albert Nipon®

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, New York/JOSEPH MAGNIN, Los Angeles/MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago/FILENE'S, Boston/ HUTZLER BROS., Baltimore/La VOGUE, Richmond/and at fine stores everywhere.

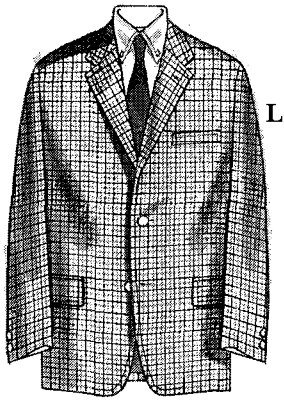


Happy Anniversary
Our emerald-eyed pavé diamond frogs cavort on 18 kt. yellow gold lily pads. The earrings, $2000. the pair. The pendant with 15-inch 14 kt. gold chain, $1000. *Shown actual size*

Mass. Residents add 5% tax.
We honor your Shreve charge, Master Charge and Am. Express.
Please furnish all numbers and expiration date.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
AND THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Lightweight Tattersall Travel Sportcoat $95

Traditionally favoured by men who prefer classic good taste and uncompromising comfort . . . our handsome Tattersall Check Sportcoat in a cool, lightweight, wrinkle-resistant blend of Dacron and cotton. Always right for warm weather, travel or business, impeccably tailored on our 3-button, soft Natural Shoulder model with flap pockets, center vent and conservative lapels. Subtle checkings of blue and brown on white ground. Sizes: 36-50 Reg; 36-44 Short; 39-50 Long; 42-50 X-Long. *Size 50, add 10%.

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Item Sptct.(35109) Size ______ Qty. ______
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ______ Exp. ______
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Res. Add Sales Tax
☐ Please send catalogue 010517
Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______

caribbean checkers the delightfully different strategy game, about $13, at these and other distinguished stores: Brentano's, Caneel Bay Plantation, Little Dix Bay, Outdoor Traders
or write
un-com'mon games
1279 Smith Ridge, New Canaan, Ct. 06840

Tonight
. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.
♦ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
♦ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.
HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-1 a.m.)

on All-India Radio, "The light has gone out of our lives and there is darkness everywhere and I do not quite know what to tell you and how to say it. Our beloved leader, Bapu, as we call him, the father of our nation, is no more. . . . The light that has illumined this country for these many years will illumine this country for many more years, and a thousand years later that light will still be seen . . . and it will give solace to innumerable hearts."

The frantic crowd outside Birla House demanded Gandhi's darshana, so his body was taken to the roof and placed under a searchlight. Over the weeping and wailing of the crowd could be heard the chanting of the Bhagavad Gita. Gandhi's body was returned to his room later in the evening, and mourners inside and outside Birla House kept vigil all night long.

Early the next morning, Gandhi's followers bathed and draped his body and put a garland of khadi fragments and a string of beads around his neck, and then carried him back to the roof for another public darshana. At eleven o'clock, the body was placed on a bier and draped with the saffron-green-and-white flag of independent India. The bier, attended by Gandhi's sons Devadas and Ramdas (Manilal was in South Africa) and by Nehru, Patel, and other leaders and disciples, was placed on a gun carriage. Accompanied by units of the cavalry and other troops, it was drawn through the streets of New Delhi by two hundred men from the Army, Navy, and Air Force. (All the arrangements for the funeral had been entrusted to the Ministry of Defense.) Millions of people joined the cortege or watched its progress from vantage points in trees or on rooftops or monuments, intoning sacred Sanskrit chants and calling out "*Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!*"—"All hail the Great Soul Gandhi!" Armored cars were strategically dotted along the route to prevent violence; planes flew overhead, tipping their wings in salute and scattering rose petals.

It took nearly five hours for the cortege to reach the cremation site, on the west bank of the sacred River Jumna, five and a half miles from Birla House. There, Gandhi's body was laid on a low, flat sandalwood funeral pyre. At four-forty-five in the afternoon, as Brahmans chanted Vedic mantras, Ramdas put a torch to the pyre.

On February 12th, after thirteen days of national mourning, Gandhi's ashes, which had been brought by special train to Allahabad, were, in accordance with Hindu rites, ceremoniously committed to the confluence of the sacred rivers Jumna and Ganges.

GANDHI'S assassin, a thirty-seven-year-old Brahman bachelor named Nathuram Vinayak Godse, was captured at the prayer meeting by some bystanders. Gandhi's disciples saved him from being lynched by the angry crowd. Godse was from Poona and had been brought up in the surrounding Maharashtran region of Gokhale and Tilak—a region that was traditionally known for its fiery Hindu chauvinism. He belonged to the Hindu Mahasabha, a right-wing orthodox Hindu party, which was the Hindu counterpart of the Muslim League. He never finished high school, yet he thought of himself as something of an intellectual and ideologue. He was the founder, editor, and publisher of the Marathi *Agrani* and the English *Hindu Rashtra*, two extremist tabloids crusading for Hindu rule. Godse also fancied himself a student of Hindu scriptures, and particularly of the Bhagavad Gita, but his interpretation was literal and fundamentalist—quite the opposite of Gandhi's. For Godse, the Bhagavad Gita was a historical document, describing a real battle at Kurukshetra, at which the god Krishna actually counselled Arjuna that it was his moral duty to fight and kill his blood cousins—in contrast to Gandhi's belief that the battlefield of Kurukshetra was the soul, in which the forces of good and evil were constantly at war. Godse went on to conclude that it was *his* moral duty to kill Gandhi. He believed that Gandhi and his work for religious toleration and nonviolence had already made the Hindus lose the battle for Hindu India and cede Pakistan to the Muslims, and that if Gandhi and his ideas were not checked they would bring about the destruction of Hindu India altogether, since, even in the face of widespread massacres of Hindus and Sikhs in Pakistan, Gandhi persisted in preaching nonviolence. In Godse's opinion, the only answer to violent aggression was violent self-defense.

Police investigation showed that Godse had not acted alone but had conspired with a number of other extremist Hindus. On May 27, 1948, in the case of Rex v. Nathuram Vinayak Godse & Others, Godse, his principal co-conspirator, Narayan Apte (the manager of *Hindu Rashtra*), and seven more conspirators were brought to trial at the Red Fort, in Delhi. The case was heard in an upper room of a barracks put up by the British during the Victorian period on the grounds of the old Moghul palace within the fort.

At one point in the trial, which lasted nine months, Godse said, "I sat brooding intensely on the atrocities perpetrated on Hinduism and its dark and deadly future if left to face Islam outside and Gandhi inside, and . . . I decided all of a sudden to take the extreme step against Gandhi." In a lengthy statement in defense of his crime, he insisted he had no personal hatred of Gandhi as a man; that, in fact, he revered him and had bowed to him in obeisance before firing his pistol. He said that, like Gandhi, he instinctively venerated everything about Hindu religion, Hindu history, and Hindu culture, yet, again like Gandhi, rejected many of the superstitious elements of Hinduism, such as the caste system and its curse of untouchability. He said that Gandhi, however, had betrayed his Hindu religion and culture by supporting Muslims at the expense of Hindus, and so had become an unwitting instrument of British imperialism and its policy of "divide and rule." He went on to say:

> I firmly believed that the teachings of absolute ahimsa as advocated by Gandhiji would ultimately result in the emasculation of the Hindu Community and thus make the community incapable of resisting the aggression or inroads of other communities, especially the Muslims. . . . To imagine that the bulk of mankind is or can ever become capable of scrupulous adherence to these lofty principles in its normal life from day to day is a mere dream. . . . In the Mahabharata, Arjuna had to fight and slay quite a number of his friends and relations, including the revered Bhishma, because the latter was on the side of the aggressor. It is my firm belief that . . . [to call] Rama, Krishna, and Arjuna guilty of violence is to betray a total ignorance of the springs of human action. . . . Each of the heroes in his time resisted aggression on our country, protected the people against the atrocities and outrages by alien fanatics, and won back the motherland from the invader.

Nathuram Godse and Narayan Apte were found guilty as charged, and, although Gandhi's disciples and followers urged that the assassins' lives be spared, Godse and Apte were hanged, on November 15, 1949, in East Punjab—in the courtyard of a jail in Ambala, near Kurukshetra.

—VED MEHTA

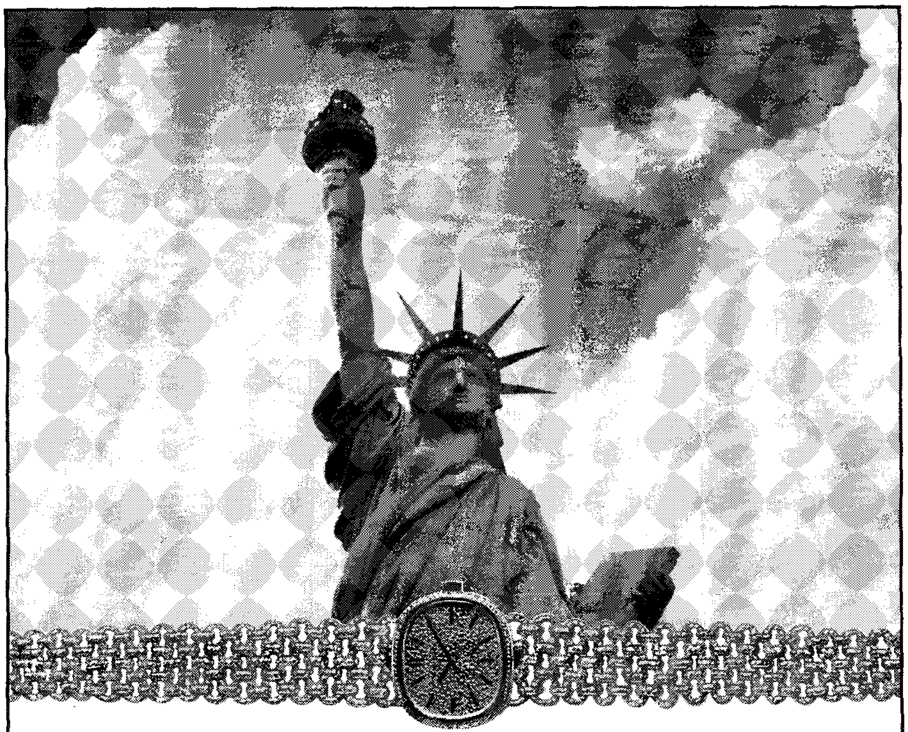
(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

•

CLEAR THINKING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Kansas City (Mo.) Times*]

Traffic officials say parking problems could exist if more than 14,218 private cars enter the complex area, where only 14,218 parking spaces are available.



1851

35 years before the Statue of Liberty was unveiled,
Tiffany introduced Patek Philippe to America.

PATEK PHILIPPE

For a collection brochure, write: Suite 629C, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

social butterflies . . .

31 inch bias cut skirt in polyester/cotton. Hand silk-screened Lilly butterfly print in orange and yellow. Yellow 100% cotton four button placket shirt.

Shirt W1067 Sizes S-M-L	$19.00
Skirt W3040 Sizes 4-16	$40.00

Send check, money order, Master Chg. to Lilly Pulitzer, Inc. Dept. Mo-Ny, 2901 N.W. 34th St., Miami, Fla. 33142. Add $1.50 postage & handling. Florida residents add 4% sales tax.

Lilly Pulitzer

PALM BEACH • BOCA RATON • NAPLES • STUART • LA JOLLA • PALM DESERT • ST LOUIS • BLOOMFIELD HILLS • BRYN MAWR • MEMPHIS • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • EDGARTOWN • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PAWLEY S IS. • PETOSKEY • PHOENIX • ST. ARMAND'S KEY • SOUTH HAMPTON • WATCH HILL • LAKE FOREST • HOUSTON
SAVANNAH

THE THEATRE

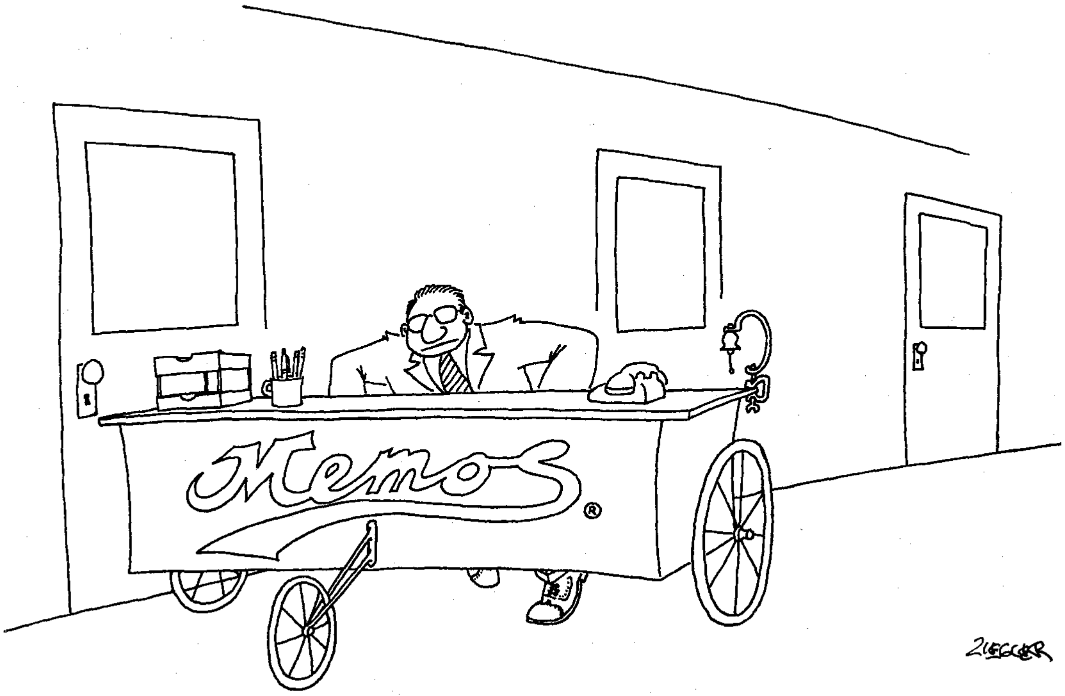
JUGGERNAUT

NO doubt a volume as stout as "War and Peace" could be written about the lamentable misadventures of "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," a musical with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and music by Leonard Bernstein. After many months of well-publicized anguish on the road, it opened last week at the Mark Hellinger to adverse reviews, gave seven performances, and expired. A question often asked about instant Broadway failures on so grand a scale—"1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" is said to have cost a million and a quarter dollars—is why the producers (in this case Roger L. Stevens and Robert Whitehead, who are among the most intelligent and experienced theatre men alive) didn't give them an early quietus out of town. As far as I can tell, the answer to the question is that musical productions are juggernauts, and once set in motion are almost impossible to halt. Contracts having been signed with authors, composers, and perhaps one or two of the leading performers, a dozen related enterprises are launched, most of them by their nature irreversible. Sets are being designed and built, costumes are being designed and sewn, theatres are being leased out of town and in New York, theatre parties are being booked, optimistic newspaper and magazine interviews are being published, and a point is reached where, however beclouded the prospect, the investment not merely of money but of talent, energy, and time has been so great that it becomes tempting financially as well as emotionally to go for broke. Moreover, by then an ill-controlled hysteria of hope is likely to have infected all parties; examples of musicals that were in desperate trouble in New Haven and subsequently became smash hits in New York are recited like pious incantations. Increasingly drastic changes are made, which even the coolest heads find it increasingly hard to pass sound judgment on. Faster and faster, the juggernaut plunges downhill to its doom.

What puzzles me about "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" isn't why it was brought to town when it was so manifestly unfit to survive here but what anyone found attractive in it to begin with. A musical about a hundred years of life in the White House, with emphasis on the black servants who waited on all those generations of white masters—how could that help but prove a repellent pastiche of "Upstairs, Downstairs"? As for the gimmick that all the Presidents be played by a single actor and all the wives by a single actress, surely even John and Ethel Barrymore couldn't have brought that off (though, in a rowdier and less pretentious musical, Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman might have taken a crack at it). The actor chosen was Ken Howard, who is a pleasant performer but lacks fire, and the actress chosen was Patricia Routledge, who is also pleasant and also lacks fire. To make matters worse, Mr. Howard is exceptionally tall and some of the Presidents he played—Adams, Hayes, Theodore Roosevelt—were, by our standards, exceptionally short. Howard crouched a good deal, but in vain.

A clue to the innumerable things that must have gone wrong in the course of preparing "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" is the program credit stating that the scenery was "supervised" by Kert Lundell and that the costumes were "supervised" by Whitney Blausen and Dona Granata. Surely someone had to design the scenery and costumes before they could be supervised? The lighting was by Tharon Musser, and the production was directed and choreographed by Gilbert Moses and George Faison.

MADELEINE RENAUD, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Françoise Dorner, and Jean Martin have been spending a few days at the Ambassador, in a limited engagement, given in French, of Marguerite Duras's "Des Journées Entières dans les Arbres," which I'll translate freely as "All Day Long in the Trees," or, better still, as "Old Mom and Her Favorite Kid, a Lazy Loner with Nothing Much on His Mind." The little company obviously enjoys performing the play, which is an examination of family life on a level not of the deepest, or saddest, or most acute. After a five-year absence, a mother comes to Paris to visit her son, who lives with a young girl friend and earns a poor living as a host in a night club. The mother, who is wealthy, says she is getting ready to die; nevertheless, she eats ravenously and gives every indication of continuing to relish life. Mother and son turn out to have no more to say to each other than they ever did; she is a born winner and he is a born loser and so he was her favorite and so he was bound to disappoint her. When she dies, the only thing of value belonging to him, which



is her pride in him, will die with her. Too bad, she grants you, but there you are! That's life!

The production has been ably directed by Jean-Louis Barrault; he has encouraged his wife, Madeleine Renaud, to steal the show, which she is certainly entitled to do in the fifty-fourth year of her professional career.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Rich Little Sheep

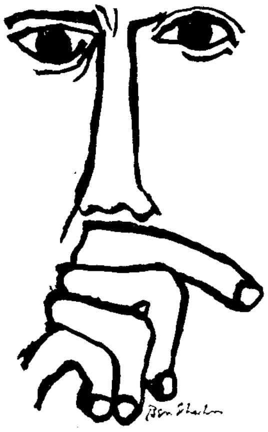
LANFORD WILSON'S "Serenading Louie," at the Circle Repertory Company, is about a couple of prosperous Yale alumni living in a suburb of Chicago. Carl, once a football star, is a businessman; Alex is a lawyer on his way to a political career. They are approaching their mid-thirties, and each is married to a woman he still finds attractive and loves, but their marriages are very rickety indeed. When the couples are by themselves or the men are alone together, much of the conversation concerns the loss of youth and the increasing inability to care about other people, and much of it is reminiscent—childhood, Sunday school, Yale. All four of them return late one night to Carl and Mary's house, dispirited after seeing a disappointing movie, and Mary remembers the days when she and Carl lived together before they were married. They start singing "The Whiffenpoof Song" (whence the title). It soon becomes evident that underneath the civilized behavior and chatter something is simmering, and that what is simmering is sexual—bad sex, which is splitting the marriages apart, and which shockingly boils over at the end. There is a plot and there are discoveries and, finally, there is violence.

As has so often been true in the past ("Lemon Sky" is the exception), Mr. Wilson's characters and what they are saying seem synthetic. They never appear to exist on their own; the playwright is always present, and in this case he never convinced me that he knew what he was talking about—unlike Edward Albee, for example, who has always convinced me when he writes about husbands and wives in trouble. There is no doubt, though, of Mr. Wilson's theatrical ingenuity, and Marshall W. Mason, his director, can be considered almost his collaborator. The performance is accomplished. The one setting—a particularly good one, by John Lee Beatty—is a downstairs living room, which serves for both couples, and which, of course, makes a dramatic point: when Carl and Mary move offstage, Alex and his wife move on. Altogether, what we are left with is a poor play but a rather interesting show. Much credit goes to the actors. They are Edward J. Moore as Carl, Michael Storm as Alex, and Tanya Berezin and Trish Hawkins in the rather empty roles of their wives.

"THE POKEY," a one-acter at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a first play by Stephen Black. A rock star with a limp feather boa draped around her shoulders and her face heavily sequined wakes up with a terrible hangover in the jail of a small Texas town called Prawley (pop. 200). She was picked up dead drunk and alone at the side of a road the night before, after a ten-thousand-dollar gig at the Dallas Arena. She and her jailer, a self-contained young man who has had only three overnight clients in the past two years, and whose interests are books and carpentry, somehow pack two lives—a public person and a private person—into words and action that last just a bit over an hour. Starting as strangers—she role-playing at first, and he ducking—they reach a kind of intimacy and harmony, and then, when she is picked up by a colleague, they part, strangers again but with a difference for both of them. We watch the characters peel off layer after layer of defensive protection—foul-mouthed show-business flapdoodle and switch-on, switch-off seductiveness on her part, stubborn, wary reserve and pride on his—to end up clear and human. As they are acted by Laura Esterman and John Heard, under the direction of Lynne Meadow (who is also the artistic director of the M.T.C.), the lines, the moods, the gestures give us the illusion of utter reality. Miss Esterman, with a snatch of song here, a bump and a grind there, was certainly able to persuade me that she was the star she was meant to be, and Mr. Heard, polishing away at a cabinet he has made, did far more than just respond to her. Mr. Black's dialogue is firm, thin-skinned, sometimes funny, and almost always convincing. His only intrusion upon the action that I noticed was a not quite brief enough passage about favorite books—a common pitfall among beginning writers. That aside, all goes very well indeed. The setting is by Raymond Recht, the costumes are by Margo Bruton Elkow, and the lighting is by William D. Anderson. "The Pokey," which I saw at a preview, will be running Tuesdays through Sundays until May 22nd.

—EDITH OLIVER

Kennedy Galleries
Ben Shahn Drawings
through June 4

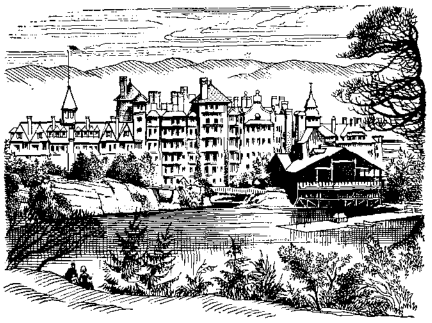


"Political Man," ca. 1963
brush, 14½ x 8½ inches

Kennedy Galleries is the
exclusive representative of
the Estate of Ben Shahn
Illustrated catalogue available $4.00

40 W. 57 St., 5th Floor
N.Y. 10019 • (212) 541-9600

The
Unspoiled
Resort



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Mohonk offers congenial hospitality . . . all the things wonderful vacations are made of. Scenic golf course, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing on our spring-fed lake. Green forests to hike and ride through. Lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment, lectures, cinema, musicales. 300 comfortable rooms. Delicious wholesome meals. Plan now to vacation at this nearby unspoiled resort.
See your Travel Agent, or call
(212) 233-2244.
MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Lake Mohonk, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561.
90 miles from N.Y.C. Take NYS
Thruway to Exit 18, then follow signs.

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

WINTER NOTES—I

JANUARY 1

A NUMBER of things set this year apart from any other year in our history. It is our Bicentennial Year, and we don't seem to know how to celebrate it. There is a vague feeling that the merchandisers have already made off with the occasion, and that the orators will bore us to death with it. The celebration is so diffuse, so all around us, that it seems not to be there at all. And there is also an uneasiness about celebrating. Our history began so grandly, and it doesn't seem so grand anymore. We seem to have been more confident two hundred years ago. The world was newly minted then. Now it is older, and complex almost beyond comprehension.

This is the year of our first Presidential election after Vietnam, our most shattering failure in foreign affairs. Ever since the nation began, we had thought we had a mission: first as an example, the "city upon a hill;" then as the vessel of Manifest Destiny; then to "make the world safe for democracy;" and, since Pearl Harbor, to "keep the peace," protect "the free world," halt aggressors. Vietnam left us without any sense of what our role in the world should be.

This is the year of our first Presidential election since Watergate, which shook our confidence. We had had a kind of faith that we would never elect a really bad man as President—an incompetent or a fraud, perhaps, but not a man who would preside over criminal activities and seek to take away our liberties. We had a deep, unexamined confidence in the electoral system. The system was messy, but we had come to depend on it to keep us well within the range of safety. And then it didn't.

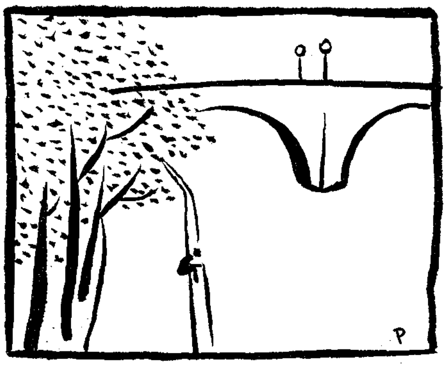
This is a time when, as someone here put it recently, "nothing important is resolved." It's a period of waiting—for what, no one knows. In the background are big and perplexing questions. Among the important things that are unresolved are: our future role in the world; the historic stirring of the developing nations; how to deal with new forms of international power as well as with the spread of nuclear weapons; the nuclear predicament that the United States and the Soviet Union find themselves in; the sale of arms to the smaller nations; the world's burgeoning population; the threat of widespread food shortages; the continuing energy problem; the threatening scarcity of other natural resources; the federal government's proper role and its effectiveness in carrying out that role; the proper relationship between the executive and the legislative branches of the government; the inflationary-recessionary economy; the excesses, at home and abroad, of our secret intelligence-gathering agencies; the continuing social and economic plight of the country's black people; the crisis of the cities; the increasing number of ecological problems. In the foreground, campaigning in a style and with words that mostly seem disconnected from the big questions, and engaged in a process that itself raises a number of questions, are the candidates for the Presidency of the United States. As a reporter based in Washington, I plan to keep a journal in order to record something of what happens in this unusual political year.

•

LAST night, the crowds gathered once more in Times Square—this time in a chilly rain—to cheer in the New Year. At the Waldorf-Astoria, shortly after 1976 began, Guy Lombardo led merrymakers in singing "Happy Birthday, America." In Philadelphia, some forty thousand people gathered to watch the Liberty Bell being moved, at midnight, from Independence Hall to a large building nearby where it could be viewed by expected crowds of Bicentennial tourists. An "official" Bicentennial celebration took place today: the Rose Bowl parade, with Kate Smith as the grand marshal.

JANUARY 2

TODAY, in what seemed like the beginning of a Monopoly game, eleven candidates for the Presidency were given checks from the United States Treasury for federal matching funds for their campaigns. These were the first federal contributions to Presidential campaigns in the history of the country. They came about as a result of the campaign-reform law passed in 1974, which is now under review by the Supreme Court.



The Democratic Presidential candidates who received matching money today were Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana, who made a brief race for the Presidency in the 1972 campaign; Senator Lloyd Bentsen, the conservative from Texas; Jimmy Carter, the former governor of Georgia; Fred Harris, the former senator from Oklahoma, who also made a brief race four years ago; Senator Henry Jackson, from Washington, who ran poorly in 1972; Terry Sanford, the former governor of North Carolina, who also ran in 1972; Sargent Shriver, the brother-in-law of the Kennedys, who wound up as George McGovern's running mate in 1972; Morris Udall, the representative from Arizona; and George Wallace, the governor of Alabama. Milton Shapp, the governor of Pennsylvania, was the only announced Democratic candidate not to qualify for matching funds. The Republican candidates—President Ford and Ronald Reagan, the former governor of California—also received federal checks for their campaigns.

JANUARY 11

SUNDAY. Seven of the eleven declared Democratic candidates are in Iowa, where the first precinct caucuses will take place a week from tomorrow. The Iowa precinct caucuses—the first selection process of the year—have become the new New Hampshire. Caucuses have received increasing attention from politicians and the press ever since Barry Goldwater, in 1964, used caucuses to sneak up on the Republican Party (and the press). In 1972, George McGovern used them to help him get his nomination. Moreover, that year a new set of Democratic reform rules opened the Party caucuses to all Democrats who cared to take the trouble to participate. In May, forty-seven of the Democratic National Convention's three thousand and eight delegates will be chosen by the Iowa Democratic state convention. The precinct caucuses are the first step toward that end. Only about thirty-five thousand Democrats are expected to vote in the Iowa caucuses next week, but, as with New Hampshire, politicians and the press have already given what happens in Iowa a great deal of importance. And, in the symbiosis that will link the candidates and the press throughout this election year, many representatives of each are out in Iowa. For the candidates, a win in Iowa, or even a strong showing, will provide the increased press coverage that those now dwelling in crowded obscurity need. It will provide what is commonly referred to as momentum. The candidate who looks like a "winner" will get more money and other forms of help.

One's "winnerness" may be more important in this process than what one stands for. And, as usual, there will be a consensus on who's ahead. The electoral process does not seem to permit an absence of consensus. People have to be told what is going on, even if nobody knows. The consensus today—that is, the prevailing opinion among politicians and members of the press, who constantly talk to one another—is that Jimmy Carter is doing especially well in Iowa, and that either he or Birch Bayh will win there. (Carter has been organizing there for almost a year.) A story by R. W. Apple, Jr., in the *Times* last October saying that Carter was doing well in Iowa was itself a political event, prompting other newspaper stories that Carter was doing well in Iowa, and then more news-magazine and television coverage for Carter than might otherwise have been his share. This consensus helps Carter do even better—not only in Iowa but in other states, too. Perhaps he is qualified for the Presidency, but as of now there is no way of knowing. His ability to organize in Iowa and his attractive looks do not tell us that.

Today, in freezing weather, several of the Democratic candidates travelled all around Iowa—from Des Moines, where some of them appeared on "Meet the Press," to Sioux City, to Dubuque. On "Meet the Press," the candidates (Bayh, Carter, Harris, and Shapp) came off as answer men. They had answers to questions, or if they did not they improvised, all the while projecting images of likableness and sincerity. There was no way to detect how much thought lay behind the answers. It was perhaps revealing that the first two respondents, Bayh and Carter, when they were asked how they felt they differed from Hubert Humphrey, cast the answer not in terms of philosophical or policy differences but in terms of how they felt they were doing as against how Humphrey was doing in the race for the nomination.

This week, the television news showed Reagan throwing snowballs in New Hampshire. We also saw President Ford visiting his campaign headquarters in Washington, where he pledged that he would work "twenty-four hours a day to have a program that you can go out and sell."

Wm Hamilton

"I hope you like it. I just decided there's a little health nut in all of us."

• •

JANUARY 15

IT has been announced that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger will go to Moscow next week to seek further agreement to limit nuclear weapons. There is some question whether the two nations can reach a new SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) agreement—or, in the case of the United States, want to do so. Any agreement is destined for the crossfire of election-year politics.

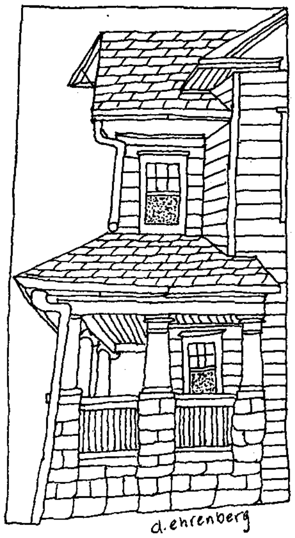
Kissinger's announced trip is itself being criticized by some people for coming at a time when the United States and the Soviet Union—in a disturbing revival of the action-reaction phenomenon—are backing opposite factions in Angola. Oddly, some of the criticism is being voiced by those who do not think we should be involved in Angola, but most of it is being voiced by those in the Republican Party who, along with Senator Henry Jackson, are openly skeptical of détente. Kissinger argues that issues like Angola must not interfere with the pursuit of détente—generally described as a relaxation of tensions between the two great powers. The debate over arms limitations and détente misses a larger point. The old, familiar, bipolar Cold War rivalry has given way to something infinitely more complicated and dangerous. But our politics and our policymaking have not yet caught up with that.

•

THE New York *Times* reports today that both the United States and the Soviet Union are employing new methods in trying to discover a source of unlimited energy in a nuclear-fusion process similar to that which powers the sun.

JANUARY 16

GERALD PARSKY, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, speaking in San Francisco yesterday, announced that the United States would not sign an international agreement to support world prices of cocoa. The speech was part of a running dispute between Kissinger, who has recently begun to espouse such agreements as a method of propitiating the interests of the increasingly restive—and increasingly powerful—developing nations, and Treasury Secretary William Simon, who objects to interference in matters involving free-market principles. While there had been a concurrence within the government not to sign the agreement in question, Parsky annoyed people in the State Department by enunciating a general policy. Parsky said that the United States must not “sacrifice economic principles for the sake of political gains.” The bureaucratic contretemps was symptomatic of a deep confusion about how to construct a foreign policy—including a foreign economic policy—for a rapidly changing world. The success of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in taking collective action to use a commodity as an economic and political weapon encouraged other nations to turn their natural resources to their own greater advantage. (Meanwhile, our dependence on OPEC for oil has been increasing.) Power politics had moved into the economic arena, and been transformed. To have bauxite is to have power; to be a nation of dark-skinned people who share grievances with other nations of non-whites against nations of whites is to have power. To be one of the most powerfully armed nations on the globe is not necessarily to have power. The most powerful weapons cannot be used without unacceptable risk. Moreover, several other nations now have nuclear weapons, or the potential to make them. Helping the developing nations has become a matter not just of morality but also of exigency. In a speech delivered to the United Nations last September by Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Kissinger proposed a number of steps to bolster the economic security of developing nations. A fundamental question surrounds these and other international issues: To what degree can any nation be expected to subordinate what is thought to be its short-term self-interest to longer-range balance, or even harmony? This is not a new question.



JANUARY 19

MONDAY. Congress reconvenes today, and tonight the President will deliver his State of the Union Address. Also, the Iowa precinct caucuses will be held today. This morning, in Room 3302 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building, David Lilienthal is testifying before the Senate Government Operations Committee, which is holding hearings on nuclear proliferation. John Glenn, the former astronaut, who is now the junior senator from Ohio, is in the chair. Glenn, wearing glasses rimmed in gold wire, looks like a slightly mod businessman. The committee has before it a bill to reorganize the procedures whereby the government approves the sale by private firms of nuclear reactors to foreign countries. Interest in greater control over the sale of nuclear reactors grew after President Nixon went to the Middle East in the summer of 1974 and, as souvenirs of his visit, offered to sell Egypt and Israel nuclear reactors and fuel. At the time, Kissinger said that the reactors would be sold under what he termed “agreed safeguards,” to prevent them from being converted to military uses. But there is some question whether ultimate “safeguards” exist. Concern over proliferation continued to grow with the increasing incidence, and sophistication, of international terrorism. There was concern not only about the possibility of terrorists’ stealing the makings of a nuclear weapon—however complicated and difficult to detonate—but also about the fact that some terrorist movements have connections with governments that have the capability for developing a nuclear bomb. As of now, five countries—France, Great Britain, China, the U.S.S.R., and the United States—have nuclear weapons, and a sixth, India, has already detonated a nuclear device. According to government experts, other countries have the capability for developing a nuclear bomb: Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, East Germany, West Germany, Israel, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Pakistan, Portugal, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Venezuela. They add that South Korea and Brazil will have a nuclear capability soon, and there may be others that we don’t know about. Compared to the present, there was a kind of stability, unpleasant as the situation was, when the United States and the Soviet Union maintained hegemony over most of the globe. Then there were two scorpions in the bottle. Now there are many scorpions.

Within the United States, pressure for the overseas sale of nuclear reactors grew as the market for them within the United States failed to reach expectations—because of opposition to nuclear power plants. Nuclear energy was neither as technically attractive nor as politically acceptable as had once been hoped. Yet large American companies, including General Electric and Westinghouse, had made large investments in the nuclear-reactor business. Major oil companies were in the business of fabricating nuclear fuel. Within the United States government, the Energy Research and Development Administration, established in 1975, took up where the Atomic Energy Commission, which it replaced, left off in promoting the development of the domestic nuclear industry. The worldwide nuclear industry is estimated to be on the scale of about one hundred billion dollars—and the grim reality is that no one knows how to call the whole thing off.

•

LILIENTHAL, a gray-haired, grandfatherly-looking man, who was the chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority and then, under President Harry Truman, the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, reads a prepared statement to the committee. “The tragic fact is,” he says, “that the atomic-arms race is today proceeding at a more furious and a more insane pace than ever.” He goes on, “Proliferation of capabilities to produce nuclear weapons of mass destruction is reaching terrifying proportions.” And he tells the committee, “I have not abandoned hope that truly effective international nuclear control and development will one day come to pass.” Then he suggests that the committee call upon the President and the Congress “to order a complete stop to the export of all nuclear devices and all nuclear material, that it be done now, and done unilaterally.” He continues, “Further, unilaterally, the United States should without delay proceed by lawful means to revoke existing American licenses and put an end to the future or pending licensing to foreign firms and governments of American know-how and facilities paid for and created by American taxpayers’ funds and American brains.” While a unilateral cessation of the export of nuclear reactors will not put an end to proliferation, Lilienthal says, “the fact is that we, the United States, our public agencies and our private manufacturers, have been and are the world's major proliferators." Lilienthal goes on to say, "What we do on our own others may not follow. They will criticize us, but they will not lightly disregard American leadership. . . . I suggest we should not be overly impressed by the morally indefensible doctrine that if our manufacturers do not continue to sell these potentially deadly materials and this technology, the manufacturers of other foreign countries will do so. I think most private citizens of this country would be shocked and indignant if they realized the extent to which the United States has been putting into the hands of our own commercial interests and of foreign countries quantities of bomb material."

•

SHORTLY after eleven, in the lobby of the East Front of the Capitol, there is a celebration of the opening of the Congress in the Bicentennial Year. Under the sponsorship of the Joint Committee on Arrangements for Commemoration of the Bicentennial, Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, is to open a safe that has been sitting around the Capitol since 1877. The safe, according to a press release issued by the Joint Committee, is there because "one hundred years ago, an enterprising and forward-looking New York publisher, Mrs. Charles F. Deihm, had an idea: to create a depository of materials gathered at the time of the United States Centennial celebration that could be unveiled 100 years later." Visitors to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia autographed albums that are contained in the safe. Also, according to the release, Mrs. Deihm "toured the country to gather photographs and autographs of distinguished political and business leaders, orators, clergymen, and poets," and "these were placed inside the safe along with, among other items, the 'Blue Book' containing 800,000 names of government employees; a book on temperance; a photograph of Mrs. Deihm; and a silver inkstand lined in gold with two pens of gold and pearl used to autograph the books."

Members of the Joint Committee stand on a platform at one end of the lobby. Nearby is a souvenir stand, where silver replicas of Richard Nixon's 1968 Inaugural Medal are on sale for a hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece. Representative Lindy Boggs, chairman of the Joint Committee, opens the ceremonies, saying, "Happy birthday,

PUTTING UP A FLAGPOLE was something new to us in Jack Daniel's Hollow. But we felt a National Historic Place should have one.

We were awfully proud when the U.S. Department of the Interior enrolled Jack Daniel Distillery in the National Register of Historic Places. And it seemed fitting that the flag should wave over the nation's oldest registered distillery. Of course, the government was honoring our *buildings*. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll agree our whiskey merits a little flag-waving as well.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

philia fashions ltd.

Leisure is the word!

Something for you from the Greek Isles

An open oval sea of sheer voile cotton—a pullover to envelop you softly. Self-belt to wrap it closed, caressing you elegantly into billowing sleeves and a wave of folds falling to your feet.

At home, the garden, a resort or at the sea-it's fun-you must dare. Also, over pants. Black, white, orange, peach, red, french blue (please allow 2nd choice). **One size for all.** Modestly, **$39 ppd.** Send check, no COD's please. **write to: PHILIA, 349 E. 61 St., N.Y. 10021.** Major Credit Cards accepted. Brochure? (212) 752-3973.

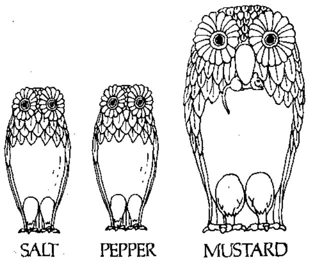
Clever, how they built London around us. We're on New Bond Street. Superbly circled by the West End theatres and nightclubs, smart shops, art galleries and business centres. Deluxe rooms and suites. Renowned Restaurant and Polo Bar. Personal Service.

THE LONDON Westbury HOTEL

New Bond Street, London WIY OPD.
England • Telephone: 01-629 7755
Telex: 24378
Reservations: Continental U.S. call toll-free **800-327-3384.** Fla., call collect: **(305) 655-4101.**

KNOTT HOTELS

English Silver
COMYNS OF LONDON



SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
BOSTON

America." The Senate and House chaplains say prayers. A few onlookers are here, including some members of Congress. John Warner, the administrator of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, presents Bicentennial flags to Senator Mark Hatfield, who is representing Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, the President of the Senate, and to Carl Albert. Warner says that some eight thousand Bicentennial flags are flying throughout the country. "I can believe that," says a member of the House who is standing behind me. "I've been handing them out right and left." Albert, who is a bit hoarse, makes a speech. "We meet today under very inspiring circumstances," he says. He quotes George Washington. Finally, the safe—a big black-lacquered iron box with two large doors—is opened. Inside one of the doors of the safe there is printed in gilt paint "It is the wish of Mrs. Deihm that this safe may remain closed until July 4, 1976." So the interior will not be opened until then.

•

THIS afternoon, I met David Lilienthal in the Senators' Dining Room in the Capitol. Over coffee, Lilienthal said that he has decided to devote much of his time to working against nuclear proliferation, and explained why. "We are entering a whole new era of life," he said. "We had all these theoretical physicists who didn't know what the hell they were doing when they were tampering with God. And now it's back to the politicians, who have to answer to the people. The question is how people can take the strain of having the whole world pointing atomic weapons at each other. That's the long and the short of the situation we're in. Several years ago, when I spoke out against this goddam thing, you had Glenn Seaborg"—a former chairman of the A.E.C.—"saying that if we didn't push these reactors someone else would. That was the thinnest moral line you could take. It's an extreme case, but a classic case, of the conflict surrounding all technology—since the Luddites and the mowing machine. There are two sides of technological knowledge—good and evil. I'm concerned about the extraordinary power of these weapons and the strain that they impose on humanity. I've been lying low for some time about this, figuring that people who know the most about it would come forward and lay out the facts. They haven't. They've covered it with a lot of goo. The technology people seem tired. I've given up on that hope. So I figured it's time for a private citizen with nothing to lose to speak out. The only people who can clarify the situation and take it to their home towns are the politicians. They were elected. There's a mystical relationship. They weren't appointed, and they aren't there by contract. When it comes to this deadly technology, we follow people who are mad, because people who are sane and understand the democratic process haven't taken charge."

I asked Lilienthal who has been propelling the spread of nuclear technology.

"There has been a commendable, praiseworthy feeling among scientists that since science is universal and at some point all things become known to all people, we should extend our knowledge to all countries, and they to us," he replied. "Then some public-relations character came up with a slogan that Dwight Eisenhower and Lewis Strauss"—another former chairman of the A.E.C.—"grabbed in 1953: 'Atoms for Peace.' The first part of the 'Atoms for Peace' was great. Scientists met at Geneva, and it was very stimulating. But right afterward the troubles began. At first, there was an exchange of information about the medical use of isotopes, the agricultural use of tracers, the physical properties of matter. All these things I worship: the extension of the mind into new realms—Newton, Magellan. Then they started sending things—devices, fuels—instead of ideas, and these became a major export."

I asked Lilienthal how he assessed the danger resulting from the spread of nuclear technology.

He replied, "We have the danger of a world where these weapons are ideally, from a military point of view, suited for surprise, and have the capability of maximum destruction without any warning. They are weapons against which there is no defense. When I first met this monster, in 1945, the idea of surprise attack was inherited from standard military concepts. If you have the potential of surprise attack from twenty sources, as a result of the replication—that's a better word than 'proliferation'—it's a nightmare. The heartache I have about this comes from trying to put myself in the position of my three grandsons. There they are, looking forward, with that wonderful fresh look. And then five years from now, if we don't make some headway on this, we're going to have a terrible period. What I'm proposing is tough stuff, but there's too much at stake. Suppose you have a little old country that needs to do something prominent, and the people in power feel they are threatened. The present methods of safeguarding can do nothing in a situation of that kind. Multiply that by the situations of economic and political instability . . ." He did not finish the sentence.

●

WITH Congress opening, with a political year upon us, and with the President about to attempt to set the agenda in his State of the Union and Budget Messages, I decided to talk today with some Democrats, to see what they thought about the state of the country and of politics.

I talked with Senator Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, in his office in the Russell Senate Office Building.

"I think maybe the Democrats can get back on the offensive on the issues of the economy and government," Mondale said. "We may win the political argument for several reasons. Congress often wins the fight by retail rather than wholesale methods. The President opens it on nationwide television, and then Congress goes home and talks to unions and Rotary Clubs and, drip by drip, things change. Look at the issue of aid to New York City. When Ford started out, there was tremendous antagonism against New York. Then it turned around and his position collapsed. You have to distinguish between the opening round and the final rounds—he always starts out ahead, because he defines the issue. The second thing that's happening is we're reaching the point where the economic issue is no longer going to be theory—waste, inflation, cutting federal programs. There are millions depending on these programs, and when it's discovered how he defines 'waste' there may be some different attitudes. I grant that Ford is winning the argument about federal programs and inflation, but I think the longer the argument goes on, the more he may lose. There is waste and unresponsiveness in federal programs, and there is work we can do and have begun to do. The more the people see us digging in, the more they may be with us."

I asked Mondale if he did not think that Ford had liberals on the defensive.

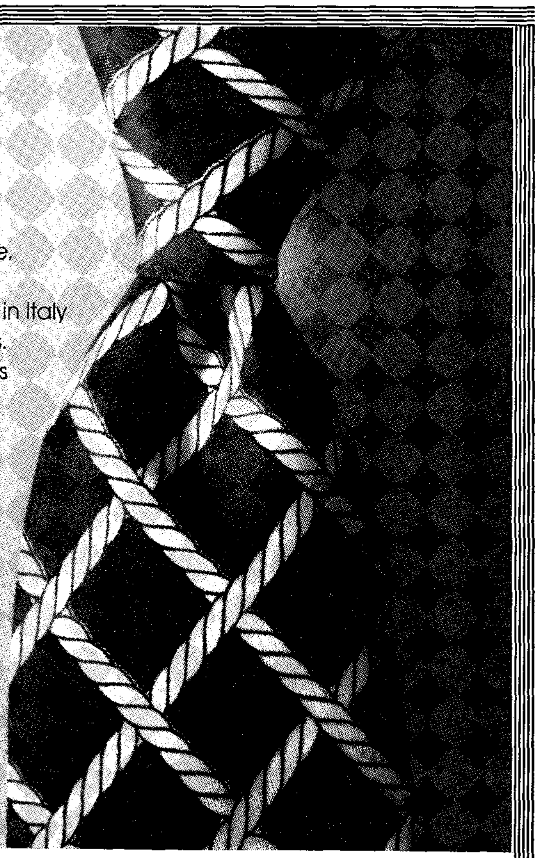
"We should be on the defensive about some of these things," he re-

The GIFT
THAT FLATTERS
THE GIVER, TOO.

Dunhill Tailors' own make, designed by Leon Block.

Silks printed and woven in Italy exclusively for Dunhill Tailors.
A wide selection of patterns so well selected that you can't make a mistake.
$15 and $17.50

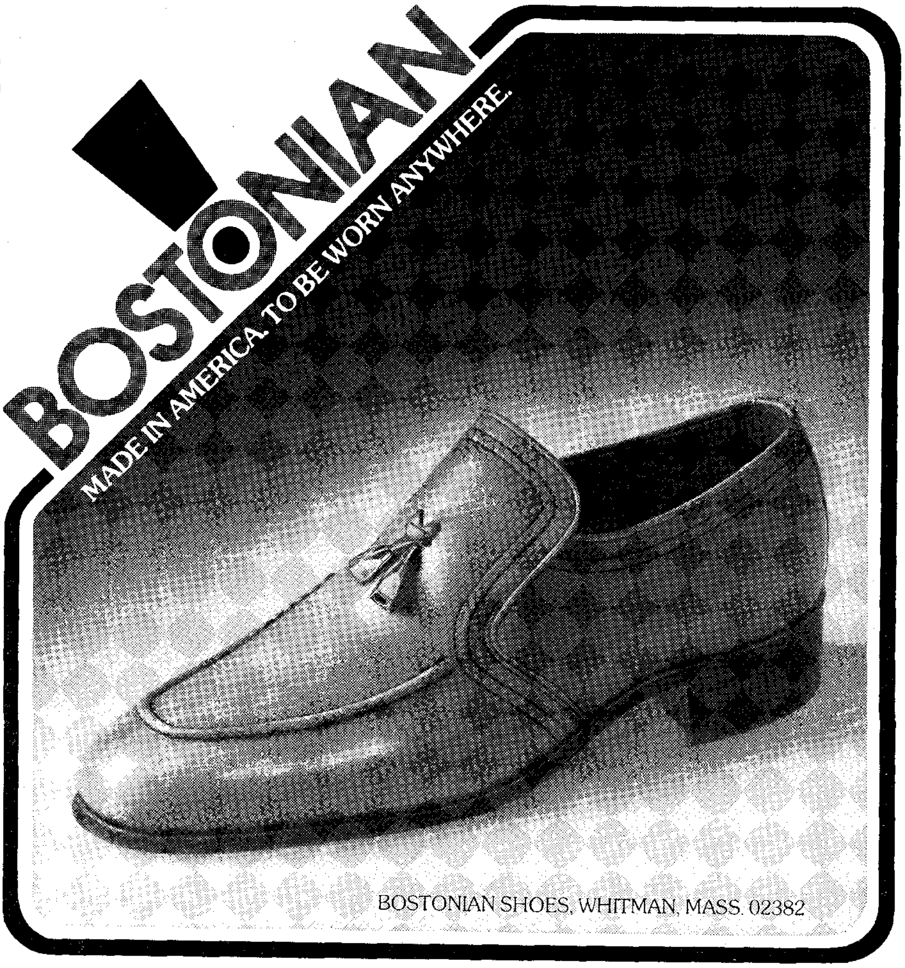
Write for swatches in your preferred color.
If ordering by mail—add $1.50 for shipping.

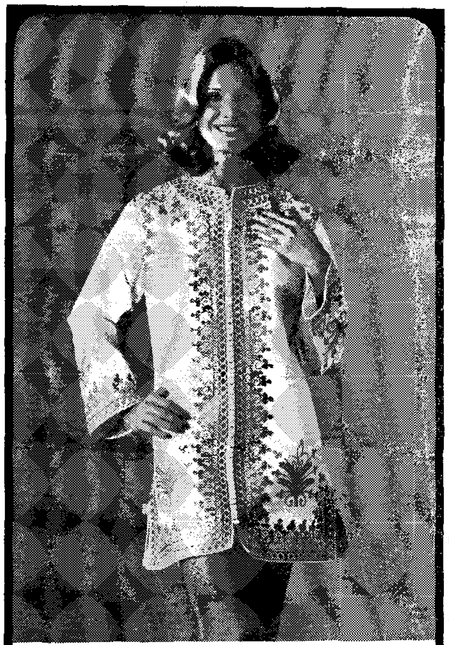


We honor American Express and Master Charge.

65 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) EL 5-0050

DUNHILL TAILORS


BOSTONIAN
MADE IN AMERICA TO BE WORN ANYWHERE.
BOSTONIAN SHOES, WHITMAN, MASS. 02382



boudenib kurta

Radiant orange embroidery trims this pure white rayon sensation from Morocco. Perfect with slacks or with a long skirt. State dress size 6-16. $33.50 ppd.
from Morocco

SEND 25¢ FOR NEW 48-PG. IMPORT CATALOG.

shopping international®
828 shopping international bldg.
norwich, vermont 05055
STORE: ON RTE 5, NORWICH, VERMONT
We accept Bank Americard, Master Charge, & American Express.

Visit our
gallery and
find the
artist of
your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading
portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

The White Mountains of New Hampshire, The Connecticut River Valley, Dartmouth College. The setting only New England can provide. Animated brooks. Fishing, boating, golfing, hiking, antiquing. Trails undulating through the woods. Refurbished for your ultimate comfort and gracious dining. Write or call for more information.

The Hanover Inn
BOX N, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03755
Telephone: 603/643-4300

plied. "If you take the position that we have no waste, you have a dizzy position. That's not the position I take. It seems to me that a progressive Democrat ought to be angrier than Ford about waste—because that's money that could go to better purposes, and it undermines respect for social justice. Ford's handling the politics of waste very shrewdly, but not the mechanisms. You have to get at the programs and see what they are doing and what else could be done with the money."

•

TALKING with me in his office down the hall, Senator Adlai Stevenson, Democrat of Illinois, was not sanguine.

"I think we're going to celebrate the Bicentennial by marking time," Stevenson said. "The stalemate on policy between Congress and the White House will continue. Both sides are preoccupied with politics—waiting for the outcome of the elections. The sides are too far apart. Congress can't initiate policy, so now it's an army without a general. In foreign policy, the consequences are tragic. What the nation really requires is a policy it can support, but there is no policy, so Congress is adrift and is exercising the only power it has, which is a negative power. The institutions of free enterprise aren't equal to the realities of the new era: cartels, fixed prices, commodity shortages. The political complexion in Europe may be changing ominously. And the United States isn't putting its own house in order. I don't see any leadership coming from the United States until after the elections, if then. We don't seem to have the capacity now for developing the appropriate instruments of trade, for coping with the questions of international security, the tremendous problem of nuclear proliferation. We're not coping with the national or international economy. The transportation industry is failing. We're not dealing with the food and fuel problems. But there's not a chance of a new idea's taking root in this soil. To make it worse, the failures of government are causing a reaction against government. The politicians are running against the very idea of politicians. For the first time, the Presidential candidates are running against the very idea of government. The issue is big government instead of sound government."

After a question or two, Stevenson continued, "I fault the press as much as I do the politicians." It is hardly uncommon to hear politicians complain about the press—which never, as far as they are concerned, gives them enough coverage—but Stevenson's point was a different and important one. He said, "Henry Stimson said that cynicism is deadly. The public is cynical, and it's cynical because it's uninformed and misinformed and confronted on all sides with evidence of obscenity and trivia and failure, and scarcely ever with a note of hope, a prophetic idea. And it isn't because nobody speaks any sense. There's precious little, but it's not nonexistent. Yet there's a preoccupation with sensationalism and trivia. The public wasn't warned of the dangers of the energy and fuel shortages and nuclear proliferation, because the press didn't listen. It wasn't that no one understood."

•

IN various conversations on Capitol Hill today, there was evident a sudden, and reluctant, taking notice of Jimmy Carter. Although nothing has happened yet, "the word"—that ephemeral set of assumptions which circulates and becomes, at least temporarily, the accepted truth in Washington—is that Carter is doing well and should be watched. Carter seems to cause an uneasiness among politicians here, because they do not know him, and because he is running an ostensibly anti-political campaign. Politicians here are troubled by the substance of what he is saying. They are also bothered by the fact that, a loner, he does not seem to need them.

"The Carter phenomenon is spreading," said one Democratic House member today. "It worries me. He's running against all institutions. But the problem of a politician criticizing him is that you build up his anti-politician role. I'm for Udall, and I suppose I should be helping him, but I don't know . . ."

Candidates often have people ready to help them after they have done well.

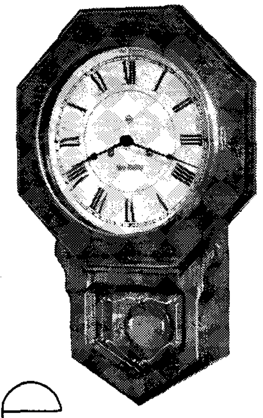
•

THE State of the Union Address is, of course, aimed at the public, with the members of Congress assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives as props for the President's television show. Many have already drafted their "reaction" remarks, to be phoned in to the local press after the President finishes. The announcer tells us that the President worked fifty hours on this speech. President Ford stands at the rostrum where he was sworn in as Vice-President, next to a hovering Richard Nixon. Carl Albert and Nelson Rockefeller are behind him. We had almost forgotten about Rockefeller, who last fall removed himself—before he could be removed—from consideration for Ford's 1976 ticket. "As we begin our Bicentennial . . ." the President says. At one point, the cameras show us Edward Kennedy, playing his role, applauding. Kennedy is, as of now, sitting out this political year, but he still gets attention. The President speaks against federal programs. He says, "In our rush to accomplish great deeds quickly, we trampled on sound principles of restraint and endangered the rights of individuals." He calls "for a fundamentally different approach—for a new realism." He quotes Thomas Paine about "the times that try men's souls," about "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots," and he frequently uses the term "common sense." One begins to wonder whether our Revolutionary heroes are going to make it through the year. The speech is an odd combination of Calvin Coolidge and Franklin Roosevelt. For all the talk about cutting back government, Ford goes in for his share of interest-group politics: offering something for the elderly (insurance coverage for catastrophic illnesses), something for farmers and small businessmen (tax relief for inherited small farms and businesses), and a tax cut. He is appealing, essentially, to the middle class. He quotes Dwight Eisenhower and Abraham Lincoln. He invokes "the silent image of George Washington kneeling in prayer at Valley Forge."

JANUARY 20

EVEN though more of the votes cast at the Iowa precinct caucuses yesterday were for "Uncommitted" than for any candidate, the press attention is on Jimmy Carter, who did better than the other Democrats. This morning, Carter, who managed to get to New York in time, was interviewed on the "CBS Morning News." The "Today Show" and ABC's "Good Morning America" also ran segments on Carter. On the "CBS Evening News," Walter Cronkite said that the Iowa voters have spoken, "and for the Democrats what they said was 'Jimmy Carter.' "

Carter, Bayh, and Harris had the backing of some unions in Iowa. Labor, for the most part, did not do well in the delegate-selection process in 1972, because the reform rules were unfamiliar. The result was that, by its lights, it was under-represented at the 1972 Convention. It does not want that to happen again, and its interest is heightened by predictions that this year's will be a brokered Convention. Nine unions representing the more liberal forces within the union movement—the



DROP OCTAGON Style 1760, 8 day Keywound strike $155.

Seth Thomas

Elegance & Excellence

Every home can be richer for it . . . the honest, American charm of the classic drop-octagon "schoolhouse" clock by Seth Thomas. Made to even stricter standards than 19th century Seth Thomas originals. With highly dependable, 8 day keywound pendulum movements, and friendly hour and half-hour strike notes. Solid wood case in warm, dark-pine finish, porcelain dial, and hinged glass cover. One of many rewarding Seth Thomas clock styles. See them at fine jewelry and department stores, or send $1 for catalog to Dept. N-5, Seth Thomas, Thomaston, Conn. 06787. Since 1813

Division of General Time A TALLEY INDUSTRIES COMPANY

Our new Mastercraft collection, wrapped in Carpathian elm burl.

Baker

Knapp & Tubbs

Distinguished manufacturer and distributor of fine furniture through your interior designer or furniture retailer. Showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

Heirlooms from today... treasures for tomorrow.

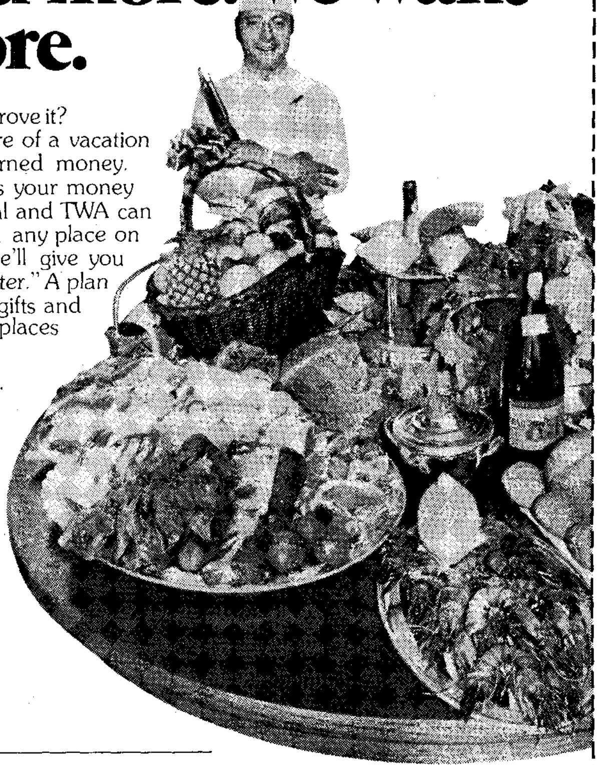
Ball ACRYLIC IMPRESSIONS shimmer and glow from within, subtly reflecting light and color. These pieces are designed by fine artists, made into costly hand-engraved dies and reproduced with flawless clarity. It's the elegant look for today: beautiful, practical, affordable. See Ball ACRYLIC IMPRESSIONS now at better department, gift and jewelry stores. A gift to treasure.

"Ducks Take Wing," one of 8 designs under $20. Actual size, 7" diameter. With walnut base.

©Ball Corp. 1976

P.O. Box 591, Evansville, Indiana 47704

Portugal. We don't only give you more. We want you more.



How could we possibly prove it?

First, we'll give you more of a vacation for less of your hard earned money. Honest. The simple fact is your money will go further in Portugal and TWA can fly you there for less than any place on the continent. Second, we'll give you "Portugal on a Silver Platter." A plan which entitles you to free gifts and discounts at hundreds of places throughout Portugal.

We'll give you ourselves. Our people want you to experience the new Portugal. And you can feel it. Let us prove it to you.

Portuguese National Tourist Office
570 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10036

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State______ Zip____ N

United Auto Workers; the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees; the Communications Workers of America; the Graphic Arts International Union; the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers; the International Union of Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers; the National Education Association; the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union; and the United Mine Workers—have formed what is called the Labor Coalition Clearing House to work to get their members elected as delegates. Therefore, its members will support certain candidates in certain states not necessarily because they are enamored of those candidates but because they see them as vehicles for getting seats at the Convention. This is an example of what might be called the "back-yard principle" that runs all through our politics: the positions that various people and forces take have to do not so much with great questions such as who should lead our nation as with how best to protect their own back yard. Six of the nine belong to the A.F.L.-C.I.O., whose official position is neutrality.

Tonight, Carter, in New Hampshire, was shown on the television news smiling and saying, "To lose, even if you make a respectable showing, is not as good as winning."

JANUARY 22

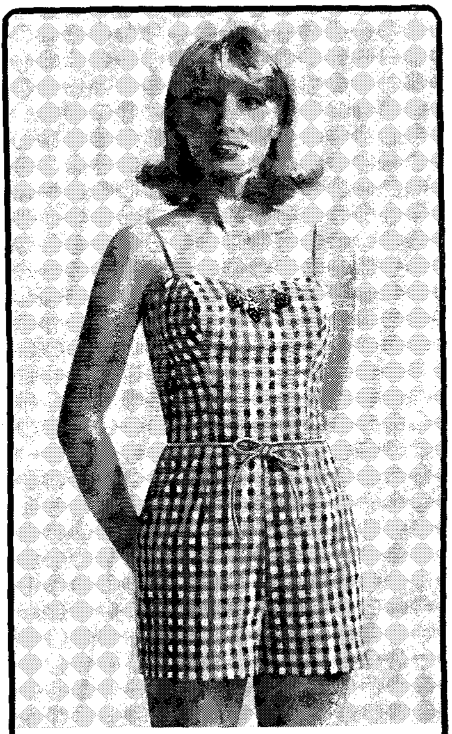
SOME time ago, Jimmy Carter agreed to appear before a meeting of the board of the Urban Coalition to be held today, and now he is here, in the Lincoln Ballroom of the Washington Hilton—the victor, to be taken more seriously and to be questioned more carefully than he might have been before this week. As he is introduced, he sits at the head of a large table, grinning broadly at nothing in particular. It seems to be not a natural smile but more like a mouth exercise—possibly reflexive—in which the lips are stretched to the side, revealing the already well-known rows of large, healthy teeth. As he entered the room, he shook hands with everyone in sight. The members of the Urban Coalition board sit around the table. They are business, labor, religious, black, ethnic, and community leaders, about half of them black or Hispanic—an influential and skeptical lot, having seen a good deal. Taking the rostrum, Carter makes some opening remarks. His style of speaking is Southern soft. The sandy hair is not as bushy as the pictures of him indicate, but he looks far more like John Kennedy than I had imagined. The resemblance—the shape of the eyes and nose—is almost unnerving. It is hard enough to judge these politicians on their own, without the further confusion of irrelevant memories.

Carter tells the group, "This year is going to be very special in my life, and I think in your life." He continues, "I don't think any human being has travelled more than I have, met more people, answered more questions, gotten more free advice—and I've thoroughly enjoyed it." He is trying to make a virtue of his dogged campaigning. He says that he feels better about the country than he did when he first started campaigning. He says there is not the hatred in the country there used to be, and he talks about our approaching our future "with a quiet hurt and a quiet searching." He refers to "the question which you address so well—which is what we can do about deprived people," and then says, "I don't have any easy answers." He says, "I'm in the process of searching," and adds, "as are you." He seems to have almost perfect pitch with this group. He says that people who receive the services of federal programs should have more opportunity to shape them, and that most of the time the programs are drawn up "by people who haven't suffered."

Striking one of his major themes, Carter says, "I tell people, 'Don't vote for me unless you want to see the federal bureaucracy totally reorganized.' " (He has been saying that he will reduce the number of federal agencies from about nineteen hundred to two hundred.) The bureaucracy does need reorganization, but that is not the heart of the problem of making government more effective and responsive. He tells how in Georgia "any citizen in my state today can pick up the telephone and dial a number"—which has been distributed with welfare checks and broadcast on the radio—and bring up a complaint with the appropriate government official. He gives as an example that someone may buy a chicken at the market and then get it home and find that it is underweight. That person, Carter explains, can dial the number and be connected with the official in the state agriculture department who is responsible for scale weight. "Try to do that with the federal government," says Carter. "It's impossible. But it can be done."

He talks about popular issues, but not bloodlessly. He talks about public employees who began their work with "their hearts full of love;" he talks about people on welfare and says that "most people want to work." He affects great confidence, saying, "I intend to be elected." But is it really affectation? Presidential candidates must exude confidence, and inwardly most do begin to believe they might succeed. They have to believe it in order to go through what they do. But Carter's assertion seems rooted in some combination of confidence and steely determination—the steeliness masked somewhat by the gentling Southern accent—as if he has been at it a long time and is going to keep at it until he has convinced everyone of what he already knows. It does not seem to be entirely an act. His mother has been quoted as describing him as "a beautiful cat with sharp claws." Besides, the more he convinces others that his victory might come about, the more it is likely to. The Washington *Post* reported recently that not long ago Carter bought some land around his home in the small town of Plains, Georgia, where he runs a peanut farm and a peanut-warehousing business, and plans a zoning code to control commercial developers and souvenir shops there "when I am President." He talks to this group of the search in our society "for truth and honesty and decency." He is a gifted speaker; the pauses are well placed. He refers to Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt and Martin Luther King.

The first question is on abortion. Stories are coming out of Iowa that he switched positions there—leading some Catholic officials to believe that he would back a Constitutional amendment against abortion and then, when it became known that he would not, indicating that he would back some sort of national statute against it. This morning, an Evans and Novak column was devoted to the subject of Carter's allegedly misleading statement on the issue. Asked if he will clarify his position on abortion, Carter replies without hesitation; he is ready for this. His answer is quick and concise, and he manages to come out as well as one can on both sides of the issue—but not quite. "I think abortion is wrong," he says, apparently appealing to those who would like it outlawed. "I do not favor a Constitutional amendment," he says, thus closing that door. "I do not favor a law totally abolishing abortion," he



Sun-sational

Follow the sun in our brightly checked boy-leg swimsuit of cotton/polyester with back zipper, adjustable straps and three tempting strawberries embroidered on the front. Blue/white/red. Sizes 8-16. $38.00. Add $1.75 for postage.

Send for our new free color catalog.

The Talbots

THE TALBOTS, DEPT. ZK, HINGHAM, MA. 02043
Acton, Duxbury, Lenox, South Hamilton, Ma.; Avon, Hamden, Ct.

Boston's Colonnade Hotel.

Only the Atlantic separates us from the other grand hotels.

MCMLXXI

The Colonnade Hotel
Boston, Mass. 02116
(opposite The Prudential Center).
Phone: (617) 261-2800, or your local Loews Reservations Inc. Service.
A Distinguished Hotel
Represented by Robert F. Warner, Inc.

MAY 17, 1976

MONOGRAMMED
CANVAS TOTE

The classic canvas tote is the fashion of the times. Now, proudly display your appliqued initials for a look all your own. Matching lining, pocket and snap. Large size, 14″ X 13″ X 3″. Specify 2 or 3 initials. *Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.*

$15.00

Mail orders add $1.50—Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured.

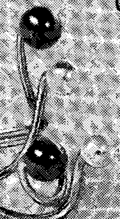
STERN'S

Dept. E-1 / Lenox Square / Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled

Copyright © 1976. S. S. G.

BOUQUET RING

Designed and made by
COLOMBE-PARIS



Two pearls and
choice of two
a) Black Hermatite
b) Tiger Eye
c) Jade
stones.
$48 ppd.

One size fits all.
Add sales tax where applicable.

Hervé Carvin
20 E. 69th St.
New York 10021 - (212) 288-6111

BICENTENNIAL FESTIVAL DRESS. An exquisite calico . . . tiny, tiny print on a dark ground, banded with coordinating skinny rickrack: rose and green on blue, or tangerine and green on brown. A high-necked, snug fit with 2″ self belt and silvery antiqued buttons and clasp. Leg o'mutton sleeves and a softly gathered ankle skirt. 100% cotton. Gently machine washable. Please state color, blue or brown. **Sizes 8-18 . . . . $34.95 ppd.**

Our Own Exclusive Designs

Write for New Spring Color Catalog

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-430
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

adds, closing that one, too—if such a law should prove to be Constitutional, which is doubtful. Then he says that he favors government action to prevent abortion through offering help with family planning, contraceptives, and the like—and so he ends with, in effect, a liberal position couched in conservative rhetoric. "I don't favor mandatory busing if an alternative can be worked out," he tells the group, and he adds that his daughter goes to a public, integrated school. He says Presidents should be accessible.

Watching Carter, one realizes that he might be President, might be a major part of our lives, and then again he might disappear, ending up a minor footnote in our history, a fleeting image.

After Carter's appearance, I speak with a man from Georgia who does not oppose Carter but who has misgivings. "Look at what he is, as against what he says," this man says. "He talks about working in harmony with the Congress, but he did just the opposite with the state legislature. He was not a coalition builder, he was a loner. He comes on as a man of sweet reasonableness; in reality, he is headstrong, opinionated, inflexible. He's terribly effective, but what he has been effective at is not all that great." Others have remarked on the fact that Carter does not seem to have peers with whom he works. Then, there are the reports about his campaign for the governorship against the liberal former governor Carl Sanders, in which, while he did not mention race, he appeared to align himself with George Wallace and Lester Maddox. And then when he was elected he announced at his inauguration, "The time for racial discrimination is over."

JANUARY 29

THURSDAY. George Wallace won the Mississippi precinct caucuses on Saturday, defeating Carter by about three to one. ("Uncommitted" came in second.)

Terry Sanford, president of Duke University and former governor of North Carolina, withdrew from the Democratic Presidential race on Friday. "The ordeal of running a political campaign from a nonpolitical position is tougher than I anticipated," Sanford said. Sanford, who had made an unsuccessful attempt at the nomination in 1972, had not been taken seriously, or paid much attention, this time. Sanford is a thoughtful, "issue-oriented" man, and an unexciting campaigner by conventional standards. He

ERICA WILSON'S NEEDLEWORKSHOP BY LAND OR SEA

Have you ever wished you could take personal lessons from Erica Wilson, America's leading needlework authority? Here's your chance! Five days of intensive workshops with demonstrations and lectures on Crewel Point, Bargello, Stump Work, Gold and Jewel Embroidery, and more. Summer fun for the entire family.

NANTUCKET SEMINAR July 18 - 23

Enjoy Nantucket's cobbled streets, unspoiled beaches, clambake and historic tours. Accomodations at charming country inns.

ROTTERDAM CRUISE Aug. 28 - Sept. 4

Cruise the azure seas of the Bahamas and Bermuda on the SS Rotterdam while Erica introduces you to a new world of needlework. Breakfast in bed! midnight buffets, gala entertainment and endless coral beaches . . . limited space.

Write early for full information.

ERICA WILSON NEEDLE WORKS
717 MADISON AVE. N.Y. 10021

Celebrate Our Third
Civilized Year

Country house informality, superb food, and lovely gardens at Northern Vermont's most beautiful small inn. Tennis courts, Vermont's oldest golf course, horseback riding, swimming, canoeing are available to activists. Or just relax in our gardens and fields and enjoy the beauty of the Green Mountains.

All this in an unspoiled, historic setting that the *Boston Globe* called "Vermont's most remarkable hill town."

The Inn on the Common
Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827
For information, write or call (802) 586-9619
Penny and Michael Schmitt, props.

EAGLE
5 FT. WIDE $400

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

MASTLANDS

A NEW CONCEPT
YEAR-ROUND ART STUDY
PROGRAMS FOR PEOPLE OVER 35

Starting in June. Please write to:
MASTLANDS, RR2, Windsor, Vt. 05089.

was, according to several people who observed him, an unexciting candidate for governor of North Carolina. But he was an exceptionally good governor.

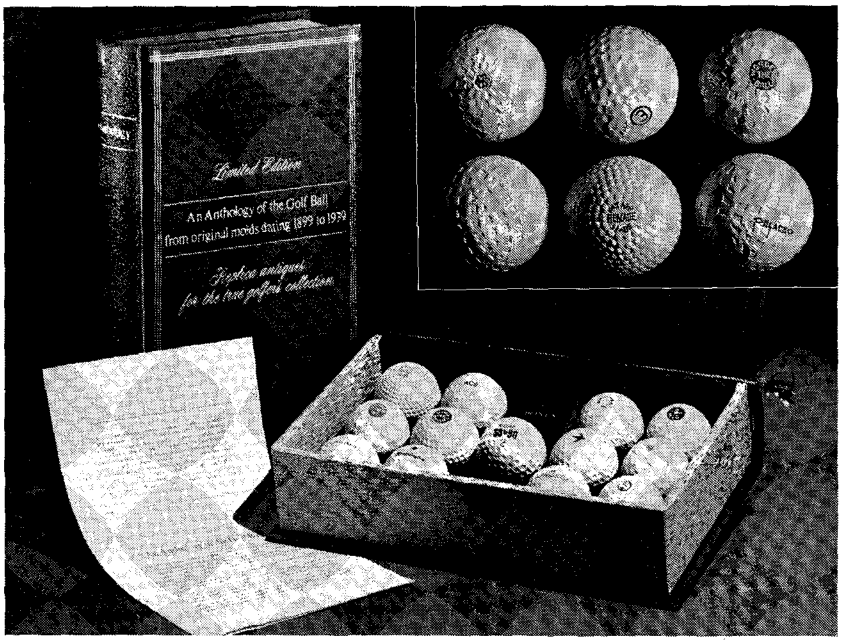
◆

THE House has voted, by 323 to 99, to prevent the Administration from spending any of the money in the defense-appropriations bill for military support for forces fighting in Angola. The Senate had approved the same ban before the Congress adjourned last year. The Administration proposed to use about thirty million dollars. In a letter to Speaker Albert, the President wrote, "The failure of the U.S. to take a stand will inevitably lead our friends and supporters to conclusions about our steadfastness and resolve." A large segment of the Congress has a different world view, and, still hurting from Vietnam and the disclosures of C.I.A. excesses, it is rebelling against our involvement, undertaken in secrecy, in Angola—one more country in which our interests are unclear. These actions, and the secrecy that surrounded them, grew out of assumptions that developed after the Second World War—Cold War assumptions that are now being questioned in Congress. This is what has caused the strains between the Congress and the executive over both foreign policy and some of the methods used in conducting that policy.

JANUARY 31

THE Supreme Court's ruling yesterday on the campaign reform law has the ring of a compromise. The Court upheld the limits on the amounts that can be contributed (for individuals, a thousand dollars to any Presidential or congressional candidate, and for political-action committees five thousand dollars per candidate), the requirement that campaign contributions be disclosed, and the provision for public financing of Presidential campaigns. On the other hand, it struck down the overall limits on campaign spending as impermissible limits on free speech, but it said that the spending limits could be imposed on Presidential candidates who accepted public financing. The Court also struck down the limits on spending one's own money for one's campaign, except for Presidential candidates who receive federal financing, and permitted unlimited "independent expenditures" on behalf of a candidate, as long as it was done without consulting the candidate. Finally, the Court ruled that the way the Federal Elections Commission had been established, with four of its six

Hadley
A division of Dalton
When you play to win...play with the best. Hadley Active Sportswear is designed for women who score points. Sizes, tops SML, skirt 6 to 18. From about $24 to about $34. At pro shops and fine stores everywhere.
Hadley, Dalton Blvd., Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.



Limited Edition
An Anthology of the Golf Ball from original molds dating 1899 to 1979
Replica antiques for the true golfer's collection
GOLF BALL "ANTHOLOGY" . . . the curious evolution of today's ball, dramatically depicted by authentic reproductions, dating back to 1899. You'll see how today's dimples were at one time actually raised . . . or were squares . . . or diamonds . . . even something resembling basketweave. All are made from the original molds but with modern construction techniques so they actually can be played. Encased in a "book" that also contains the written history of the golf ball . . . and one top quality Burke SS90 for dramatic comparison. $32.50 ppd.

Casual Living
390 Main St. • Danbury, Ct. 06810

THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING
THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING

NO SMOKING ASH TRAY ™

The words "Thank You For Not Smoking" decorate our unique ash tray. Made of the heavy *20th Century Pewter*, Armetale, 9" tray makes a handsome conversation piece. It's nice to "get the message" in a dignified manner.

$14.95

Mail orders add $1.50—Ga. residents add Sales Tax

BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured.

STERN'S

Dept. N-1 / Lenox Square / Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled

Copyright © 1976, S. S. G.

Best of
BOONOONOONOOS
(Jamaica's happy festival)

8 DAYS
7 NIGHTS ONLY $158 p.p., dbl. occ., EP 'til 12/15/1976

Includes: round trip transfers • Oceanfront air conditioned room • Complimentary welcome drink, *bottle of Jamaican liqueur, Blue Mt. coffee, glass-bottom boat ride*, Boonoonoonoos Night feast, plantation tour • Tennis • Golf discount • Discount *shopping coupons* • Private beach, pool • Nightly dancing, entertainment • 10% gratuity, 5% govt. room tax—extra. **Boonoonoonoos MAP Plan with Dine-Around privileges also available.**

SHAW PARK
BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, Managing Director
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
See your travel agent or RAY MORROW ASSOC.
Telephone: (212) 697-2340
Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 223-9838

BAREFOOT COMFORT
A unique quality product from our own Belgian workrooms

For men
Mr.CASUAL
$60

(HAND-TURNED)

FREE COLOR BROCHURES AVAILABLE

BELGIAN SHOES
Henri Bendel, Owner-President
60 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 755-7372
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

members appointed by the Congress, violated the principle of separation of powers, and that the Commission therefore could not issue rulings or distribute funds unless Congress rewrote the law. This set off an immediate scramble in the Congress to revise the law, and in the process to get in a few changes some congressmen and interest groups desired. Nonetheless, the provision limiting campaign contributions has already had profound effects on our politics—but not entirely the effects expected. It has reduced the power of the wealthy contributor, which was the major goal. But while some wealthy contributors have been ruled out of the game, others—those who have a lot of contacts, which is most of them—have not, because they can gather the thousand-dollar contributors a candidate needs. For this reason, and for reasons of habit—it will take a while to adjust to the new law—many of the old money-raisers are still called upon by the candidates. Still, individual voices are muted. Bothersome big donors don't have to be coddled, their opinions treated as serious. And because money must be raised in small sums, the new law, if anything, seems to require that the candidate spend more time than before raising money. But now no one can buy an election, or a candidate, even if the candidate wishes to be bought.

FEBRUARY 2

JIMMY CARTER ran strongly in Maine municipal caucuses yesterday, and said that this would help in "resolving a doubt that someone from the South can be acceptable to the rest of the nation." As in the case of Iowa, Carter saw psychological importance in doing well early, and in this case in a state next door to New Hampshire. Carter spent more time in Maine than did the other candidates, and his wife and sons campaigned there, and his Aunt Sissy (Emily Dolvin) moved to Maine for most of the last month.

•

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN, increasingly at odds with the Administration over his defiant style, resigned today as Ambassador to the United Nations. Henry Jackson has issued a statement saying that Moynihan's resignation is "a sad day for America."

•

THREE engineers from the General Electric division that builds nuclear reactors resigned today, saying they believed that nuclear energy presents a profound threat to man.

FEBRUARY 4

TODAY, Nelson Rockefeller told reporters that he would not rule out running for the Presidency if President Ford was defeated in the primaries.

FEBRUARY 5

THIS afternoon, I dropped by to talk with John Gardner, to see what he was thinking about. I talked with him in his Common Cause office, at Twenty-first and M Streets. As usual, Gardner viewed what is happening on levels that few other people here do.

"I can't help thinking," he began, "that one of the toughest problems we face is creating some new modes of organization. Our vaunted pluralism has hardened into a multiplicity of rigid vested interests, and it's becoming paralyzing to both our politics and our government. The question is: How can anyone mobilize power to get things done?"

I asked Gardner if this was really a new problem.

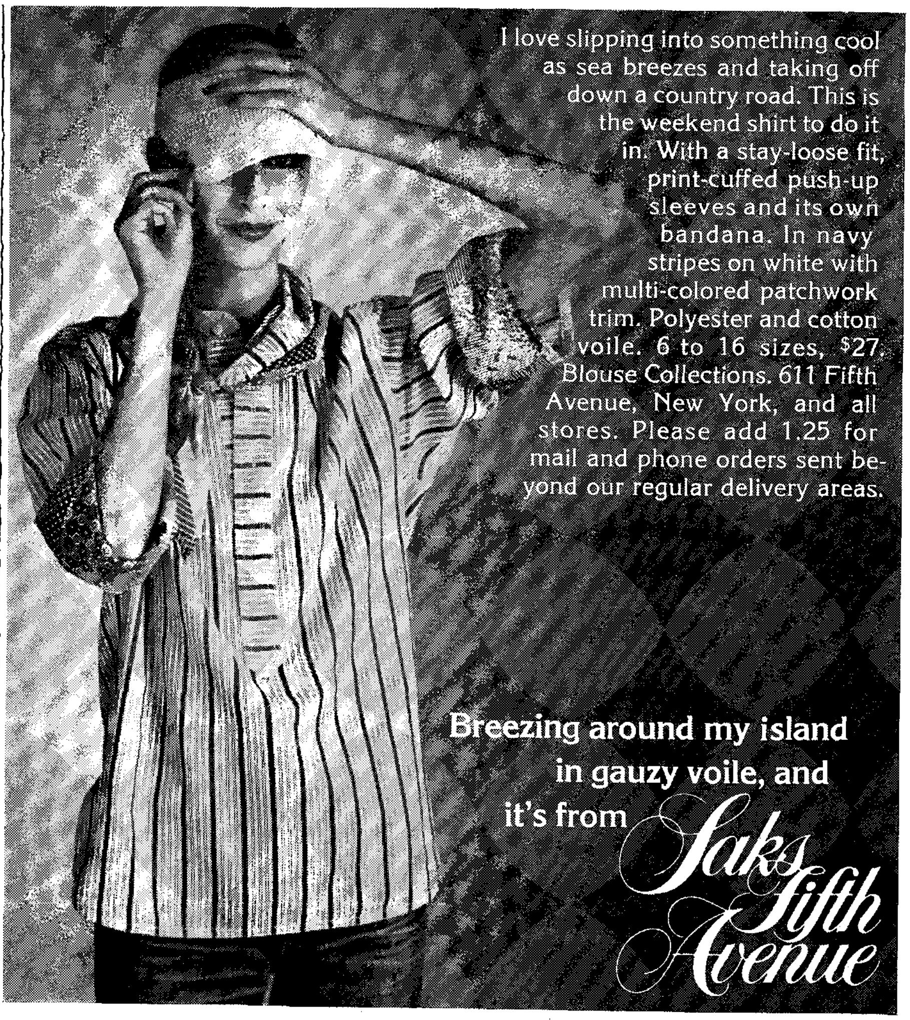
"Its character has changed," he replied. "Clear back to Colonial days, there were pretty strong vested interests, representing shippers and traders and landowners. Then in this century labor and farmers proved they could play the same game. But now even the symphony orchestras have organized. The change has to do with the growth in government. Each special interest has to protect itself against the intrusions of government, or bring about intrusions favorable to it, or simply fight for its share of the pie. So the number of special interests is greater; their professionalism is greater; the degree to which they organize for the narrow and short-term self-interest is greater. Government is powerful, and has a lot it can give, so you're going to get these consequences. Today, you have public-interest groups that take a longer and broader view, but they are issue-oriented and not power mobilizers. Until now, the power-mobilizing elements in the political system have been the parties. They have always reached across special interests—and they should. They should be the putters-together of the splinters. But the parties themselves are affected by the rising power and professionalism of the special interests. They are captured by multiple masters. The Democratic Party still has the strong voice of Texas oil, minorities, blue-collar workers—each organized, tough, skilled in getting its way, and resistant to mobilization in a coalition. That's also why the parties aren't instruments of power that are useful to the Presidents whom they've elected. And that's why Presidents have so much trouble governing."

I asked Gardner, who had seen government at first hand as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Johnson Administration and has been watching it closely ever since, to describe the way he saw the nature of the trouble Presidents have in governing.

Gardner replied, "There is a myth that says there is a powerful entity called the Federal Government, which lords it over something quite separate called the Private Sector. But in reality the federal government is to a considerable degree a collection of disconnected pieces, each under the virtual control of some private-sector interests. What we really have is the Special Interest State, in which every well-organized interest owns a piece of the executive branch, and has its well-disciplined allies in Congress to boot. The mythology says Congress and the executive are wholly separate branches that fight like cat and dog. It's true at the top, but the middle-level bureaucrat locks arms with the members of Congress, and they both lock arms with the powerful private-sector interests that are calling the tune. It's a great old barn dance, but there are a dozen different people calling different steps."

"And that's what causes the paralysis?"

"That's right," Gardner replied. "There are so many special interests they cancel each other out. Each has a veto, and no one has the power to make the whole thing work. The fragments of our government have no effective way of working together or thinking together. The government is an organism without a cerebral cortex. We cannot think as a nation. No President in recent history has been able to govern domestically. That is why every recent President has retreated eventually to foreign policy. When the next President enters office, in 1977, we'll see a charade we've seen many times before. After a few weeks, he will discover that the buttons on his desk aren't wired to anything. They're just there to make him feel good. He'll conclude that he is being thwarted by the Big Bad Bureaucracy—all those big agencies, all those little people in green eyeshades. So he will appoint a distinguished Commission on Executive Reorganization, and they'll tell him pretty much what previous commissions have told previous Presidents—how to reorganize


I love slipping into something cool as sea breezes and taking off down a country road. This is the weekend shirt to do it in. With a stay-loose fit, print-cuffed push-up sleeves and its own bandana. In navy stripes on white with multi-colored patchwork trim. Polyester and cotton voile. 6 to 16 sizes, $27. Blouse Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Breezing around my island in gauzy voile, and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

For the Sweethearts of Sigma Chi, Jack or Bill.

Choose the girl, we have the perfect tribute. Delightful pendant of 14Kt. white gold, centered with a pure gem. Aquamarine, amethyst, citrine, tourmaline, garnet or peridot, encircled with 8 brilliant diamonds. Looped pendant, ¾" high. On a 14Kt. white gold chain, 16" or 18", 'tis but $115. The pendant alone, $95.

H.Stern
South America's Leading Jewelers
IN OUR NEW OLYMPIC TOWER SHOP
645 Fifth Avenue (51 St.), N.Y. 10022
(212) 688-0300

Mail and phone orders cheerfully filled. We honor American Express and all major credit cards. Please include card name, number and expiration date.

MAY 17, 1976

the bureaucracy. But when he tries, he'll confront the constituencies that made him a viable candidate. At that point, he'll quietly drop the whole subject, and that's the last we'll hear about executive reorganization until the next President arrives. But even if he changed the organization chart, he'd run into the same conflicting constituencies whenever he attempted significant policy changes. And our paralysis on domestic policy will continue. That's one of the dilemmas we don't know how to face. People walk away from the subject, because they don't know how to deal with it."

FEBRUARY 7

SATURDAY. The Manchester, New Hampshire, airport, shortly before noon. It is a bright, cold day. Only about a thousand people are here to greet President Ford, who will arrive shortly, in pursuit of his party's nomination. Leaflets were distributed this morning urging people to come to the airport to see their President and his wife, and for good measure Air Force One, the President's plane. But still the turnout is modest. It seems that the President, with his large entourage of officials and reporters, his paraphernalia and equipment, might sink this tiny state. Estimates of what this primary is worth, commercially, to New Hampshire—which has made sure that its primary continues to be the first one—vary from five million dollars to ten million; it is one of the state's largest industries. In a little over two weeks from now, New Hampshire's one hundred and sixty-four thousand registered Republicans, one hundred and sixteen thousand registered Democrats, and one hundred and forty thousand independents will make their statement, its meaning to be interpreted by the press and the political community. Even a victory here is not necessarily a "victory"—as Lyndon Johnson, who defeated Eugene McCarthy in the 1968 primary, and Edmund Muskie, who won this primary in 1972, learned. The New Hampshire primary has become an important and potentially decisive test, because that is the way it is interpreted, and many of the candidates have accepted it as such. Including the President. Gerald Ford has never submitted to an electoral test outside his former congressional district of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and now he is facing an aggressive opponent. The President's campaign apparatus is in shaky condition. The opinion polls, to the extent that they are known, indicate that the race between the President and his challenger is very close, with a substantial

CLASSICAL COMFORT
Classical standards of comfort led Fortune Magazine to rate us as "One of the world's 8 great, little known hotels." And because we stay with classical standards, one year after another, we stay chic, one generation after another.
CLASSICAL CHIC
Preferred reservations, telephone 800-323-7500. Clift Hotel. Geary and Taylor. San Francisco.
CLIFT HOTEL
"Among American hotels...the Clift is a gem." -Harper's Bazaar.

nordstrom
FLORSHEIM
INCREDIBLY COMFORTABLE 'EZEE' IN A CREDIBLE SIZE SELECTION.
shoe by florsheim. selection by nordstrom. for you, in kid leather, elastic at instep, plantation crepe sole. wear it. love it. live in it. 'ezee' in amber, black, navy; 'ezee II' (not shown) chino kid, hemp trim. 6½-12 aaaa, 6-12 aaa, 5½-12 aa, 5½-11 a, 4-12 b, 5½-10 c, 5½-9 d, 5-10 ee; 31.95, over size 10, 32.95 women's shoes; seattle, portland.
nordstrom c/o sally brown. 1501 fifth avenue, seattle wa. 98101.
please send me the florsheim 'ezee' ☐ 'ezee II' ☐; size______
width______ color______ second color______ price______
name______
address______
city______ state______ zip______
washington residents add sales tax. postage charged outside regular delivery areas.

"undecided" vote. Ronald Reagan is said to have the more effective organization, as the candidates with the more zealous backing often do. Reagan is the ideological and sentimental favorite of the Republican conservative wing, which in recent years has worked harder within the Party than the moderate and liberal wings and therefore has been heavily represented, or perhaps over-represented, at the Conventions.

The President swoops down the field in the great, sleek blue-and-white plane with "United States of America" printed on its side. It is Plane No. 27000—the same one that Richard Nixon named "Spirit of '76." This year, there appears on its tail, just below the American flag, the emblem of the Bicentennial.

Nixon is the Banquo's ghost of this election. Yesterday, it was announced that he would visit China, at the invitation of the Chinese government—the trip to begin on February 20th, four days before the New Hampshire primary. Ford, like the country, simply cannot shake Nixon. Ford the President is of Nixon's creation. Ford's sudden pardoning of Nixon, on a September Sunday morning, may be an invisible issue—one of those issues that people don't talk about much but that are there, below the surface, bothering them. Politicians often miscalculate about such issues, figuring that if people aren't talking about them they aren't there. Ford figured when he pardoned Nixon that the public outrage would "blow over." It did, but then it went underground. People can shout for only so long, and politicians often mistake silence for contentment. People don't talk much about Watergate—or Vietnam, either—anymore, but it is commonly accepted that both have deeply affected attitudes toward government and politics.

A high-school band, dressed in blue and white, swings into "Hail to the Chief" as the President's plane taxis to a stop and its door opens. Other candidates, of course, aren't greeted with "Hail to the Chief," but this is a President-candidate, which is different. The President; his wife, Betty; and his daughter, Susan, all look terribly healthy. Politicians' families are, of course, part of the props; their smiling appearance alongside the candidate may have nothing to do with how they feel about being there, or about him. But the Fords do seem to be a family with real bonds, the President a man with human connections. We have learned to watch for this in our public figures.

•

THE cafeteria of the Rundlett Junior High School, Concord, New Hampshire, at lunchtime. Local officials and members of the state legislature are seated in rows of metal folding chairs. A disembodied voice announces, "The President of the United States." The President comes out and stands behind a rostrum to which the Presidential seal—the travelling Presidential seal—has been affixed. The President is going to hold a briefing on his budget, apparently to show his command of his own programs. One he held in Washington last month when his Budget Message was released was considered such a success that now he has taken the performance on the road. On either side of the President are the American flag and the Presidential flag, and large charts on easels covered with blue cloth. Behind him is a blue curtain. A number of Presidential assistants and an official of the Office of Management and Budget are here. The President, dressed in a navy-blue pin-striped suit and a blue shirt, begins by referring to the "good news" announced yesterday by the Labor Department that unemployment has dropped to 7.8 per cent from 8.3 per cent. He shows the audience two of the charts, which indicate how much the state, counties, municipalities, and townships of New Hampshire will receive under his new revenue-sharing proposal. "This is federal money . . . with no strings attached," he tells them. He is the President, bringing them their boodle. The situation lacks majesty. More is at stake in this election than how much Concord, New Hampshire, will get from revenue sharing.

The interesting thing about the questions that are put to the President is how many of them show an eagerness to get more, not less, from the federal government: more for the treatment of alcoholism, more for schools, more for mass transit. The President is a plain, unassuming man, not unlike the people he is talking to. But with all that equipment and all that blue he looks Presidential. (In an effort to dispel the hapless-nice-guy image, his campaign photographs for posters and leaflets have the President looking stern.) He offers, without having been asked, the information that he will not

Savile Row
Huntsman

LONDON W1X 2PS ENGLAND

TAILORS AND
BREECHES MAKERS.
SHIRTMAKERS.

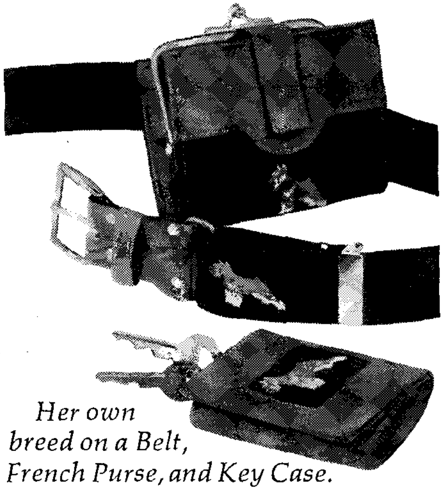
ESTABLISHED
OVER A
CENTURY

OUR
AUTHENTIC
HUNTING SHIRT

After taking some 100 years to perfect these remarkable knitted woollen shirts to meet the extreme requirements of foxhunting, we feel we have produced what must be the most comfortable and versatile casualwear garment for men and women! In three colours and qualities with handsomely toning tattersal check collar. Beige (wool and cashmere) $49; light blue (wool and silk) $46; yellow (100% wool) $42. Price includes despatch to you by Air Parcel post within 21 days but not domestic customs duty. Or call in and see one when you are next passing our historic shop!

TO: H. HUNTSMAN & SONS LTD, 11 SAVILE ROW, LONDON W1X 2PS ENGLAND.
Check for $..................enclosed for:
Quantity:..................Colour: ....
Neck size:..................Chest size:..................
Name:..................
Address: ....
....
..................Zip:..................

Great Gifts for
DOG LOVERS



Her own
breed on a Belt,
French Purse, and Key Case.
Over 70 breeds available. Perfect reproductions, authentically woven in Switzerland to exact specifications and colorations.
Belt $15.00 Key case $9.50 Purse $19.50
Wallet $22.50 (not shown)
A combination of soft leather, Swiss fabric.
☐ Please send my breed.
My breed is ________________
My waist size is ________ ☐ Ladies ☐ Mens
Add $1.50 for postage and handling.
N.Y. State Residents add applicable sales tax.
THE ORIGINAL DOG TIE COMPANY AT David • Barrato
1530 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030
730 Fifth Avenue (at 57th)
Suite L-100, New York, N.Y. 10019 (516) 869-8133
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

MAY 17, 1976

close the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard. He has been well briefed on local issues. Asked about a controversial proposal, now pending before the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, to build a nuclear reactor at Seabrook (the questioner is for the project, which is expected to provide three thousand jobs), the President says that he cannot speak about issues that are before a regulatory commission but "I strongly believe in a nuclear-power program."

•

SATURDAY EVENING. The gymnasium of the Nashua Senior High School. The President is here, attending the fiftieth annual dinner of the Nashua Chamber of Commerce. This is a good occasion for the President, since the audience is heavily Republican. At least a half-dozen White House assistants, plus officials of the President Ford Committee, considered the many questions surrounding the President's trip here, including the very important one of whether or not he should ski this weekend. The President's extensive travelling about the country last fall—attracting two apparent assassination attempts—brought forth widespread criticism. He was dissipating his one major advantage—the Presidency—and doing the one thing that politicians, in this cycle of our politics, are not supposed to do. He was "acting like a politician." His occasional displays of physical awkwardness had become a national joke. It was at that point that the opinion polls showed the President's popularity beginning to sink. Shortly after Reagan announced that he would be a candidate for the Presidency, on November 20th, the polls briefly showed Reagan to be ahead. No one was sure whether this was a reflection of the widespread coverage that Reagan was receiving, of the President's lack of popularity, or both. Last week, I talked with Stuart Spencer, deputy chairman of the President Ford Committee. Spencer has, in effect, been in charge. A former California political manager—his firm, Spencer-Roberts, managed Reagan's campaigns for governor in 1966 and 1970—he is considered very able, and a good catch for Ford. "We've made the gut decision that the best strategy for the President is to be President," Spencer told me. "So we're walking a thin line: he'll go to some of the states and get as much press out of it as possible. You'll notice he's going weekends." This complicated further the question of whether he should ski. I was told at the White House that the President Ford Com-

The Olga Plus with Lycra*

MOST
FITTING
SLIP

Most smoothing, too, with Olga's Secret Hug™ lace trim of soft nylon and **Lycra**® spandex stretching to fit ...and shaping the no-seam bodice and camisole straps. In fine, non-cling Antron® III nylon tricot. Style 999, in four lengths: Nude, White, Blue, Black, 13.00 and 14.00. Look for it in the best Lingerie Departments.

For where-to-buy call toll free: 800-447-4700. In Ill., 800-322-4400.

*Dupont registered trademark

behind
every
OLGA®
there
really is
an Olga

IMPORTED
BOMBAY
DRY GIN
BOMBAY

H.R.M.
(Her Royal Martini).

Bombay Gin, imported from England. Superbly dry and gentle.
One taste and you'll be one of its loyal followers.

© 1976 Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022. 86 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

mittee wanted the President to ski this weekend but that White House assistants did not think he should. People at the President Ford Committee did not concede that they had taken such a position, and, indeed, one person there listed the negative considerations: it would take a lot of time; there were logistical difficulties in getting the President and his large entourage to and from a ski area; a Presidential ski outing might displace a large number of other skiers and thus hurt the area more than it would help, and might even hurt the President politically. And so, after careful deliberations, high policymakers in our government concluded that the President should not ski this weekend.

After the President of the United States has sat for what seems like a long time on the red-white-and-blue-draped dais this evening, making polite conversation, listening attentively to the preliminary speeches, he is invited to participate in the presentation of the "Citizen of the Year" award to Sam Tamposi, who is the treasurer of the Reagan campaign. President Ford has a prepared address for the occasion. The Presidential seal is on the rostrum where he speaks. He congratulates Sam Tamposi. He points out that the first warship to fly the American flag—a ship commanded by John Paul Jones—was built at the Portsmouth Shipyard, and he departs from the prepared text to remark that he will not close the shipyard. Ford tells the audience, "The patriots who built America understood that poverty is abolished by economic growth, not by government-imposed redistribution of money." The President seems to be trying to infuse more drama into his delivery than usual. Instead of the customary monotone, he raises his voice for emphasis and then lowers it almost to a whisper. The style seems unnatural, forced. Noting that a brewery was opened in New Hampshire in 1970, he says, "I don't think the United States government could make beer for less than fifty dollars a six-pack." He gets big applause for this. (Last week, he said in Dearborn that he didn't think the government could build a Model T for less than fifty thousand dollars.) He defends his revenue-sharing program and tells the members of the Chamber of Commerce how much Nashua will receive. He tells them that the citizens of Nashua, who have made such progress, have defied the nation's pessimists, "as exemplified in the fable about Chicken Little," and he tells of how Chicken Little, having been hit by an acorn, said the sky was falling. He continues, "The fact is that America has been hit on the head by some very heavy acorns in recent years—recessionary acorns, inflationary acorns, unemployment acorns, energy acorns. . . ."

FEBRUARY 8

A CONFERENCE of Third World nations ended in Manila yesterday, with the participants agreeing to put pressure on the industrialized nations for a "new international economic order." They expressed their "firm conviction to make full use of the bargaining power of the developing countries, through joint . . . action" to receive better terms for their commodities.

•

IT is Sunday. I have been designated one of two pool reporters to accompany the Fords to church this morning. There is always a press pool—to fly on Air Force One, to ride in the motorcade closer to the President's car than the press bus does, and to attend events too small to accommodate the entire press corps. The pool reporters then file a report for the rest of the press. Somehow, I drew the church duty. It is a clear, sunny morning as we set out to watch the Fords emerge from the private house in which they have been staying in Nashua. There are three carloads of cameramen and photographers—they sometimes seem to be what this is all about—and one car for the writing press: a wire-service representative and the other pool reporter and me. Our car is equipped with a telephone and has been provided by the telephone company, which is a service offered for Presidential trips (but not for those of other candidates). We watch carefully, take notes and pictures as the President and Mrs. Ford and their son Mike and his wife, Gayle, emerge from an attractive red brick house at No. 3 Swart Street. They smile and wave and greet some of the neighbors who have come out to see them, and we record the President's words: "Good morning. Nice to see you." On our way to church, the wire-service man phones in his report, which he has managed to develop into a fairly long story.

The church is some distance away, in Bedford, a bedroom community of Manchester. The President is an Episcopalian, but this morning he is attending a picturesque white New England-style Presbyterian church. After the service, the President and his wife pose for pictures on the church steps and then greet people, gathered behind

Provimi Introduces Continental Dining Veal Products

Combining the uncompromising quality of Old World feeding with modern American farming skills, Provimi, Inc. now offers its exclusive new line of Continental style products for home cuisine.

A complete line of milk fed veal slices, chops, steaks, diced veal, and liver are packaged in beautiful-to-give, easy-to-store two pound presentation boxes.

All products are unconditionally guaranteed for quality and perfect condition on arrival. It's shipped frozen in ice packed, reusable foam picnic coolers. Send for your free copy of our full line color brochure today. Recipe brochure also included.

Write to Dept. NY 56

PROVIMI
Deluxe Continental Veal

EURO-VEAL FARMS, INC. P.O. Box 156,
Provimi Road, Watertown, Wisconsin 53094

PICK A
COTTON BOLL™
CLUB TIE OR BELT!

An Alfred's original design features white bolls on solid grounds of navy, maroon, brown, green, mid-blue or copper, imported Terelene rep. $10. Matching 1½" adjustable belts (no mid-blue or copper). Sizes 22 to 46. $10.

Mail orders to P.O. Box 3404, Memphis, Tenn. 38103. Add $1 postage. If Master Charge, BankAmericard or Am. Exp., give acct. no. and expiration date.

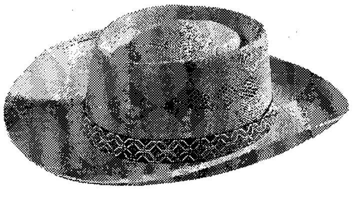
Alfred's
Memphis, Tenn.
Call Ms. Palla, 901-525-8155

The Perfect Country Holiday

At the Sugarbush Inn, you can do whatever you love best. Golf on our 18-hole course set in the magnificent Green Mountains. Great tennis too. **Weekly Gardiner/Rosewall Tennis Clinics.** Enjoy our poolside terrace, memorable food and drink, delightful country inn or condominium style accommodations, sauna, free supervised children's program . . . and best of all, the beautiful summer scenery of Vermont. **For information and reservations call 802-583-2301** or write The Sugarbush Inn

Box 325S, Warren, Vermont 05674

Handsome Headpiece for Top Hands Ramrods and Dudes



To keep you cool headed and jauntily comfortable, we've had Stetson duplicate the famous Eddie Bauer DERRINGER in fine Panama Straw. Total weight 2¼ ounces! The 3-inch edgebound brim has the distinctive upward roll you see on hats made to order for Southwest ranchers. The headband is colorfully woven in authentic Apache tribal patterns. **Sizes:** 6¾-7¾. **Color:** Straw Gold. **1965** Featherweight DERRINGER, **$12.95** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$________. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please rush my **1965** Derringer. Size________
Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip________
☐ **Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.**

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. KNW, Third & Virginia, Seattle, WA 98124

Taste Life Santa Fe Style

The great, unspoiled West and a superlative ranch-resort in the cool, clear mountain air of charming Santa Fe. Great tennis, superb riding, swimming, golf, fishing, cookouts, skeet, trap. Special activities for children.
Package Plans available.
For information contact:

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
P.O. Box 2367 N • Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
(505) 983-6378

The Raphael
Classic accommodations moderately priced.
San Francisco — Near Union Square
Kansas City — On the Country Club Plaza
Call toll free (800) 323-1776

a rope, who have come to see them. The President is natural and friendly; he has an appealing, open laugh. We dutifully note that Mrs. Ford pats a dog. My fellow pool reporter interviews Mike Ford on his views about abortion.

•

THE University of New Hampshire, Durham. The gym is packed for the President's appearance tonight. (Politicians and advance men love gyms for political appearances, because the sounds resonate and make an enthusiastic crowd seem all the more enthusiastic.) In the audience tonight are representatives of the People's Bicentennial Commission, a group of young people from around the country who are trying—in a project that they call the Common Sense Campaign for a Democratic Economy—to insert questions about the economic structure of America into the Presidential contest. Their tactics are often rude. Tonight, they shout catcalls while the President tries to speak. In response, the other students give the President especially enthusiastic cheers. Ford handles the situation well, moving on with his remarks without becoming visibly tense or angry, and he maintains his equanimity as he takes questions, some of them hostile. It is hard to imagine Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon handling this situation with as much calm, or perhaps even being here at all. Many of Ford's answers indicate that he and the students—not just his P.B.C. questioners—are living in different worlds, proceeding on different sets of assumptions. No one is persuading anybody, but it is good that the President is there, taking questions and offering his answers. And as he does so, his wooden, "Presidential" manner slips away and he becomes the natural "nice guy." It is his most appealing performance of the weekend.

FEBRUARY 9

THE Soviet-backed and Cuban-backed forces in Angola have captured Huambo, the capital of the forces backed by the United States.

•

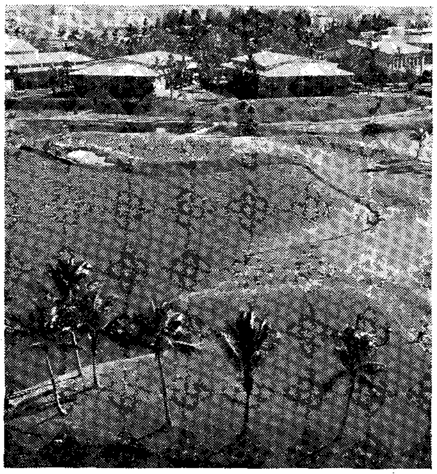
IT is Monday. The major Democrats in the race here in New Hampshire are Bayh, Carter, Harris, Shriver, and Udall. Jackson is not taking part in the popularity contest, but he has entered a slate of delegates. New Hampshire residents like to be courted by the candidates—expect it—but some are getting a little tired of answering the telephone. Canvassers for the candidates

Doral's golf week!

*Unlimited golf on 5 courses, carts. Tennis, other sports. Dining, dancing, shows. All from only $120.**

Call your travel agent or 800-327-6334.

DORAL
country club / miami's five-star resort



**per person, double, May 28-Oct. 2. $198 MAP.*

Harpsichord & Fortepiano Kits

Authentic replicas of
18th century instruments
for construction by
the amateur craftsman.

For kit brochures write:
FRANK HUBBARD
185A-Y Lyman Street
Waltham, Mass. 02154

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

CINEMA CLASSICS
16MM & 8MM SOUND AND SILENT
The finest full length motion picture classics are now available to the private collector, institutions and organizations.
For catalogue send $1.00 (refundable) to:
STORAGE FILMS COMPANY
6445 E. FANFOL DRIVE
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA 85253

try to determine which voters favor the caller's candidate and the degree of fervor with which they do so. Those who might be persuaded to favor that candidate are called again, and then efforts are made to get all those who favor that candidate to the polls. This process is most adaptable to a state as small as New Hampshire, and is difficult to duplicate elsewhere. It is as if each voter here were wired. Proposals to shorten the duration of campaigns, or ideas that the more aloof, thoughtful candidate might be more appealing, must come to terms with this: that there will be candidates who will simply go out and work and campaign and organize and conduct a sort of relentless guerrilla war on the election—as Jimmy Carter is doing. Probably a candidate without appeal could not get very far on a mechanistic organization alone—in fact, could not attract the support to mount such an organization. The ability to attract such support may even be a credential for the Presidency, since a President should have the ability to rally. But rally whom? And for what? An organization is a neutral thing.

Another dilemma: The number of Democratic candidates has become the subject of jokes, and these increase the cynicism and lack of dignity with which this election is surrounded as of now. Candidates enter for a variety of reasons. There are more flukes connected with who is in and who is out—the process is far more irrational—than we would like to think. Some candidates run because they really want to be President, some to get better known for a future race, some to secure their situation in their own state, some because they do not have anything more interesting to do. But it is not any candidate's fault that there are so many others. And who is to say who should or should not be in the race? In previous elections, the complaint has often been that there was so little choice.

•

MONDAY EVENING. Berlin (pronounced *Burr*-lin), New Hampshire, a dreary mill town in the northern tip of the state, not far from the Canadian border, and about a three-hour drive from Manchester. Berlin, with a population of fifteen thousand, contains three and a half per cent of the state's Democrats, and, according to some estimates, the highest density of Democrats of any municipality in the state. It is a bit of a shock to come upon Berlin, with its spewing smokestacks, narrow streets, and cramped, cheerless houses, after driving through

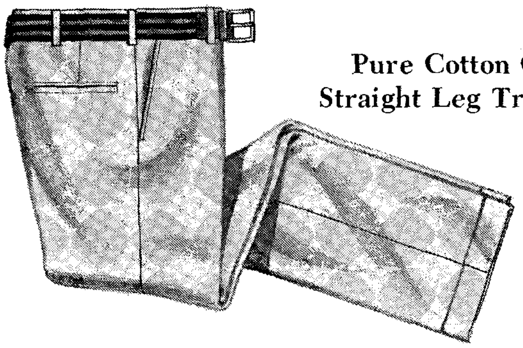
SEBAGO
DOCKSIDES
Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

Examine the elk-tanned cowhide upper. Built to resist salt, perspiration, mildew. Test the non-slip sole which refuses to pick up sand or pebbles. Handsewn by Yankee craftsmen.

Available in New York at **McDuffee's**; Hartford, **Luettgen's**; Philadelphia, **Wanamaker's**; Charleston, S.C., **Kerrison's**; Wayzata, Minn., **The Foursome**; Norfolk, **Miller & Rhoades**; Knoxville, **Miller's**; Kalamazoo, **V & A Bootery**; Grand Rapids, **Muller's**; Halifax, N.S., **Gabriel's**; Hamilton, Bermuda, **W. J. Boyle**; Connecticut, **Prague's** (all stores); and **selected Florsheim shoe shops.**

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Pure Cotton Oxford Cloth Straight Leg Travel Slacks $28


Cool, breathable pure cotton oxford cloth in our traditional, lightweight travel slacks. Classic, fully cut belt loop model features practical watch pocket, conservative straight legs that taper slightly from knee to bottom. Good-looking with blazers, sweaters, sportshirts. Light blue or natural tan, in waist sizes 30 to 44, including 35; specify inseam. Classic 1½" width cotton stretch belt with leather fittings, English brass buckle. Stripes of maroon on navy, white on navy, gold on navy, red on green or navy on tan. Sizes: S(30-32), M(34-36), L(38-40), XL(42-44). $10.

☐ *Please send catalogue*

Circle Items: Slacks(85105) Belt(77051) Size ______ Colours ______ Qty. ____

☐ Check ☐ M/O Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Charge

Bank Card # ______________________ Expires ________

Mail Orders, Add $1.85 Shipping & Handling; Cal. Res. add Sales Tax

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________ Zip ________

No. 150 Post St., San Francisco, Calif., 94108 (415) 397-7733

010517

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining
in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay
in the fashionable heart of the city,
just off Park Avenue.

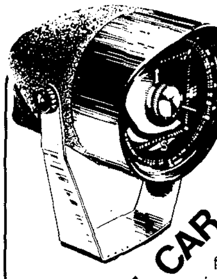
Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, $50 to $55; Double, $60 to $65;
Two-Room Suite, $80 to $100.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600



VERTICAL CAR COMPASS

Useful automobile accessory, with futuristic airplane styling and vertical 2½" dial for full 360° view. Great for night driving, because lights at touch of button. Fastens to dash with no-mar adhesive. Can be fully compensated for car's magnetic field. **$12.95.** Add $1 for mail order (and sales tax for California delivery). BA / MC may call (212) 543-7003 or (415) 433-7540 for fastest service.

hennikers
Dept. YN, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

SAY IT WITH DIAMONDS

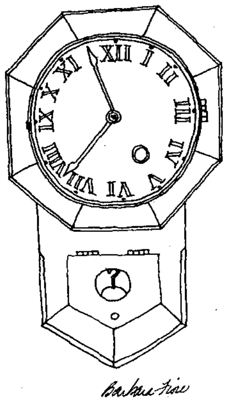
In any language, Oui and Ciao make chic 14K gold chokers. For emphasis we dotted the "i" with a diamond! Including gold chain, $75 each. Without diamond, $50 each. Mail orders quickly filled. Mailing $1.50. California residents add 6%.
47 Maiden Lane
San Francisco,
Calif. 94108
415/398-4707

THE WEDDING RING SHOP

the spectacular White Mountains, their slopes and evergreens covered with snow. It is as if some perverse force had placed this Dickensian throwback here to show what man can create in the midst of such beauty. Along Main Street, there are headquarters for Sargent Shriver, Birch Bayh, Fred Harris, and Jimmy Carter. Carter got the best spot, on the corner next to City Hall. Some signs along the street advertise a ninety-nine-cent ham-and-bean dinner for Fred Harris on Wednesday night.

The Riverside Motor Inn, an old, dank hotel, is tucked away hard by the Brown Company, which manufactures paper products and sends a most unpleasant odor into the night air. In the bar, shortly before six, two musicians who are part of a band called McWendy and the Midnight Specials are rehearsing. When a blond waitress idling by the dining-room doorway is asked her opinion of the candidates, she replies, "None of them is good enough to run the country." Downstairs, the Women's Bowling League—about thirty-two women, dressed in slacks—has assembled for candlepin bowling, popular in New England. The room, with a low ceiling, green paint peeling off the walls, and a damp, gymnasium smell, is noisy with the crashing of pins and the shouting of the women.

Shortly after six, Birch Bayh, dressed in a navy pin-striped suit and a blue shirt, his hands in his pockets, strolls into the bowling alley. Bayh is following the sort of frantic schedule that all candidates do these days. He began the day at 6:30 A.M. at a plant gate here, gave a newspaper interview in Groveton, and attended a coffee hour and toured a paper plant there, toured in Lancaster, walked down a street in Gorham, and then returned to Berlin, where he gave a newspaper interview and two radio interviews, stood at a plant gate again, and visited a hospital. And now he has come to this bowling alley, where thirty-two women are bowling, in quest of votes. Bayh, as usual, has the look of an alert squirrel; his blue eyes dart about, the dimples showing in his cheeks even when his face is in repose. The women are largely uninterested in his presence, so Bayh makes his way along the two rows of benches, sticking out his hand and saying, "Can I say hello? I'm Senator Birch Bayh. How's the game going?" From time to time, he stops to watch one of the women bowl, and cheers if she hits a few pins. The women shake his hand and return to their bowling. With Bayh are an aide, two officials of Local 75 of the United Paperworkers International Union, who have endorsed him, and a young woman carrying a yellow legal pad, who says that she is checking the candidates' positions on the issues for some wealthy California contributors. Bayh's campaign is said to be in trouble, because, among other things, he has had difficulty raising sufficient money. As of today, he has raised a little over half a million dollars, less than nearly all the others. The new law tends to reward those who start early and work long at raising money, and Bayh did not announce his candidacy until last October (though his fund-raising began before that). Jackson raised over a million dollars in 1974, before the new law took effect. Bayh spots a young man working behind the bowling pins and walks down the long gutter to the end of an alley to talk with him. As he leaves the bowling alley, one of the women tells him that the men's league will be here later. "Is that right?" Bayh says. "Maybe we ought to come back." In the lobby, he buys a Tab from a vending machine. I ask him if he is having fun. "You might as well," he replies. "It's either that or cry."



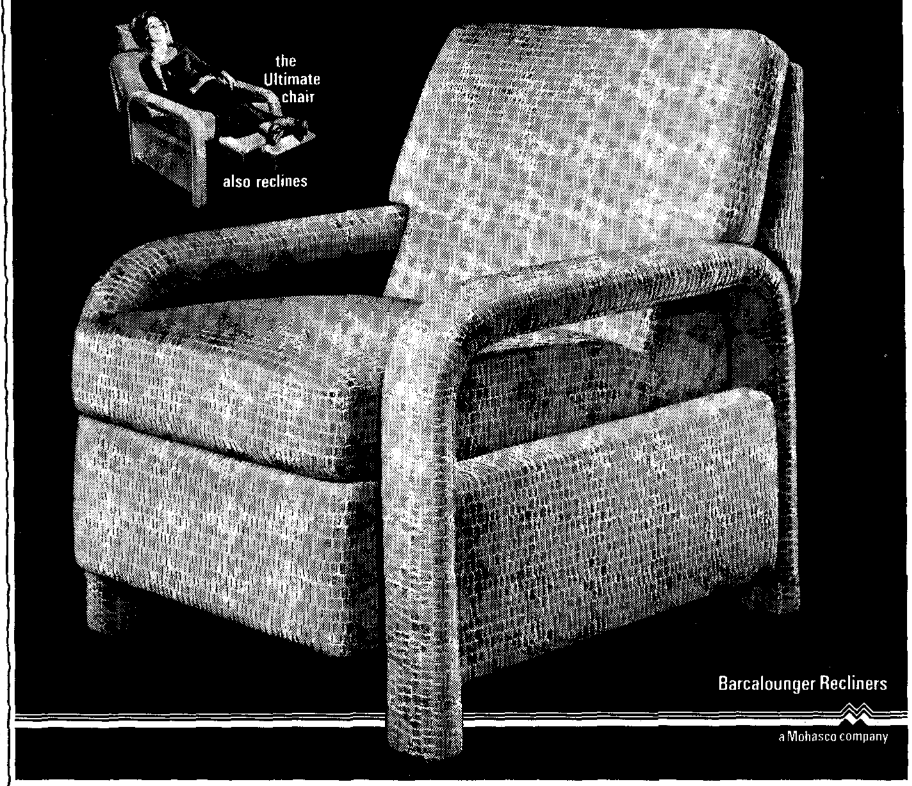
As Bayh arrives at City Hall, where people have been rounded up to meet him, a campaign film of his is running in a darkened room. In the film, a car is driving down a dusty road, and bluegrass music is playing in the background. Then we see Birch Bayh, looking straight into the camera, very sincere, saying, "I've worked all my life," and "That's what America's all about." The film shows us Bayh's baby pictures, and Bayh's voice says, "I always laugh when I see those." Bayh's Aunt Kay (his mother died when he was young) talks about him, and we see pictures of his wife, Marvella. Bayh looks into the camera and tells us that "Marvella's the best thing that ever happened to me." He says, "I come off a farm in a little place called Shirkieville," and the film shows Bayh walking in a field and picking up a lump of dirt. "My dad's the finest human being I ever met," says Bayh, and then we see his father, who says that Bayh "will be honest and clean and he'll work his head off." We see clips of

John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy. We see Bayh answering a question about how to deal with crime. A voice on the soundtrack says, "The thing that separates Bayh from the rest of those guys is, I think, he's written more of our Constitution than anyone since James Madison." We see shots of Bayh holding a child, Bayh with his shirtsleeves rolled up to mid-biceps, Bayh squatting on the floor answering questions about energy. The film ends with the sun setting over a cornfield, and then Birch Bayh standing in front of the gold-domed statehouse at Concord saying, "That's why I'd like to be President."

The film, which lasts eighteen minutes, is a campaign novelty. No one would sit through an eighteen-minute speech about a candidate. As the film nears its conclusion, Bayh comes into the hall and stands at the back, like a performer ready to go onstage. The film enables him to launch right into answering questions. As he talks, he strolls about the room holding a microphone, like a standup comic. He tells the audience—about a hundred people, seated with paper coffee cups in front of them at long tables—that he is concerned about people who think they are "being swept along individually and collectively as a nation by forces and interests—the multinationals, the oil giants—they can't control." He cites his record ("the record of fighting some tough battles they said couldn't be won") and refers to his leadership of the successful fights to deny Senate confirmation of Clement Haynsworth's and G. Harrold Carswell's appointments to the Supreme Court, and to his authorship of the Twenty-fifth Amendment, providing for Presidential succession, and the Twenty-sixth Amendment, giving eighteen-year-olds the right to vote. He advocates tax reform, breaking up the oil companies, and giving people jobs. He gets worked up when he talks, and waves his arms. He is asked about Angola. There is a long pause; he looks down, as if he is really troubled by this subject, and then he says, in a low voice, "Look. I don't know why it is we never learn." He says that in many places the United States has been "on the wrong side." He talks about the necessity of reducing the nuclear weapons held by the United States and the Soviet Union. He says that we need better planning, that solar energy is more promising than nuclear ("I think that's going to be very disappointing"). Several of his answers are intelligent, or have a grain of intelligence. But his delivery is so slick—the folksiness cutting the dignity—that

Come home to Barcalounger®

Shown: The Delray. About $350. Style with comfort. Still further reason Barcalounger is the preferred recliner choice in the fine homes of America. Barcalounger. At better stores everywhere. Or write us for free full color brochure. Barcalounger, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801.



Barcalounger Recliners
a Mohasco company

In the world of tennis there is only one Mauna Kea.

On Hawaii's Big Island. With nine superb courts, including a new tennis park by the ocean. Mauna Kea. With flowered terraces and gardens. A golden beach, great swimming, sailing, and quite fantastic cuisine. Mauna Kea's **Tennis Special,** from April 18 to December 20, 1976, gives you 5 days, 4 nights including breakfasts, dinners, all court fees, tennis clinic, and more, for just $233 per person double, $209 per person triple, or $400 single. Ask your travel agent or any Loews Reservations office. In Los Angeles 213-657-2667. In New York 212-586-4459.

MAUNA KEA
On the Big Island of Hawaii

Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

A great resort should have flawless sun, a superb beach, tennis, golf, fine cuisine and be on half-French, half-Dutch St. Maarten.

Like Mullet.

For reservations see your travel agent or call in New York 212-541-5890. Outside New York call toll free, 800-228-9290.

Mullet Bay BEACH HOTEL
St. Maarten, Netherlands, Antilles

The Jena*award-winning teapot — Yes, it makes great tea via its unique glass insert. It also pours dry Martinis and wet Manhattans. and is supported by a classic group of highly versatile pieces that find multiple use in the contemporary household. Send 25¢ for leaflet to Schott-Zwiesel, 11 East 26th Street, NY, NY.

Recognized by
The Museum of Modern Art
and the
Corning Museum of Glass

SCHOTT ZWIESEL

*Trademark

A Broadway hit for 40 years
Gallagher's Naturally Aged
STEAK HOUSE
Dinners 4 pm thru midnight weekdays & Sundays
52d Street just west of Broadway • CI 5-5336

much of what he says does not sound thought through, even if it has been. He says that he doesn't think anyone has all the qualities to be President, and, referring to himself as "Birch Bayh," says that he wants to restore confidence and believability, to be honest and forthright, to establish goals and meet them, to set standards of excellence. Then he leaves to fly to Buffalo.

FEBRUARY 10

TUESDAY. Robert Pollard, a project manager for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, resigned yesterday, protesting what he said were insufficient safety precautions in the design and construction of nuclear power plants.

•

NOON. Sargent Shriver is at the Elderly Nutrition Center in Manchester, where, through a federally funded program, people over sixty can come and receive a free lunch. New Hampshire has a high proportion of elderly people, so nutrition centers are considered good places for candidates to go. There are no income ceilings for receiving the benefits of the Elderly Nutrition Program, and while some of the people here—there are about a hundred—seem to need the program, some seem not to. Those who wish can leave a contribution for their meal. Shriver circulates among the dozen or so long tables, where the people are eating a lunch of meat loaf with gravy, rice, and squash. An aide follows him with a plastic bag containing Shriver buttons, which the candidate distributes. Shriver is dressed in beige corduroy trousers and jacket. As always, he is ebullient and friendly; he jokes cheerfully with the people here. This seems to be natural for him, and he seems to enjoy it. Today, Shriver has already shaken hands at the gate of Pandora Industries (two shifts), spoken at Memorial High School, and toured a plant and a bank. After he leaves here, he will tour a life-insurance company, visit a nursing-care center, and then go to Salem, where he will tape a radio interview and attend a coffee. A tall man who says that his name is Big Jim and that he will be Uncle Sam in the Fourth of July parade asks Shriver, "Sargent, what do you think about raising the Social Security tax?" Big Jim asks him a number of other questions, always calling him "Sargent." Afterward, Big Jim says he is for Reagan. "Nice food here," he says, helping himself to seconds. One woman says, "I like Reagan. I changed parties so I could vote for him." Eating her free lunch, the woman says, "The government is too big—let's face it."

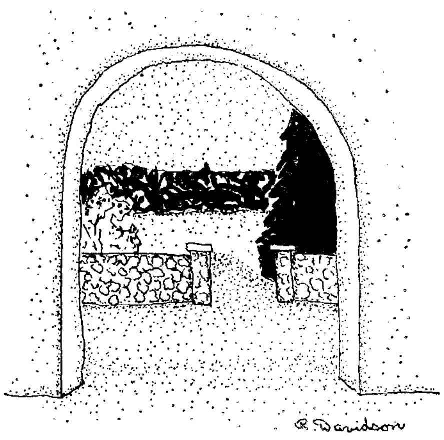
After a while, Shriver sits down to eat a meal. This is a premium "photo opportunity," and CBS and NBC videotape it, and several photographers take pictures. Someone suggests that a woman move into an empty seat next to Shriver, because that will look better in the pictures. Shriver's reputation is that he is "lightweight"—an assessment that seems to have to do with his breezy, salesmanlike style. He is as thoughtful as some of the other candidates, or more thoughtful. Watching Shriver, one thinks that he is a nice man, who would not do bad things. One used not to have to consider such a question. Shriver's campaign is strapped for money and is not expected to last. Political wisdom has it that he must do very well in Massachusetts, the home of the Kennedys, in order to stay in at all. A woman seated across from Shriver as he eats his lunch turns to a woman next to her and asks, "Is he a Manchester fellow?"

•

THE Kalivas Apartments, 175 Chestnut Street, Manchester—a high-rise housing project for the elderly. Jimmy Carter, who arrived in New Hampshire a short while ago from Florida, via Boston, is due here shortly after 6:30 P.M. About a hundred people, all of them elderly, are gathered in a meeting room. They stare straight ahead, unperturbed, as they are filmed by Danish television. NBC arrives. One woman tells me that Shriver has been here and Reagan is coming. She and a friend sitting next to her say that they haven't made up their minds yet whom to support. I ask her how they will decide. "When we see them," she replies. I ask her if she feels that she has to see the candidates. "It's best if we do," she replies firmly. One begins to sense that the large undecided vote among the Democrats—said to be forty per cent, and in some areas sixty—may be caused in part by the New Hampshire citizens' reluctance to say whom they are for. They seem to enjoy holding out, heightening the mystery, getting more attention. Sometimes it seems that this is not so much an election as a quadrennial play, starring the village butcher.

Several members of the national press are here. There is a bustle about a Carter appearance which there is not about appearances by the other Democratic candidates. Carter enters the room, smiling, with one arm raised in a wave. It is the entrance of a conquerer.

Several people in the room cheer. Carter kisses Lucille Kelley, a prominent Manchester Democrat who sided with him early, and then he moves about the room shaking hands. He is neatly dressed in a navy-blue suit. He moves deliberately, not too eagerly. Carter, as a friend of mine in show business puts it, "lights up a room." Perhaps it is his extraordinary self-possession, perhaps the invisible aura of a winner. The mind plays tricks on us: as politicians do better, they look better, more in command. Their own growing confidence helps to create the change. Carter stations himself at the front of the room and begins a little speech. "This is a heartwarming experience," Carter tells the group, in his soft drawl. He says that he has just come from Florida, "but this is just as warm a place." He tells them he understands the problems of having to live on a fixed income. He says the same thing he did at the Urban Coalition about nobody's having travelled around the country, and so on, more than he has. "We've still got the best system of government on earth," he says. He talks about the need "to bind our people together to work in harmony and love one another." He says, "Let us have, in the future, hope, pleasure, security, and a mutual respect for one another." He says, "It's a very fine country. We've got a couple of problems." He says that "our federal government is not well organized"—which seems to be his main issue. "We've got a bureaucracy in Washington that's very confused," he says, and he says that we have to see to it that government is "decent and honest and truthful and fair—that it represents what the American people are." He tells the assembled elderly people that "all of you have led lives of great service and a lot of love" and that they have "added to this country immeasurably." He tells them, "When I get in the White House, I don't want you to leave me there all by myself." He tells them, as he tells other audiences, to come visit him in the



Spaced Out

Divide off space but double the looks of it with LaBarge's new mirrored screen. Beveled panels are 18" x 80", and if four aren't enough for you we'll add as many as you wish... illusions unlimited. Ask your LaBarge dealer.

LaBarge
Holland, Mich. 49423

No. 1120-4B

If you think great red wine comes only from Europe, you haven't tasted ours.

We think it's time you knew. Great Western.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Hammondsport, N.Y. 14840

L.L.Bean™

Boat and Tote Bag

Sturdily constructed from extra heavy white duck. Large capacity for carrying provisions, bulky items and clothing. An excellent shopping bag. Two colors: White with Red trim. White with Blue trim. Two sizes: Small, 6″ x 13½″ x 12″ high. Large, 8″ x 17″ x 16″ high.

☐ Send Free Catalog
Ship____Small Boat and Tote Bags @ $7.00 ppd.
Ship____Large Boat and Tote Bags @ $8.35 ppd.
Color choice____________

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Card No. ________ Exp. Date ________
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________
Zip ____________

Outdoor Sporting Specialties
L. L. Bean, Inc.
365 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04033

My idea of Yankee hospitality.

Back in Colonial days, our forefathers needed good substantial food and comfortable lodging to carry them over the long and sometimes treacherous Old Colonial Post Rd.

That's what we gave them then. And that's what we give their descendants today.

So when you order my baked lobster pie or roast prime ribs, or spend a restful night in my inn, you'll be getting a good bit of Yankee tradition as well.

—Buddy Adler
Innkeeper

1771

Publick House
On the Common—Sturbridge, Mass.—(617) 347-3313

Antique and Contemporary
PAPERWEIGHTS
Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color. $3.00.

407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
L.H. Selman Ltd.
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060

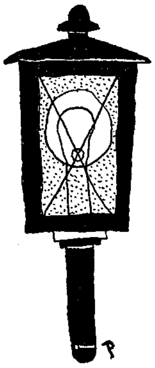
TRAMP TRIPS
Color & b&w photos of 12 passenger freighters plus rates, departures, description of ships, itineraries from U.S. to worldwide ports helping you plan your trips with us now and the years ahead.
Annual copy $2.00, 5-yr. subscription $7.50.
TRIP LOG GUIDE
AIR & MARINE TRAVEL SERVICE 501 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.10022

White House, "and I'll be there at the front door waiting for you."

Referring to the forthcoming primary, Carter tells his listeners, "The eyes of the whole nation are going to be focussed on you." He goes on, "I don't intend to lose the election." He tells them that there have been four elections so far, in Iowa, Mississippi, Maine, and Oklahoma, and that "in one state I came in second and in three states I came in first"—which is stretching matters a little, but the group is impressed and applauds. "I've got a good family," he says, and he adds, "I hope that you'll be part of my family." Carter then says, "We all love our country," and adds, "I intend to be the next President of it."

In response to questions, Carter says that "one of the top priorities of my administration" is to establish a "nationwide comprehensive, mandatory health-insurance program" and says that he will cut government agencies to two hundred. "I don't want anybody to vote for me in this room unless they want to see the executive branch of government completely reorganized," he says. The man comes across forcefully—regardless of what he is saying. He talks as if he has no doubts that he can "completely reorganize" the government. He is at ease standing there selling himself. He does it with the poise of someone who knows he is charming and can take from that another wave of confidence and be still more charming. He is a taut, compact package, doesn't seem to be a needy man, or vulnerable. He does not convey warmth. What is it about him that makes him come across? The confidence, perhaps. Or his toughness. Toughness wrapped in a soothing message. It may be something physical, chemical. After the questions and answers, Carter spends time talking with some of the group. He looks one woman directly in the eye, and listens intently. The photographers take pictures: it is another good scene. Afterward, I ask the woman whom she is for. She says that she is for Carter, because "I think he's one of the best speakers I've ever heard—he's articulate."

Carter tells reporters that he came in first in Oklahoma, that most of the uncommitted delegates will come to him, that he will be helped in the later stages in Iowa by victories in other states, and that he defeated Harris in Harris's home town. "I'm not saying this in criticism of Fred," he says. Carter uses his sharp claws subtly. (In the Oklahoma caucuses this weekend, "Uncommitted" came in first and Carter and Harris were closely tied for second.) There are more questions about him. He has left a trail of enemies. He has come a long way on sheer doggedness and charm. His success says something about the process. Certainly there are others in politics who are as able, many who are abler, who seem to know more about the country and about governing. But Carter seems to have the ability to self-start and self-propel—to have the almost unnatural belief in self that the process requires. Some start out with it, some seem to develop it along the way, and some never quite acquire it—and its absence shows. At this point, Carter seems to have a higher quotient of that belief-in-self than the other candidates, and it is helping his cause. What is one to make of his obsessiveness? He seems to be a sort of automatic candidate—automatic answers, automatic lines, automatic smiles—and one wonders what gets through to him. We really don't know very much about who he is or what he cares about. We do know that he has been planning this race for a long time. No one seems sure of his politics. Some think he is more liberal than he appears, some think more conservative. It may simply be that his politics defy categorization—perhaps intentionally. One Washington man (who has been courted by Carter) said this about the Carter puzzle: "I don't know if he's Franklin Roosevelt or Richard Nixon."



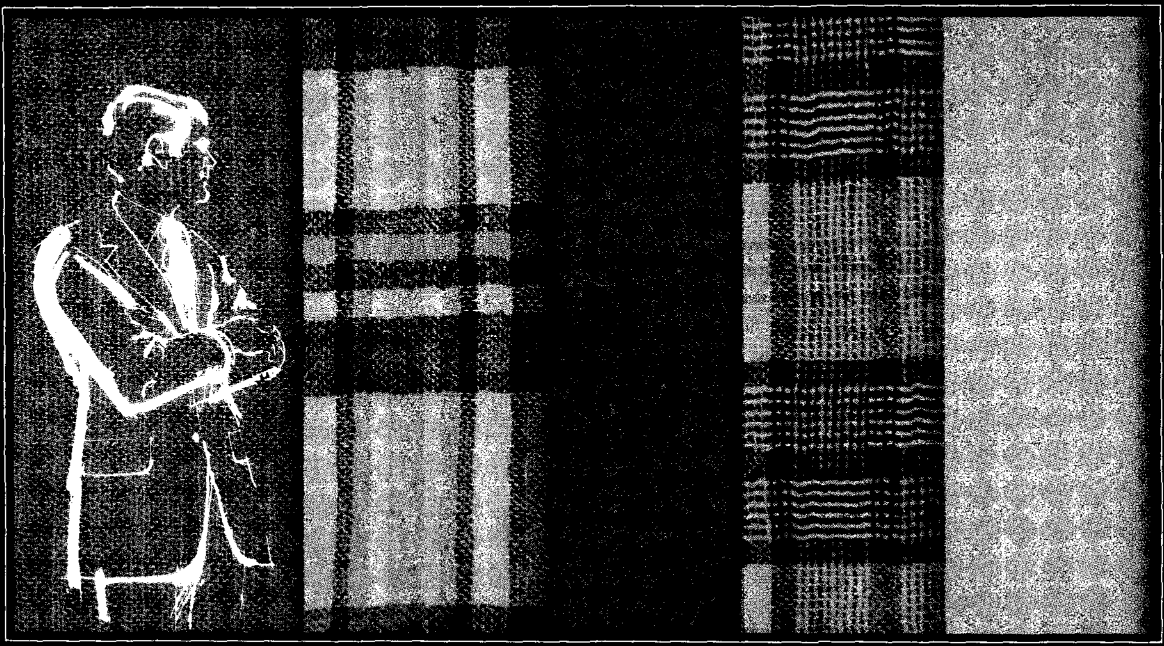
•

A COFFEE at the modest home of John and Janet Windhausen, in Manchester. The first of two coffees Carter will attend this evening. As he moves from place to place, he has a larger caravan than would be expected at this point in the process. People smell a winner. Carter understood the public-relations value of "victories" in the earliest states, which used not to receive much attention.

Carter is standing in the living room telling an attentive audience of about a hundred that he will run in all the states: "I'll be in all of them, meeting anybody who's there, head on." He adds, "I don't criticize the other candidates." He is asked about foreign policy. He says that the American people have been too excluded from the making of that policy; that in Vietnam,

Bombay Gauze.

Southwick offers sheer comfort in this cool, cotton-weight sportcoating, hand-loomed in the colors of India.

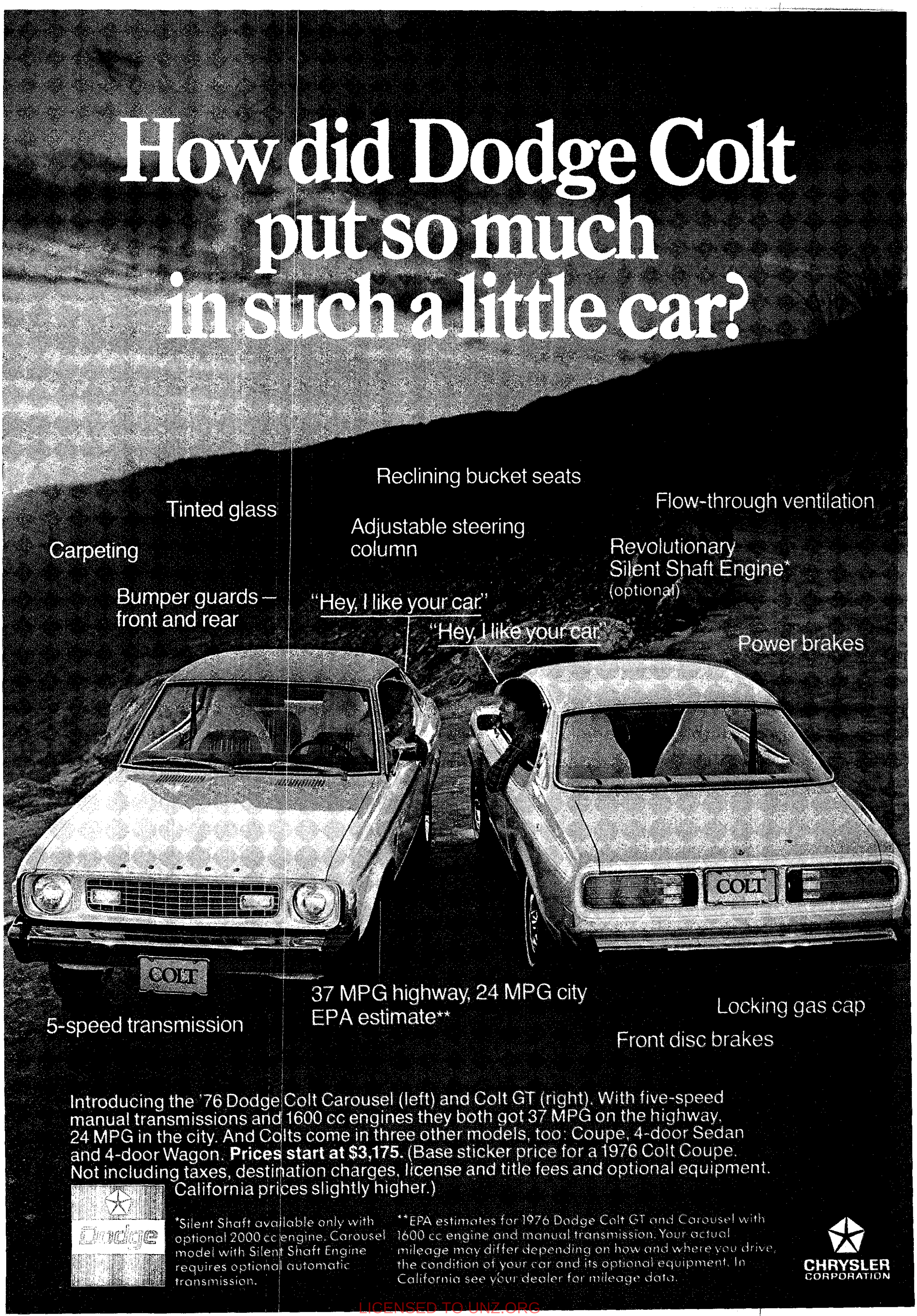


Southwick

A tradition among gentlemen.
Sportcoatings about $110.

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
Albany, N.Y.	Dall's Ltd.
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry, Inc.
Andover, Mass.	Andover Shop
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Van Boven, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton-Atlanta
Asheville, N.C.	Bell's Traditionals
Augusta, Ga	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Beverly Hills, Cal.	Lew Ritter & Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Sons & Harwell
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	Andover Shop
Carmel, Cal.	Derek Rayne
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
Chevy Chase, Md.	Arthur A. Adler
Chicago, Illinois	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers
Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Culwell & Sons
Dayton, Ohio	D.H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Detroit, Mich.	Van Boven, Inc.
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Heider, Ltd
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hadley, Mass.	A.O. White
Harrisburg, Pa.	C.J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edward Miller
High Point, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Indianapolis, Ind.	Roderick St. John
Jackson, Miss.	Owen's Ltd
Kalamazoo, Mich.	James Beal, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	M.S. McClellan & Co.
LaJolla, Cal.	Ascot Shop
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lawrence, Mass.	Kap's
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Little Rock, Ark.	Mr. Wicks
Los Angeles, Cal.	Cameron, Ltd.
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S.H. Franklin Co.
Manchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David-Barrato
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N.C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	The Oxford Shop
Newport Beach, Cal.	Atkinson's
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N.E. Mag & Sons
New London, Conn.	Benoit's
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Oakland, Cal.	Vance Edwards Ltd.
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reed
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass	1888 Shop
Portland, Maine	Benoit's
Portland, Oregon	Albert, Ltd.
Princeton, N.J.	English Shop
Providence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N.C.	Womble's
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N.J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y.	The Red Barn
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Marino, Cal.	Bill Winn
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A.O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Van Driver, Inc.
Summit, N.J.	Roots
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc
Tarrytown, N.Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Torrington, Conn.	Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N.J.	Mulherns
Williamsburg, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothier

For stores in other cities write
Southwick
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019



How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?

Reclining bucket seats
Flow-through ventilation
Tinted glass
Adjustable steering column
Carpeting
Revolutionary Silent Shaft Engine* (optional)
Bumper guards — front and rear
"Hey, I like your car."
"Hey, I like your car."
Power brakes
COLT
COLT
37 MPG highway, 24 MPG city EPA estimate**
Locking gas cap
5-speed transmission
Front disc brakes

Introducing the '76 Dodge Colt Carousel (left) and Colt GT (right). With five-speed manual transmissions and 1600 cc engines they both got 37 MPG on the highway, 24 MPG in the city. And Colts come in three other models, too: Coupe, 4-door Sedan and 4-door Wagon. **Prices start at $3,175.** (Base sticker price for a 1976 Colt Coupe. Not including taxes, destination charges, license and title fees and optional equipment. California prices slightly higher.)

Dodge

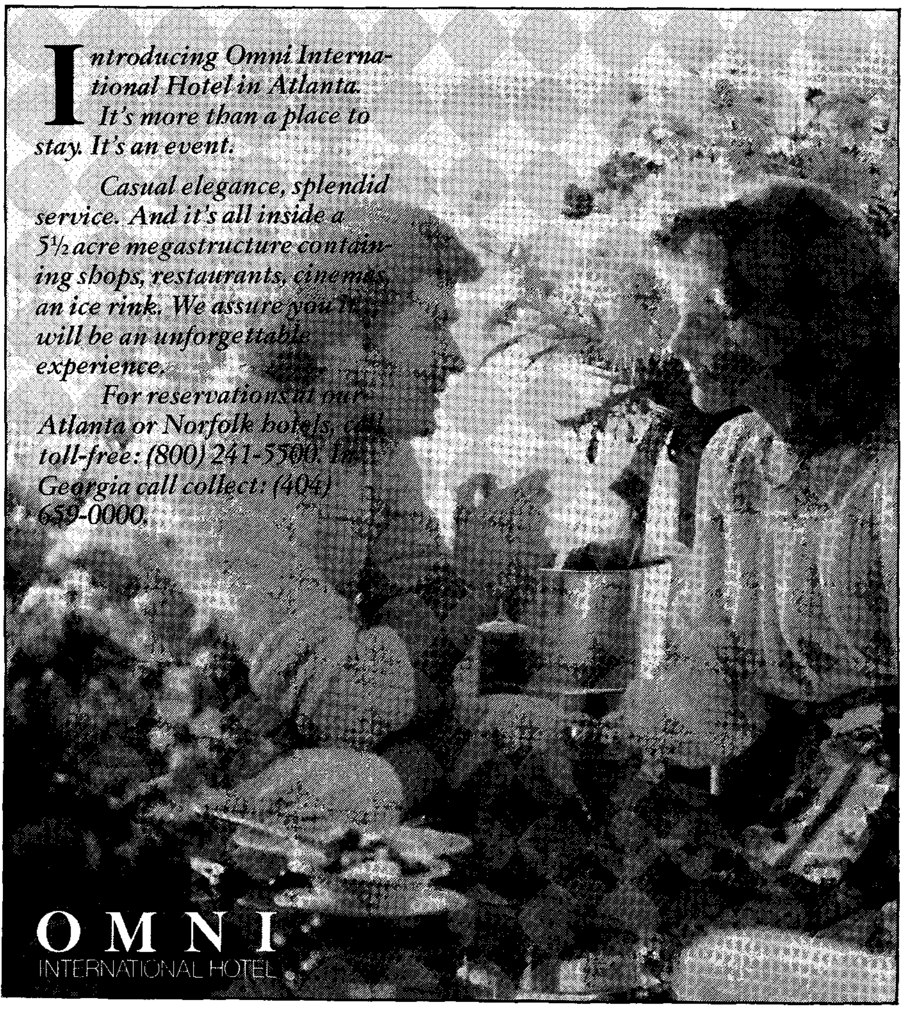
*Silent Shaft available only with optional 2000 cc engine. Carousel model with Silent Shaft Engine requires optional automatic transmission.

**EPA estimates for 1976 Dodge Colt GT and Carousel with 1600 cc engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California see your dealer for mileage data.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Cambodia, and Angola we abandoned our natural allies and friends; and that we do not pay enough attention to the Third World. He says that he has been in eleven countries in the past four years, and "I wouldn't defer to any candidate in my knowledge of foreign affairs." He refers to "my friend Mr. Rabin," the Prime Minister of Israel, and says that he has been a guest of Golda Meir, says that he has been to Germany and has met Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. He says that as President he would "establish personal relationships on an individual basis with the small, weak yellow or black nations." He goes on to say, "We have overemphasized the so-called advantages of détente. I hope we've learned we ought to never again get involved in the internal affairs of other countries unless our security is involved." About jobs, he says he agrees with President Ford that jobs should be provided through the private sector. He talks about jobs that could be provided in solar energy, pollution control, railroads, day-care centers. He says that he would provide jobs in general through the federal government only as a last resort but that he would provide jobs right away for young people. He praises Lloyd Bentsen, who dropped out of the race today. He talks about the importance of predictability in federal policy. He sounds knowledgeable, and he holds the attention of the group. What he doesn't know he glides over, but there is no question that he is smart, and a learner. He is puffing his foreign experience, but then most Presidential candidates, including senators, do, having little to offer except their travels. He stands up straight and keeps talking, and it doesn't seem hard for him. He seems to have the energy. In fact, energy doesn't seem to be a question. He doesn't seem to be exerting himself, as Bayh and Shriver do. He just stands there coolly, talking. The blue eyes are cold. It is hard to tell whether he is a likable man.

Some of the people at this house are upset about the number of members of the press who are present, and at the photographers who push their way through for one more picture of the candidate. At the rate things are going, these traditional homey New Hampshire coffees are not going to be feasible much longer. "I promise that when I'm President I'm going to work out a complete revision of the tax code of this nation," Carter says. "If I can't do it, nobody can." His certainty is persuasive: I'm going to win and you'd better believe it and go along; this train is leaving the station and you'd best


Introducing Omni International Hotel in Atlanta. It's more than a place to stay. It's an event.

Casual elegance, splendid service. And it's all inside a 5½ acre megastructure containing shops, restaurants, cinemas, an ice rink. We assure you it will be an unforgettable experience.

For reservations at our Atlanta or Norfolk hotels, call toll-free: (800) 241-5500. In Georgia call collect: (404) 659-0000.

OMNI
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

THE SUMMER BASKET

Big, bountiful, and light as a summer breeze. Sturdy, soft, woven maize in a checkerboard design has corded handles, loop closing, cotton lining. Roomy enough to hold all your sunny day paraphernalia. Natural with green, navy or red or solid natural. By Walborg. 17" by 13". A fabulous buy at $9.00.

"UPSTAIRS"
The Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave.
Dept. Y517
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 953-1170

If you prefer shopping from home, write or call for our **FREE SUMMER BROCHURE**

Add $1.50 for handling. N.Y. State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge

The Country Store of Concord

BURMA SHIRT
Our Burma Shirt of cool polished cotton — a versatile favorite among our longtime customers. Great for gardening, shopping and casual evenings out. Mandarin collar, knotted buttons, obi sash and nifty hidden pockets.
Assorted bright Oriental patterns, each one unique. One size fits all. 100% washable. $35.00 plus $1.00 postage.
The Country Store Of Concord
15 Monument Street,
Concord, Mass. 01742
Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass. Guilford, Greenwich, Hartford, Ct. Far Hills, N.J. Falmouth, Me.

Greenwich: Fabulous "1974 House of the Year" by Eliot Noyes, $720,000.
One of the great contemporaries of the world. More than an exciting house—a work of art. Beautiful central courtyard. 14 skylights. Enchanting setting on 5.89 acres (more available) in Round Hill area. Reproduction cost: over one million.
DUFF ASSOCIATES
Realtor, 35 Field Point Road,
Greenwich, Conn., (203) 661-4100

Middlebury Inn
Middlebury • Vermont
Charming College Town. Comfortable Inn, a modern motel, stately Porter House Annex.
Write:
David Beach, Manager
Phone 802-388-4961

Wooden Ducks
Beautifully carved. Many species, both old decoy replicas and modern decorative designs. Send 50¢ for catalog.
The Wooden Bird Factory
Dept. NY-5 Box 336 St. Bonifacius, MN 55375

be aboard. A number of people in national politics who have been holding back do believe him and are getting aboard. There is something in everyone that wants to get aboard history. And Carter might be a vehicle to power. If Carter can magnetize people, get all kinds of people to think that he is with them, that he is their instrument, is that bad? Isn't that something that Presidents have to do in order to get things done? When Franklin Roosevelt campaigned for the Presidency, many liberals considered him a snake-oil salesman. And he was in fact a shameless seller of snake oil when there were things that had to be done. But he got them done. Carter is essentially progressive. And Carter's intelligence and his shrewdness may offer a kind of safety. He closes with what has become a standard little speech, which he seems to deliver with the same pauses and the same catches in his voice each time: "I've tried to answer your questions. I don't know all the answers. . . . Many of you can be as good or better a leader. . . . I think I'm going to be your next President. As the returns come in, you're going to see me gaining strength. I think I've got the best, most organized campaign that this country has ever seen. I'd like you to be part of that campaign. I won't be any better President than I am a candidate. . . . I don't want to do anything to disappoint you. I'll never tell a lie. I'll never make a misleading statement. I'll never betray your trust or avoid a controversial issue. If I ever do any of these things, then I don't deserve your support." And then, in a low, quiet voice, he says, "I want to have a government as good and honest and decent and compassionate and filled with love as are the American people." Carter smiles and reaches down to help to their feet some young women who have been sitting on the floor.

FEBRUARY 11

WEDNESDAY EVENING. Morris Udall is at radio station WSMN in Nashua, answering questions that are called in by listeners. Udall will spend all of February in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Today, he has greeted workers at the gate of the GTE Sylvania plant in Manchester at 6 A.M., spoken at Manchester's Memorial High School, given interviews to newspapers in Derry and Goffstown, toured the Goffstown Town Hall, lunched at the Elderly Nutrition Center, where Shriver lunched yesterday, and where Udall encountered Jimmy Carter's Aunt Sissy, campaigning. After his appearance here at the radio station, Udall will go to a meeting in Amherst, New Hampshire, and then, later this evening, he will fly to Berlin, arriving in time to greet the midnight shift at the plant gate of the Cascade Mill. Tomorrow, he will greet the 6:45 A.M. shift at the Burgess plant. Udall has staked a great deal on New Hampshire, having started here early and put together an organization, consisting mainly of people who worked here for McGovern or Muskie in 1972, that is generally considered to be the best in the state. The idea, of course, was to win in the first primary, thus putting Udall on the map. But Jimmy Carter stole a march on him. Moreover, even if Udall does do well here, despite the money, attention, and support that such a victory brings it is hard to see how he could repeat this sort of extensive effort elsewhere. Udall is a thoughtful man and is fairly popular with the press—because of that thoughtfulness, and because of his sense of humor, his capacity for seeing absurdity. He seems to be a whole man, humane and vulnerable. As Udall answers questions, reporters and photographers watch him through a glass partition. *Newsweek* is getting pictures of him and the other candidates for possible use on its cover—depending on who wins in New Hampshire. Udall has received the endorsement of Archibald Cox, and the endorsement of the special prosecutor whom Nixon fired is said to be helpful here.

As listeners call in, Udall answers questions about Angola ("President Ford and Secretary Kissinger want another Vietnam in Angola. . . . Kissinger's great failing is that he lost the trust of the Congress"), about national health insurance (he is for it), about Nixon's trip to China. A little girl calls in and says, "I have lost a cat." Udall smiles, and replies, "I promise to solve all the people's problems. Maybe I can find a lost cat."

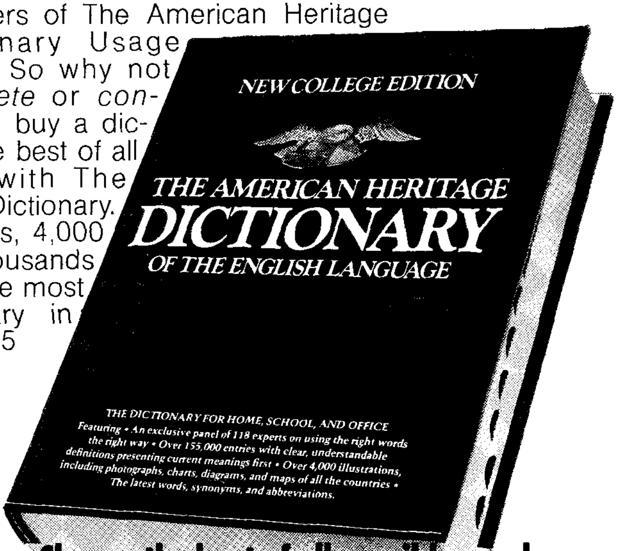
•

IN the City Hall of Amherst, New Hampshire, a lovely New England town, Udall is addressing a meeting of the town Democratic Committee. About a hundred and fifty people are here. He tells this group, as he told the radio audience, that this primary may be "the last shot" for New Hampshire, because there is some sentiment in the Congress for establishing regional primaries. He talks of the need to "make some fundamental changes" as we face our third century. He says, "We're simply going to have to break up these big corporate monopolies that dominate our lives." He says that people should be encouraged to own stock in the companies they work for. "Give the people some leaders they can trust—that's the unspoken issue of the year," he says. He is applauded warmly, and then invites questions. The woman with the yellow legal pad who was following Bayh the other night is here. Udall answers questions about nuclear power plants (he says that the original justification for nuclear power was that it would be inexpensive, but it isn't, so why go ahead with it), about OPEC, about where he would find the money to create jobs (he cites the budgetary cost of unemployment and also mentions tax reform and cutting the defense budget), about monetary policy, about amnesty, about crime, about revenue sharing. And then a man says, "I am impressed by your glib responses to such a wide variety of questions, for which you have so many answers. But I must say that in the areas I know something about I found your answers to be very empty, and unsatisfactory." Udall replies, "You obviously don't agree with a number of my answers. . . . You don't think they have enough depth. . . . I don't know what you do in a thirty-minute public meeting to solve inflation and unemployment, the Cold War, the Middle East, and everything else." He continues, "You ought to have at least a half an hour on full employment, and I had about three or four minutes. I don't know what else to do but try to answer people's questions, and if you take all of the evening for the first one on full employment you have no time for nuclear power. . . . That's part of the process." Udall is on edge during the exchange. The man has clearly struck a nerve. Udall seems to know that he has been giving superficial answers, and that the pressures in a campaign are bound to cause a candidate to do that. He was, in fact, recently advised by his media consultants to avoid talking about the issues, because people don't really want to hear about them. Issues, he was told, interest only the press.

There may be more to that than we care to think. On occasion, of course, campaigns bring important ideas to the forefront. But, despite ourselves, we know that there is little connection between what candidates say about issues and governing. We know that candidates—even this year's, when it is out of fashion to overpromise—select what they will say about many issues according to the pressures of the moment. We know—and they know—that, of all the things they say, there is only a fraction that they can

Do you finalize what David Ogilvy completes?

There's a bureaucratic ring to the word *finalize* which jars David Ogilvy, Edwin Newman, and 90% of the other members of The American Heritage Dictionary Usage Panel. So why not *complete* or *conclude* your plans to buy a dictionary? Choose the best of all possible words with The American Heritage Dictionary. With 155,000 entries, 4,000 illustrations, and thousands of new words, it's the most up-to-date dictionary in America. From $8.95


NEW COLLEGE EDITION
THE AMERICAN HERITAGE
DICTIONARY
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
THE DICTIONARY FOR HOME, SCHOOL, AND OFFICE
Featuring • An exclusive panel of 118 experts on using the right words the right way • Over 155,000 entries with clear, understandable definitions presenting current meanings first • Over 4,000 illustrations, including photographs, charts, diagrams, and maps of all the countries • The latest words, synonyms, and abbreviations.

Choose the best of all possible words.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Company • 1 Beacon Street • Boston, Mass 02107

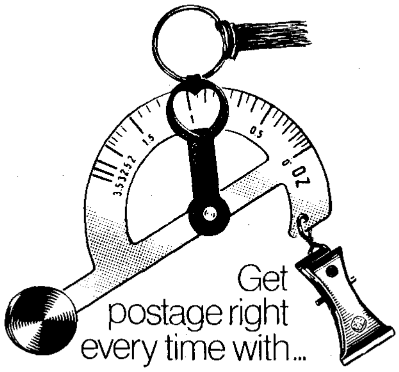
Simply beautiful music.
Simply.

Here is an elegant combination of two critically acclaimed audio components: the Beogram 3000 automatic turntable, and the Beomaster 3000-2 receiver. When the system is completed with Bang & Olufsen's new Phase-Link™ speakers, you have a totally uncluttered pathway to music.

Please request our full color literature and dealer list.

Bang & Olufsen

Bang & Olufsen of America, Inc., 515 Busse Road, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007


Get postage right every time with...

HenniScales

just $1.99

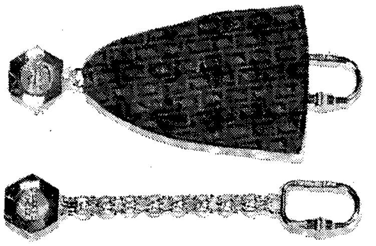
With postage rates going up and up, you can no longer afford to guess at weight of your letters and small packages. And, of course, you don't want to annoy your correspondents with having to pay penalty postage either. Most mail scales have same graduation all across, but **Henniscales** have extended reading in ½ oz. to 2 oz. range, which covers 97% of all correspondence. **Henniscales** go to 3½ ozs. and are uncannily accurate over entire range. They weigh less than one ounce themselves, come in flat vinyl pouch and fit snugly in pocket, purse or desk drawer. You can save cost of **Henniscales** in less than one month—so stop giving your money away to Uncle Sam and get your **Henniscales** today!

779 Bush St., Box 7584,
San Francisco, CA 94120
hennikers

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120
Yes, I want to weigh exactly. Please send me:
___ **Henniscales** @ $1.99 each, plus 50¢ post. for entire shipment (plus sales tax for CA deliv.)
☐ **One dozen** Henniscales, for a total of $19.99, plus $1 post. for entire shipment (plus tax for Calif. delivery)

My name is ______
I live at ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
YN0517 M255

Imported Fob Key Chain



A most handsome and practical key chain. Direct-import, crafted by "Redwall" of Italy. Sturdy decorative links and fob; threaded closure locks keys on ring. Unique genuine soft suede "bell" encloses keys for compactness, cushions jangle. Luxurious heavy plated gold color metal: $21 ($15 without bell) delivered. Ideal gift for men and women. Personal check accepted, or charge to credit card. Phone collect (301) 732-7100, or write to: Universal Leathers, 2220 E. Fairmount Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21231. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DISCOVER INN
to stroll country lanes
to dine well
to sleep
CHESTER INN
CHESTER, VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

Send for full-color information on the Rockies' most spectacular new four-seasons resort. Box 38NY, Keystone, Colorado 80435. Toll-free information, 800/525-5897.
Keystone
Colorado

do; that Presidents are limited in what they can do by such factors as the opposition of interest groups, loss of momentum, the passage of time, unexpected events, and, finally, dissipation of power. Moreover, we know that while candidates are pressed to spell out exactly what they would do about this or that—and the more specific they are willing to be, the more they are pressed—there is much about the details and maneuverings of governing that cannot be spelled out in advance. It is like standing on land and trying to tell someone how to sail a boat. We know these things, but we don't talk about them much, because it seems only proper and responsible to be interested in issues, and because we don't know what to do about what we know. There are ways of finding out more about these people—about their characters, about how their minds work—than we can learn by asking their opinions on absolutely everything, but what we don't do, and don't seem to know much about how to do, is to find out how these people would be at governing. Governing, as it happens, is not a subject that is even given much thought in this process. It disappears in the excitement of the campaign. Governing is the big question; it is, or should be, what the election is about. Yet it largely disappears from our thinking while we focus on such things as a candidate's smile and his affability and how he is doing in Illinois.

FEBRUARY 12

EARLIER this week, the United States Commission on Civil Rights issued a statement in which it said that equality of opportunity in the United States "is still too much an unrealized dream."

•

THE Manchester *Union Leader* has a front-page editorial about Nixon's forthcoming trip to China. The headline is "LET THE RED CHINESE KEEP HIM."

•

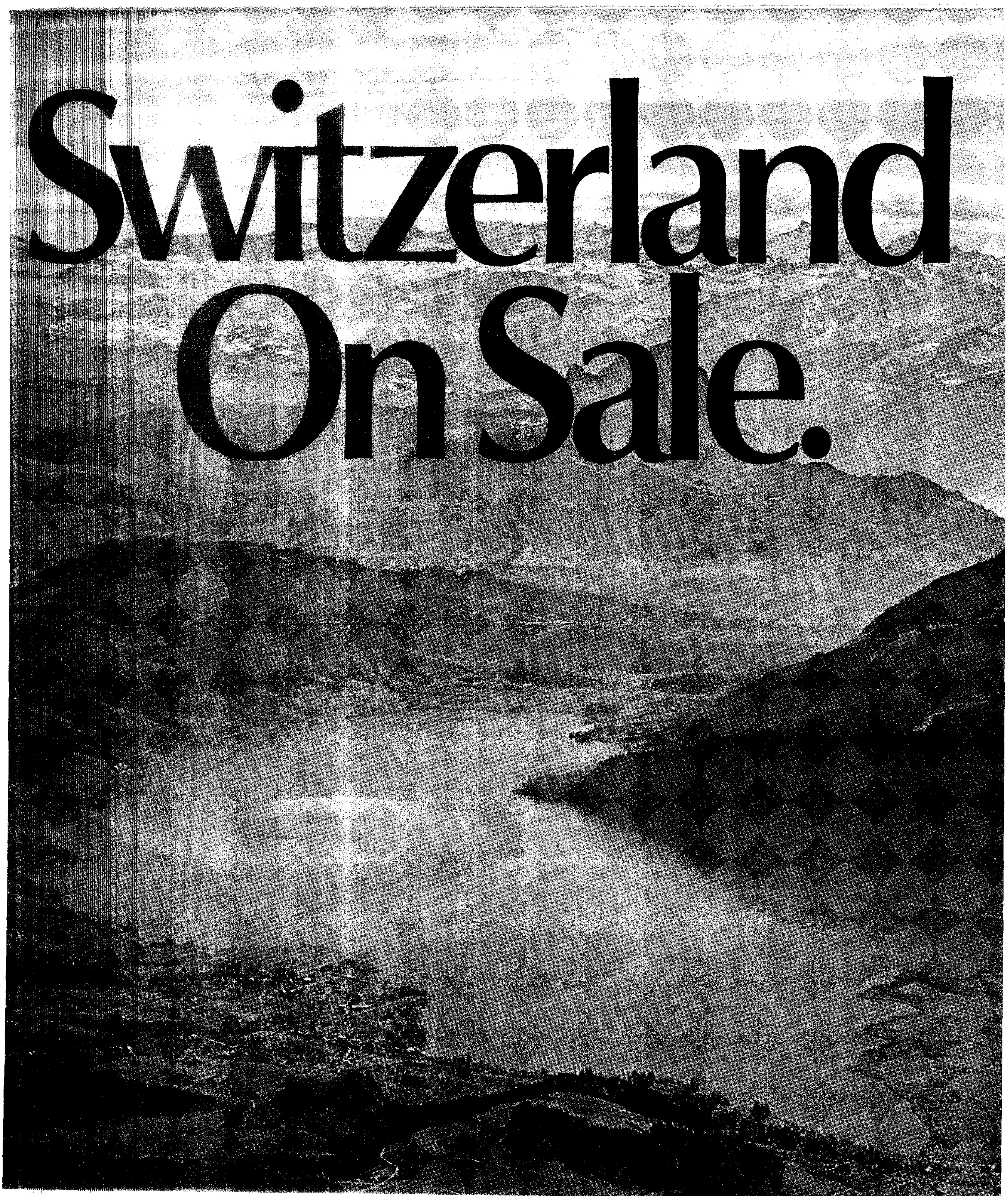
THURSDAY MORNING. Outside the Star Market, 1111 South Willow Street, Manchester, in a shopping center. It is a cold morning, with a biting wind. Fred Harris, in a scarf and a navy-blue overcoat, is staging an event. He holds up a loaf of Wonder bread, which, he points out, is a product of a company owned by I.T.T. Harris, whose campaign motto is "The Issue Is Privilege," is campaigning against big business and big money. His is the most uninhibited campaign, a kind of lark. No one expects Harris to win, and that gives him the liberty to say what he thinks. He doesn't really have anything else to do, so he is having a good time running for President. In the process, he has attracted a following of dedicated believers and is doing better than anyone expected. But Harris, too, is running out of money. Harris's just might be a prophetic campaign. Five loaves of white bread cost a dollar in 1969, says Harris, and each loaf costs forty-nine cents today. A dozen navel oranges cost fifty-nine cents in 1969, he says, and cost a dollar seventy-eight today. On he goes, holding up each grocery item—Nestlé's cocoa, Del Monte fruit cocktail, Pillsbury flour. A few members of the press and some cameramen and photographers are here. In fact, they are just about the only people who are here. Hardly a citizen of New Hampshire in sight. The photographers take a lot of pictures. That is what this is about. It is all that this is about.

•

THE Sheraton-Wayfarer Motor Inn. Now Harris is addressing a meeting of the New England Directors of the Community Action Program. The woman with the yellow legal pad is here. Harris is a portly, jowly man with a loud voice. The way he parts his hair down the middle gives him the air of an old-fashioned evangelist. He is an intelligent man, with a sense of humor, and he talks quickly, with a heavy Oklahoma accent. The trouble with the war on poverty, he says, was that there was not sufficient recognition "that you can't really do something about poverty unless you're going to do something about the distribution of wealth and income and power." He says there is a notion in America "that if you just give poor people enough advice they'll quit it." Punching the air with a finger for emphasis, he shouts, "Too few people have all the money and power!" Citing Rousseau, he says that the only way to have a just society is to have "a kind of implied social contract based on our mutual self-interest." As Harris is in full flight, a camera crew, its equipment clanging, makes its way around and behind the table where he is standing. "We're making a movie here," Harris jokes. "You all think this is a campaign, but it's a movie." And then he returns to his condemnation of wealth and power in America.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

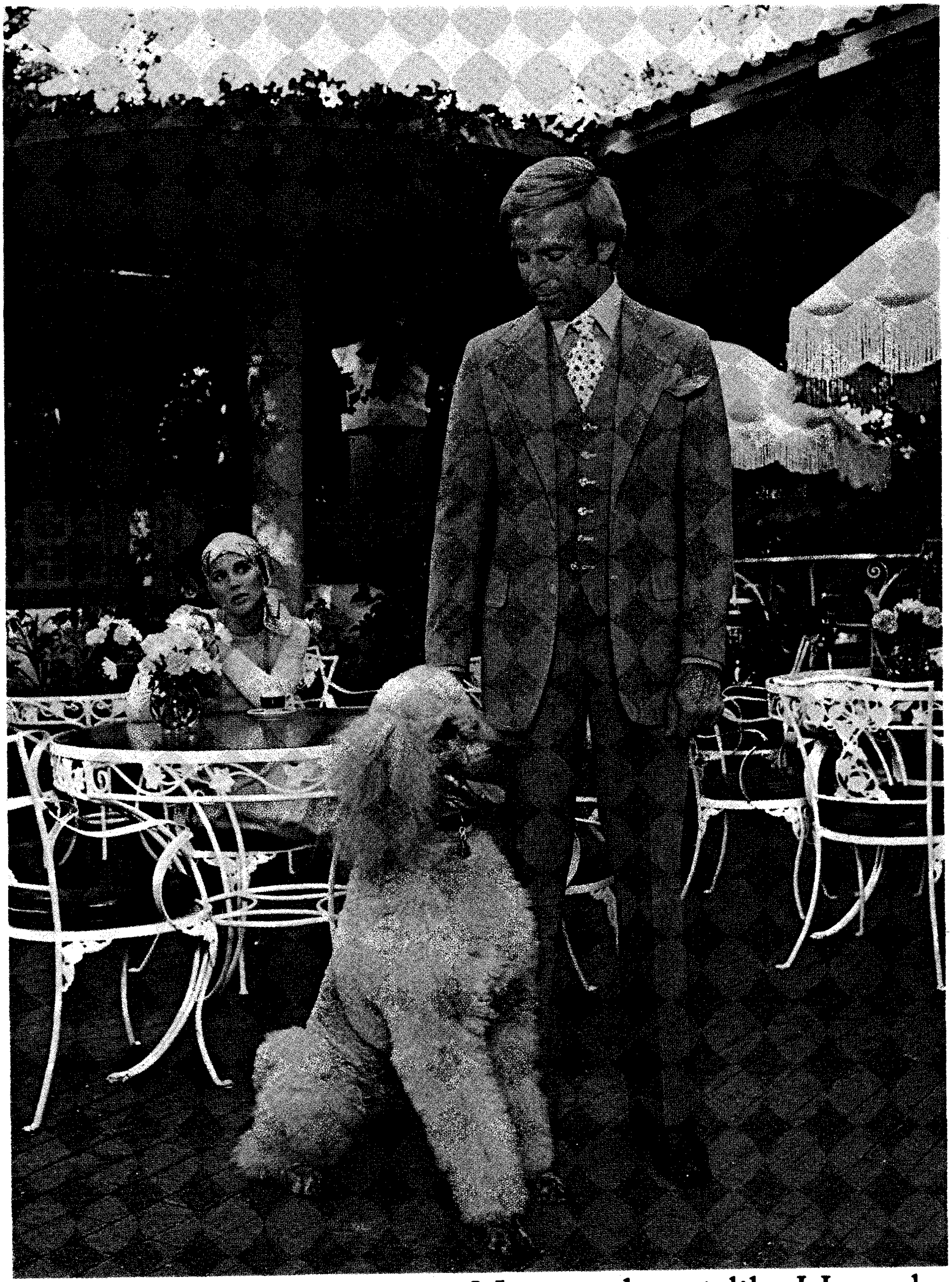


Switzerland On Sale.

Switzerl[illegible] when you find out how affordable it is this year. 91% of our hotel ro[illegible] $40 gets you a week's pass on our 5,600 mile railway system. An ingen[illegible] Swiss Travel Invitation, helps you save by budgeting your vacation ahead of time. And a thre[illegible] package [illegible] double occupancy accommodations at a friendly inn, plus the railway pass [illegible] $14[illegible]. After all, how beautiful is a country if nobody can afford to see it? For a free vacation [illegible] kit, write "Switzerland," 608 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020.

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE | SWISSAIR

Photographed in California at the Beverly Hills Hotel.



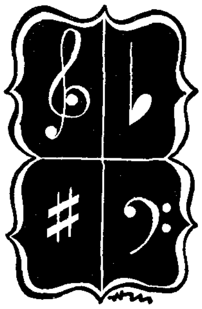
Easy care summer wear. No one does it like Haspel.

Suits, sport coats and soft suits, at fine stores everywhere. Haspel Bros., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.

MUSICAL EVENTS

By a Route Obscure

FOR the French, Edgar Allan Poe has been an obsession. Baudelaire's lifework was translating Poe. Debussy spent twenty-seven years brooding on his two Poe operas, "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry"—but got very little music for them down on paper. Mallarmé acknowledged Poe as his "great master." For Valéry, Poe was "the only impeccable writer." Musically, his influence has been indirect and has come from France; the direct settings, though very numerous, are almost all undistinguished. (Rachmaninoff's "The Bells" is an exception.) The tales matter more than the poetry. Their atmosphere of mystery and terror, the procession of overwrought images, the recurrent allegorical architecture of rich decay, the evocation of hypnagogic states between dream and waking—these have worked upon poetic minds more finely tuned, more skillful in their command of verbal "music" than Poe's was, and, in turn, the Poe-influenced poets have inspired great music. Poe lies beneath "Pelléas et Mélisande" not only because Debussy came under his spell but because Maeterlinck owed to him, in his own words, "the birth in my work of a sense of mystery and the passion for the beyond." Pierre Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli" rests on Mallarmé, and much of Mallarmé rests on Poe.



Dominick Argento has now written a Poe opera, "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," which was given its first performance last month by the Minnesota Opera Company. It was not written out of long obsession with the author. The composer describes its genesis in a series of diary notes, published—along with useful, informative essays, well-chosen pictures, and the complete libretto—in an admirable program book prepared for the Minnesota production. (The book cost five dollars; there was also a program book of the more usual kind distributed free.) Argento was casting about in his mind for a subject. Thornton Wilder's "Heaven's My Destination" had attracted him, but the necessity for a naturalistic handling was a problem there. Then "it occurred to me that perhaps something could be done with the Tales of E. A. Poe, something fantastic and non-realistic." Maybe several tales combined—compare "The Tales of Hoffmann"—with Poe himself as link man . . . These were the steps, and then a reading of Poe's biography suggested a frame for the opera: that last journey of his, its details unaccounted for, which began when Poe boarded a steamer at Richmond and ended in a Baltimore hospital ten days later. Still on the analogy of Offenbach's "Hoffmann," there might be an Evil Genius dogging the hero's path; he could be Rufus Griswold, Poe's literary executor and earliest biographer, who fired off his first calumnies with an obituary in the New York *Tribune* two days after Poe's death and then maligned him thoroughly in the widely printed memoir. ("Can it be that America has no ordinance prohibiting dogs from entering cemeteries?" said Baudelaire.) A cast of five took shape, in which each real-life personage had a fictional counterpart: Poe (Roderick Usher); Virginia, his cousin and wife (Madeline Usher); Griswold (William Wilson, the doppelgänger in the story of that name); an Annie or Helen, a composite of all the muses Poe apostrophized after Virginia's death (Ligeia); and a narrator (perhaps Auguste Dupin).

This is an attractive scheme with clever correspondences. It was not pursued very closely by Charles Nolte, whom Argento chose as his librettist. Nolte retained the voyage, the packet-boat setting for the adventures, but threw far more emphasis onto Poe's real life, less onto his fictions. In Nolte's text, three mother figures loom large: Poe's actual mother; Mrs. Allan, who adopted him (in fact, though not formally) after his mother's death; and his mother-in-law (with whom Griswold accused him of having "criminal relations"). Poe, Virginia, and Griswold as Evil Genius remain; an added incarnation of the last is Mr. Allan, Poe's unloving foster father. In the journal, Argento describes frankly his disappointment with each of the two acts as Nolte first brought them to him, and his efforts to reshape the piece along the lines he wanted. "No doubt Charles will accept my views, but will he bring about what I *mean*?" "Good things in [Act II], but all wrong for my purposes . . . I spent the weekend—in the same low spirits I had after seeing the first act draft—trying to salvage the work." But later he interrupts composition "to enter a few words of apology for whatever doubts I've had about Nolte's libretto." And when the revised second act returns he is content with it: "The overall shape and structure are fine now, I think: interesting, varied, several clear levels of meaning."

So it is. Nevertheless, even though it seems a bit unkind to use a composer's candor against him, I shall do so to define some misgivings about "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe." On setting finis to the score (not yet orchestrated but with the orchestration established in mind's ear and indicated in the vocal score), Argento reflected:

> On balance, what do *I* think of the work at this moment? It is far and away the most ambitious thing I've done; it is fairly close to what I planned it to be . . . Verdian, lyric, exciting, imaginative and interesting (to me, naturally), *rich*, in short. . . . I suppose it is less fantastic, less strange than I had hoped. Or am I discovering that many of the fanciful things I can contemplate, I simply can't entertain in composition?

The last is what Debussy discovered when he tried for so long, and usually in vain, to find sounds for Poe's imaginative world. Argento *has* found sounds—but the work is indeed less fantastic, less strange than a Poe opera should be. The music *is* lyrical, rich, imaginative, and interesting; however, it is not so extraordinary that it seizes the listener's mind, to lead him into the labyrinthine, tortured mind of the opera's protagonist.

A VOYAGE is Poe's regular symbol for a dream. The opera begins on the Richmond quayside, where Poe boards a spectral vessel peopled by a strange company and leaves with them into the mist. In the ship's saloon, a troupe of actors begins to play out a melodrama in which the writer recognizes scenes from his own life: his mother's death; his adoption; marriage to his thirteen-year-old cousin Virginia; Virginia's death. Hallucination and nightmare spill from the shipboard stage into all the company. The first-act finale is a phantasmagoria: Poe is trying to give a lecture on the poetic principle; characters transformed into those of the "King Pest" tale interrupt him; choruses echo Griswold's charges against him; from the distance, first his mother's voice and then Virginia's sings "Annabel Lee." The curtain falls as Virginia, risen from the tomb like Madeline in "The House of Usher," enters on the scene in bloodstained white garments and falls upon Poe-

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

I want to subscribe to The New Yorker for ☐ one year (52 issues, $18) ☐ two years (104 issues, $30). Additional postage—Canada and Mexico, $2 per year. Other foreign, $6 per year.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

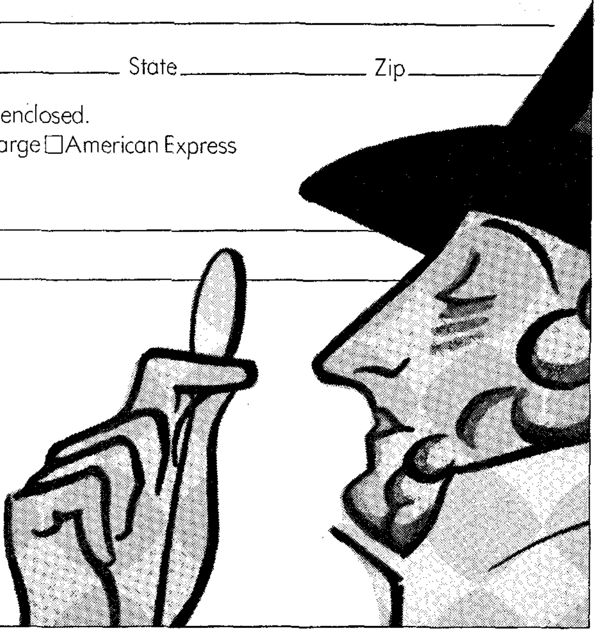
☐ My check for $______ is enclosed.
Please bill my ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express
☐ BankAmericard.

Account # ____________

Signature ____________

4206

The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036



SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

I want to subscribe to The New Yorker for ☐ one year (52 issues, $18) ☐ two years (104 issues, $30). Additional postage—Canada and Mexico, $2 per year. Other foreign, $6 per year.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

☐ My check for $______ is enclosed.
Please bill my ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express
☐ BankAmericard.

Account # ____________

Signature ____________

4206

The New Yorker
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Usher, the cousin-lover-brother form of the hero. The frame of Act II is a trial, the basic scene still the ship's saloon. The charge is madness, Poe's defense that "I welcome visions! I cast out reason. . . . As others do the light, I choose the pain." The next charge is "You murder for your art! . . . Murder all that you love to make a sacrifice to your muse!" Here Virginia's death is reënacted; then, Eurydice-like, she returns to life, to be killed again by Poe's insistence on learning, though he has been warned not to ask, about life beyond the grave. Poe pleads guilty to causing her death. After a dramatic dialogue with Griswold as his other self, he stabs his accuser—and so kills *himself*. In the epilogue, back on the quay of the opening, he expires, while offstage a male chorus is singing "Eldorado."

"Eldorado," "Annabel Lee," and "To Helen" are the poems most extensively used in Nolte's libretto. His action whirls and swirls. His language, a convincing imitation of Poe's, moves easily in and out of actual quotation. Six of the eight principals (Poe and Virginia maintain their identities) slip deftly into their many linked roles. Some of the allusions to the tales will pass unnoticed by a listener to whom they are not familiar. The repetitive Oedipal references will puzzle anyone who does not deem that particular complex among the foremost in Poe's complicated character. (Poe, in a small boat moving over a lake with Virginia, is horrified to see his mother with Griswold in another; in the wedding scene, Griswold-as-Allan embraces Poe's mother-as-slut.) Not everything works out precisely or clearly, but in the theatre it proves gripping enough.

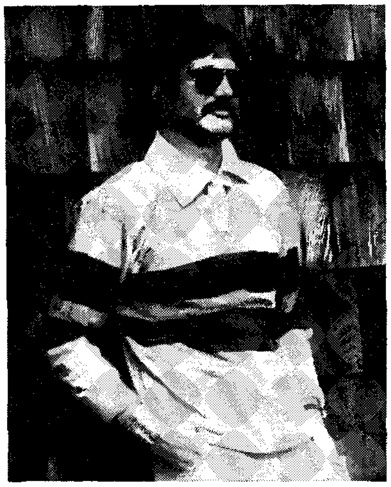
In Argento's score there are some touching lyrical passages. The scene with the boats on the lake is one; another, rather surprisingly, is the start of Poe's lecture, in the first-act finale: "And so I ask you then, when is poetry most poetic?" Here Poe makes the impression of being the only lucid, sane person in an otherwise crazy company. For "Annabel Lee" the composer has found a melody of shapely but pleasantly elusive, not quite conventional outline. At its fullest statement, sung by Virginia on her first deathbed, it is unaccompanied except by a recurrent bell stroke: a touch of color, a touch of symbolism, and, on a practical level, a tuning note to guide her through the chromatic shifts of the melody. The use of choruses onstage and offstage, the colors drawn from the orchestra, the variety of textures, the control of pace—all these are notable. So is the sensitive, flexible word setting. The Britten of the chamber operas provides the nearest parallels: in Argento's opera, a harp interlude is like that in "The Rape of Lucretia;" piano-accompanied passages and sudden flowers of melisma are like those in "Death in Venice;" little bursts of ostinato figuration and big, blurry, busy ensembles built by superimpositions recall those of the church parables. And another composer came to mind more than once: Monteverdi, evoked first by the fluid two-tenor duet lines of the opening scene and later by some striking madrigal choruses dramatically used.

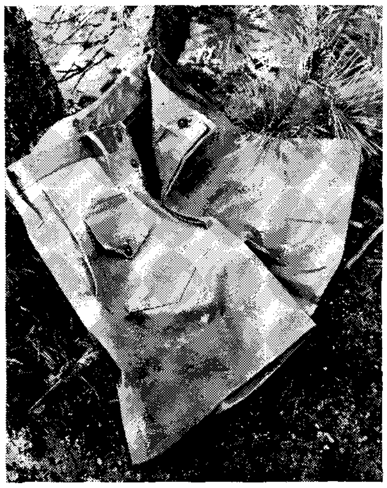
The production, given in the O'Shaughnessy Auditorium of the College of St. Catherine, in St. Paul, was a shade tame, and this may have emphasized any lack of sharp, compelling fantasy in Argento's music. H. Wesley Balk was the stage director, Tanya Moiseiwitsch the designer, and Duane Schuler the lighter. One scene was much like another in visual tone. The lighting was not wild or surprising. On all levels, the opera had been very well prepared, and it was ably done; the soberness of presentation was evidently a directorial decision. Poe is a role that calls for someone like Jon Vickers; George Livings, a lyrical tenor, sang keenly and well but could not project the big scenes with full force. Karen Hunt was true and tender as Virginia. Barbara Brandt, as Poe's mother, etc., was vivid. John Brandstetter, who played Griswold, etc., has a baritone of delightfully smooth, pure timbre—almost too poetical and refined for the role. The chorus, the company's and the University of Minnesota Chamber Singers combined, sang admirably, and Philip Brunelle conducted an evidently assured performance. "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe" may not set the Mississippi on fire—very few operas do that. It may not rise to the challenge of re-creating in sound Poe's imaginative world—even Debussy found that impossible to achieve. But it is an intelligent, accomplished, imaginative, not at all boring new opera. As most new operas go, a distinct success. —ANDREW PORTER

•

"Ich Bin"
I serve.
This is the motto on the crest of the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales.
—*News bulletin of the North Carolina Art Society, Raleigh.*

Fault.





We Sell Comfort!

Chest Stripe Shirt

Our super comfortable 100% solid cotton jersey is great for sailing, biking, or just looking good. **Six vibrant colors:** Navy/Orange/Skyblue, Yellow/Dartmouth/Orange, Scarlet/Navy/Yellow, Royal/Kelly/Black, Dartmouth/Orange/White, Gray/Navy/White. Give first, second, or third color choice. Sizes: S, M, L, XL

$20.00 postpaid-money back guarantee

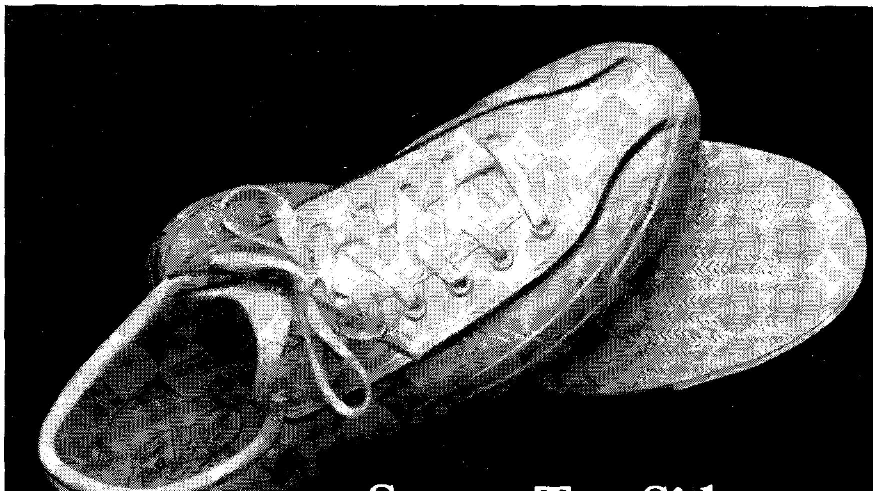
Hiking Shorts

100% cotton twill with rubber button-fly front. Cut comfortably loose allowing unrestricted movement when walking, pedaling, or sailing. Even waist sizes, 24-40. **Colors:** Khaki, Natural Wheat, Breton Red, Hunter Green, *$16.00; 2 pr. for $30.00 postpaid-money back guarantee.* Give first, second, or third color choice.

Send check or use your BankAmericard or American Express.

Write for our free catalog.

The Base Camp
401 Kingston Road
Wakefield,
Rhode Island 02879
(401)294-3328



Sperry Top-Siders: For the man with a slick foredeck and a lethal backhand.

Introducing the Sperry Top-Sider® Deck-N-Court.® The famous Top-Sider non-slip sole makes it super for the courts, while giving excellent traction on any wet deck surface. The cool cotton duck is generously foam-padded around the top and behind the heel, while double layers of sponge rubber under the heel absorb shock. In Men's Wide: 6-12, 13. Women's Slim: 6-10, 11 & Medium: 5-10, 11. Suggested retail: $18.00. Write for catalog: Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn. 06770.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

DANCING

The Royal Line

THE Royal Ballet opened its season at the Metropolitan with an unusually dull first week, all "Swan Lake"s and "Romeo"s. Interest centered in the casting of a new guest artist, Natalia Makarova, with Anthony Dowell, and in the return of Lynn Seymour after a couple of seasons' absence. Seymour's first Juliet opposite David Wall's Romeo was not a performance to set beside her memorable ones of a decade ago opposite Christopher Gable. She looked nervous and, from the first moment, adopted an exaggerated sweep and high fioritura that clouded rather than colored the steps. Wall, to whom falls the greater share of dancing, performed with a listless efficiency; his Mercutio was Dowell, who seemed to be holding himself back. Kenneth MacMillan's production, like John Cranko's, is indebted to the Bolshoi version that introduced Ulanova to the West. It has the advantage of superior designs by Nicholas Georgiadis, newly refurbished. Thick with texture and detail, Georgiadis's Renaissance sets reveal his talent at its ripest, before the decay that set in with "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Nutcracker," and "Raymonda." Or is it that Georgiadis works better for MacMillan than for Nureyev? Georgiadis's "Manon" is comparatively graceful, light, and airy. In "Romeo and Juliet," he is ponderous, but he is so in direct proportion to Prokofiev's ponderous score, and he's alert to its un-Italian accent. In the chapel scene, he gives us Byzantine saints, and, in the marketplace, hints of a Verona on the Bosporus. The new costumes are all good ones. It is the Royal's handsomest full-length production.

Leslie Hurry's old "Swan Lake" sets look like platters of frozen food, and his costumes in Acts I and III don't rhyme with the ones he designed for the Ashton dances that derive from a subsequent production. Still, this is a solid, workaday "Swan Lake;" its lapses reflect a universal professional exhaustion with the problems of staging Tchaikovsky's unwieldy score. (Next year is the centennial of the Moscow première, but there is no rush to mount a commemorative production.) Makarova does not do the mime in Acts II and IV—no Russian ever does—but she seems to come from the same magic world as Anthony Dowell, and it is a pleasure to see them together. Dowell gives all his miming a carefully posed but elastic, dancelike quality; not a shred of naturalism attaches to it. The largo solo of Act I benefits from the extra stretch he can always produce to sustain line in switches of direction and balance, and in that "little bit more" there is never a suggestion of thinning power; the line does not attenuate. Makarova, too, has reserves of stretch and pliancy to draw on, and she constantly unmolds and remakes her role, sometimes in mid-performance. This was one of her unsettled "interpretations," with lovely paradoxes; her Odile was obdurate yet impalpable, and Dowell at moments seemed unsure of how to deal with her. But in a "Romeo" the following week both dancers were as marvellous, separately and together, as I have ever seen them. Dowell's dancing surged with self-challenge. Double piqué turns in attitude were a commonplace, and at the end of the baiting-the-nurse scene he carried a circuit of tight chaîné turns through several changes of direction to a perfectly composed dime-stop halt. The dancing was not only musically and academically flawless, it was impassioned. Dowell is a wonder, but he is twice a wonder when he loses himself in a role. He seems to be going through a transitional phase, throwing out glints of darkness and deviltry that none of his new roles take advantage of. The world needs to be shown, forcibly, that he is no longer the fetching boy god or passive youth of his sixties repertory.

Makarova built up a second-by-second rapport with Dowell, and she showed the steady absorption in her surroundings that alone can justify the lightning decisions she loves to make. The performance, with all its wiry dartings and surmises, was planted in fertile terrain—it wasn't an extraneous growth. And it was helped—as Dowell's was helped—by a company that looked freshly and painstakingly rehearsed. This enlivened "Romeo" scarcely resembled the tired and blurry one of the previous week; it had the tautness of a first night. The role of Juliet, constructed for Lynn Seymour, is two-thirds mime. The Ulanova mementos in it include a kittenish entrance with a doll (Seymour used to look not kittenish but puppyish) and a cloak-streaming headlong run to Friar Laurence and back with the potion. But these were never the touchstones of the role that other moments, designed by MacMillan for Seymour, were. The runs and dives in the balcony pas de deux are one example; most of the others are clustered in the third act—Juliet's act—which begins with Romeo's leavetaking. The farewell duet is the last big dance number of the evening. After that, it is all mime—the runs to and fro, the wild jump onto the bed as Juliet rejects Paris, and then the long stationary sit, center stage, staring at the audience as the music crashes and eddies. A mime role is porous; it has options a dance role doesn't have. And Juliet has served numbers of Royal interpreters. It serves Makarova not so well as she serves it. In so much that is literally flat-footed, I miss her expressive points. (She inserted one detail—first pulling herself onto point before crawling, drugged, into bed—that I was grateful for.) But no one has exceeded the young Seymour in the bluntness and recklessness of her passion. Her acting was different from standard ballet acting. She never tried to remind you that underneath it all she was still a ballerina. She showed that emotion, even on a ballet stage, can be clumsy. She was the Magnani of dance actresses. In the performance that I saw this season, she got much of her own back in the bedroom scenes, but by the tomb scene her passion had cooled to a mere relish for effects. Was that silent scream part of the original performance? If so, it's to her credit that I don't recall it.

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY," Frederick Ashton's new ballet, based on Turgenev's play, was the first première of the season. It is a flashing pendant to the enormous looped lavaliere that was "Enigma Variations." In that piece, which was produced in 1968, Ashton created a series of intensely individualized dance portraits that were uncanny reflections of Elgar's musical portraits of his family and friends, and he created also a moving portrait of Elgar himself at the time of his "Variations"—of the artist who must endure the pain of being a modest success, lamented by those who love him most. There were many British virtues sealed into the piece—

DRIVE TO EUROPE.

The quickest route to Europe begins in your own driveway. And ends at a place near Williamsburg, Virginia.

The place is Busch Gardens® —The Old Country. And it's the easiest way to see Europe without crossing the Atlantic.

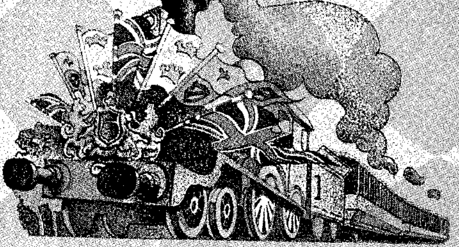
You'll find all the merriment of Elizabethan England. The romance of France. The lusty spirit of Germany. And beginning this summer, a whole new region: Oktoberfest. It features the fun and excitement of Munich's famous street festival.

Each hamlet has special shops. Stage shows. Live music. And the kind of rides your kids don't see every day —there's a real live-steam train, Le Mans-replica race cars, two German roller coasters, and a dozen other dazzling rides.

One low daily admission covers it all. Just $7.50 for adults, $6.50 for kids 4-11. Children under 4, free.

The Old Country is located just five miles east of Williamsburg, Virginia. Less than 150 miles from our nation's capital.

See your travel agent. And ask for a road map to Europe.



Yes, I'd like to see The Old Country.
Please send the following
information:
☐ The Old Country brochure.
☐ Neighboring attractions.
☐ Nearby accommodations.

Send to:
Busch Gardens, P.O. Box 77,
Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

The Old Country™
Busch Gardens
Williamsburg, Va.

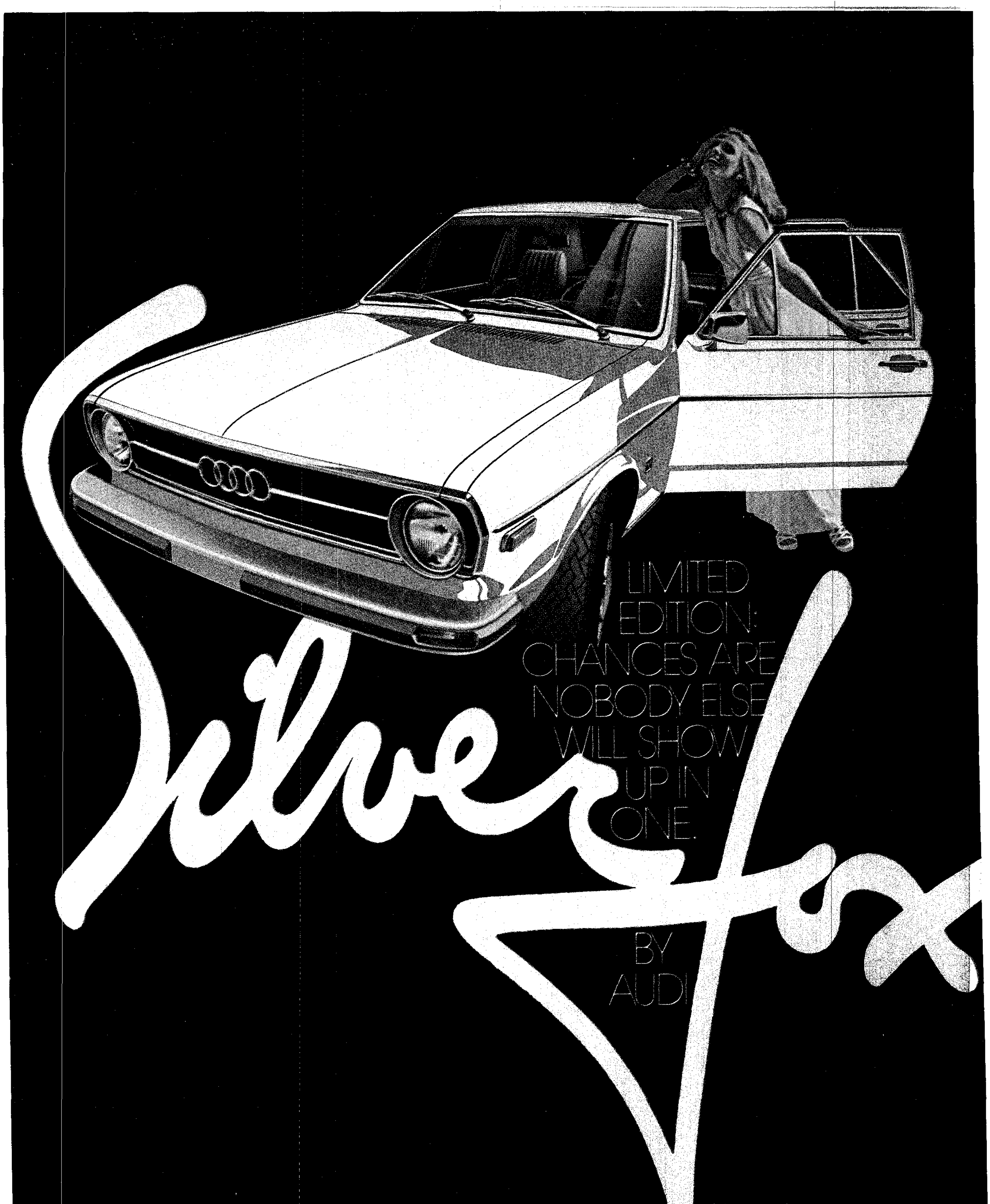
Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City/State/Zip ______________________

The Old Country is open weekends beginning April 10. Open daily May 22 through Sept. 6. Open Sat. through Wed. until the end of Sept. Open weekends only in Oct. and Nov.

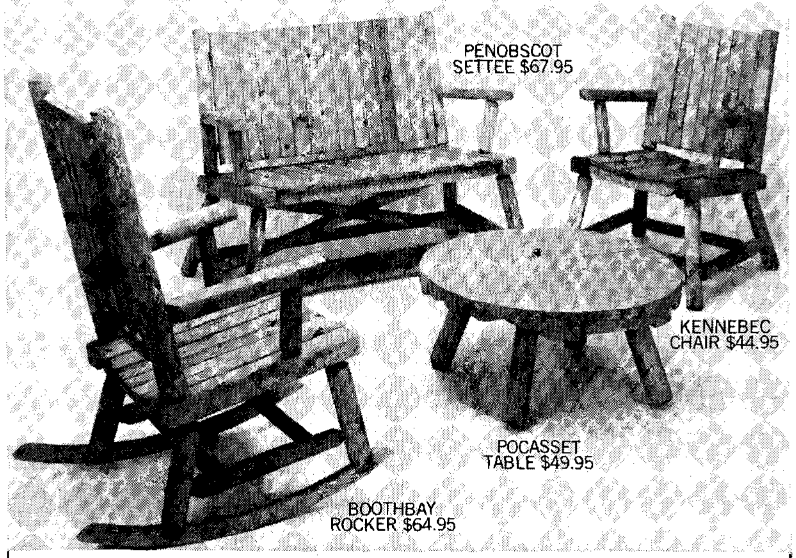
F


Silver Fox
LIMITED EDITION: CHANCES ARE NOBODY ELSE WILL SHOW UP IN ONE.
BY AUDI

This limited edition of the Fox is special in every sense of the word – special silver metallic paint, special wheels, special [illegible] upholstery, special carpeting, even a special instrumentation console. Underneath, it's still the same car that outfoxed Detroit. With a combination of engineering features no Detroit car can match. But, as Foxes go, this is the ultimate. Try one on for size.

love of home and countryside, reticence, tolerance of eccentricity—and, although New York has not seen it since its first season, it remains a work of nationalist art and the masterpiece of Ashton's later years. His depiction of Elgar's circle against sunset rays foretelling the doom of Empire reminded many at the time of a Chekhov play, but even Chekhov was never so beautifully oblique, so free of conventional dramatics. The one incident in the ballet occurs at the very end, when Elgar receives the telegram that tells him his "Variations" will be performed—and we leave him calmly posing for photographs, on the brink of international renown. That the telegram could only be read in the program notes was typical of the freedom Ashton chose deliberately to exercise in this piece—the freedom to be ironic at the expense of clarity when irony matters more than clarity. It is the highest form of poetic license. What is the Enigma? Is it the artist's reward? Then, to paraphrase one of Ashton's former collaborators, an enigma is an enigma is an enigma.

Although the themes on which Ashton has lavished his taste, skill, and invention in "A Month in the Country" are intellectually and emotionally seductive, the ballet doesn't pour forth meanings, enigmatic or otherwise. One can't keep savoring it in one's mind, as one can even so innocent a piece as "La Fille Mal Gardée." Turgenev set his play on a country estate near Moscow in 1850. The mistress, Natalia Petrovna, has a charming little son, a steadfast admirer who has never been her lover and never will be, and a loving but oblivious husband. When she thinks that her ward, the seventeen-year-old Vera, and her son's young tutor are in love, she plans at first on marrying the girl off to a middle-aged landowner. But the tutor, Beliaev, doesn't return the girl's love, and Natalia, her jealousy appeased, is now at the mercy of Vera, who has realized that she and Natalia are rivals. The storm breaks. The admirer, Rakitin, whose position in the household has become insupportable, decides to leave. Vera throws herself away on the landowner. And Beliaev, who might have loved Natalia, leaves, too. Natalia's youth is over. The action of the ballet is necessarily more elliptical (and, of course, the subplot, which cast the central disaster into relief, has been dropped), but it's a reduction rather than a distillation of the play. It may be that, turning to an actual drama, Ashton found himself turning away. Possibly he prefers to achieve drama


Natural Charm

Our family of hand-crafted cedar furniture. Long-lasting natural beauty, indoors or out. Superior craftsmanship in the New England tradition.

Items above available individually by mail, partially assembled, easily completed. Send check, money order, BankAmericard, Master Charge (include card no., expir. date, signature). No C.O.D. Shpg. chgs. collect.

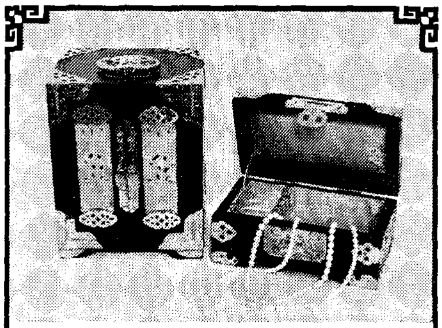
Send for your free color catalog of our complete line of quality cedar furniture.

Walpole Woodworkers®
Dept. N-517 767 East St. Walpole, Mass. 02081
Satisfaction Guaranteed Mass. residents add 5% tax.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

JAMAICA
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
18-hole championship Robert Trent Jones golf course. Seven all-weather tennis courts. 17 ocean-front cottages with individual fresh-water pools. Luxurious suites and hotel rooms. Major fresh-water pool with massage and sauna facilities. Golf, tennis and honeymoon plans available.
Half Moon
See your travel agent or **Hetland & Stevens/ George R. Smith Co.,** offices in major cities.

HARD-TO-FIND IMPORTED and DOMESTIC RECORDS
Old and New Shows and Soundtracks
plus personalities such as Vera Lynn (W.W. II Hits), Charlie Parker, Glenn Miller (complete discography), Ella Fitzgerald ("Songbooks"). Also, legendary jazz recordings (1920–60), never-before-released classical music (incl. opera) and rare radio broadcasts. Special orders accepted for all British and obscure domestic labels. State categories of interest and send $1.00 (refundable with first order) for catalog.
LIST COMMUNICATIONS
58 West 72nd Street; NY, NY 10023



Jewellery Cabinet & Box

Made in China, these delightfully lacquered rosewood folkcraft are lined inside with pure silk satin, fitted with brass plates corners, and inlaid with jades of delicate carving works. They are not only practical and decorative but are ideal for gifts.

Cabinet US$29.50, Box 19.50 add ptg./packing 6.50/4.00 respectively. Subject to possible U.S. Customs duty upon arrival.

THE COLLECTORS CORNER
66/7C Conduit Road, Mid Level, Hong Kong. B.C.C.

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Europe's Europe

When the Europeans take their vacations, they demand three things. Beauty for the soul. Pleasures for the spirit. And, most of all, every bit of their money's worth.

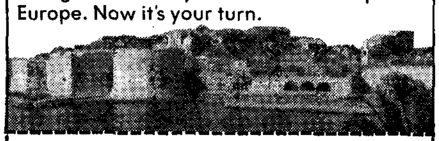
For years the value-minded Europeans have been vacationing in Yugoslavia.

In Yugoslavia they find beautiful beach resorts, magnificent mountain hideaways and charming untouched villages.

They enjoy the pleasures of music, history and hospitality that's as natural as the morning sunrise.

They see and do all the things you love about Europe. At the kind of prices you'd given up on finding there.

Yugoslavia. For years it's been Europe's Europe. Now it's your turn.



Yugoslavia

Yugoslav National Tourist Office
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-2801

Tell me more about Europe's Europe.
Send me my Yugoslavia Information Kit.

Name
Address
City/State/Zip NY517

Special Care for Special People

Progressive education, home environment for the retarded child and adult. As fine a program as any available—at a substantially lower rate. Year-round care on 500-acre bluegrass estate. Est. 1893.

John P. Stewart, M.D., Resident Physician. Inquiries invited.

STEWART HOME SCHOOL
Box 26, Frankfort, Ky. 40601

Cece Price and her unique portrait gallery

Select from today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

Portrait brochure available

C. C. PRICE, INC.
15 E. 48th St., N.Y. 10017
(212) 755-1982

The ARARAT
authentic armenian cuisine
elegant, colorful atmosphere
4 EAST 36th STREET
NEW YORK CITY 10016 686-4622

through undramatic means. Certainly the most wonderful section of the ballet is the suite that introduces five of the six main characters he has retained from the play. The solos for Natalia Petrovna (Seymour) and Vera (Denise Nunn) start the action with a bang. Both are placed high in the allegro register—but in Vera's solo vivacity is stepped up all the way to hysteria. We see that the two women are excited in the same way but that one has more emotional control—more guile—than the other. And so it will prove to be in the course of events. Between these solos and one for the ten-year-old son (Wayne Sleep) with his ball, there comes a pas d'action, built around the husband, Yslaev (Alexander Grant), who has lost his keys. As he turns the house upside down, we begin to learn just what kind of house we're in, what the people are like, how close they are. It's precisely the information we need at that moment. The entrance and variation of Dowell as the tutor—a thoroughly sensible young man from the provinces—brings an abrupt change in mood, and it's just what we need at *that* moment. And so it goes—on through a coda with more solos for the tutor and his three "dependents": Natalia, Vera, and the child Kolia. The vein of "Enigma Variations" is open and gushing again, and the first portion of "A Month in the Country" is resplendently complete.

The rest of the ballet is as finely wrought, and the dances are on Ashton's highest level. However, the mysterious liquid dilation of character and conflict through dance does not occur. The ballet is stuck with the play's situation, and what's interesting is not this situation but Natalia Petrovna's reaction to it—her moral dilemma. The ballet jettisons Turgenev's characterizations and reverts to the conventions of farce he clothed them in. There is no question that Ashton feels Turgenev's irony here, and he uses the farce material just as Turgenev does—for a consistent bittersweet tone of self-mockery. People are always coming in on other people, catching them unawares. But the tragedy that mounts through the superficiality is not expressed. Ashton appears only to be moving the pieces very elegantly around the chessboard. A key figure is Rakitin, but Ashton really can't use him, and can't get rid of him, either. So Derek Rencher hovers on the sidelines, an unweighted presence. The sole triumph of the ballet, from the dramatic point of view, is Beliaev. In the play, he is not a lover but the object of love. Ashton has interpreted him as an unconscious Don Juan—the Don Juan of whom Kierkegaard wrote, "To see him is to love him." The ballet's Beliaev takes pleasure in giving pleasure. Sexually, he is open, unformed (as he is in the play), yet he is almost criminally responsive to women—all women. Dowell partners three women in turn—Natalia, Vera, and (in a scene that builds very effectively on a passage in the play) the maid Katia (Marguerite Porter). He is different with each of them—he is *her* Beliaev—but Ashton has made us feel that he is really committed only to Natalia, and Turgenev's ambiguity in this regard is swept aside. (Interestingly, in the play Beliaev departs leaving Natalia a note the contents of which are never revealed. Very "Enigma Variations," that.) And the ballet's final scene dashes pathos on the rocks of sentimentality, as Beliaev returns at the last moment and, unseen by Natalia, kneels to caress each of two blue ribbons that trail from her peignoir. He drops the rose she has earlier given him; she finds it and is left facing a bleak future as the curtain falls.

Seymour dons the peignoir just for this scene, and those two blue ribbons somehow symbolize the failure of the ballet—its decline into fussiness and artificiality. But no element is as crucial to the failure as the conception of Natalia Petrovna and Seymour's performance. As Seymour dances and plays her, Natalia is affected and self-dramatizing *at all times;* she has not one sincere moment. Is it because the incident-crammed plot gives her no time to draw us to her or because Ashton actually does see his heroine one-dimensionally—as he made her sound in a London interview? The essence of his remarks was that "she's a bitch because she's in love." But Turgenev's Natalia knows she's a bitch. She is, with all her cruelty, a woman of honor, and that is what tortures her. Natalia's emotional and moral disarray might have been shaped into a fine role for Seymour, but Ashton appears either to have misdirected her or to have cast her unthinkingly. Seymour's dancing has always been on the flamboyant side, but her acting was unusually honest and straightforward. It was the tension between the style and the mental attitude that made her Juliet, her Giselle, and (as recently as 1972, when she last danced it here) her Anastasia so fascinating. Now it seems that there's no division left. She's becoming a flamboyant actress, but neatened up, as if she couldn't bear to bloody herself as she used to in her wonderful mad scenes. All that would be stained is this new false image of a grand tragedienne. Whether the slightness of the drama would be so disturbing—or so slight—with a more sympathetic Natalia is a ponderable question. Dowell, Nunn, Sleep, Porter, Grant—even Rencher, in his perplexing non-role—are all very fine. But perhaps the essence of the matter is that Ashton's skill as a dramatist is invested mainly in his dances. Such characteristic passages as the meandering bourrées for Seymour at the end of her pas de deux with Dowell (and the recurrence of this passage in her final solo) or the muted military flavor of the tutor's steps when he dances alone—steps that seem to be tokens of his manliness—give us more "story" than any official scenario could.

The setting and costumes were designed in what appears to have been a dither of intoxication by Julia Trevelyan Oman. A very realistically ornate interior, filled with furniture and pictures, and painted in pale blue, ivory, and beige, is backed by a rural scene that, strangely, neither she nor Ashton has managed to make real, as they did the Worcestershire of "Enigma Variations." The costumes are effusions in frosty white, pearl gray, and blue, with several too many windowpane plaids. There seem to be blue ribbons everywhere. It is all scrumptiously pretty, and it reinforces the impression that we're watching pretty people with pretty feelings. Since the ballet is really a dance suite disguised as a dance drama, it could go very well without its fancy wrappings.

One more thing about the ballet puzzles me. In his program note, Ashton credits Isaiah Berlin with "suggesting that Chopin was the right composer for Turgenev." Had Ashton forgotten Turgenev's stage direction that, at rise, Vera be heard playing a Chopin mazurka? In any case, Ashton and his arranger, John Lanchbery, have drawn from the early piano-and-orchestra Chopin a perfect score—one that sounds unlike any other Chopin ballet and supports the action at every turn. The Variations on "Là ci darem," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," under the opening scenes is a special feat.

—Arlene Croce

•

"There is also need for more financial assistance, additional hospital gowns which may be fashioned from old men's shirts and high protein cookies."—*Duluth Herald.*

Hospital life is looking up.

Send in the clowns.

And the dancing bears. The parading elephants. And all the colorful characters in the Cybis Circus Collection. "Funny Face" clown in finest sculptured porcelain is 10½" on base. $225.

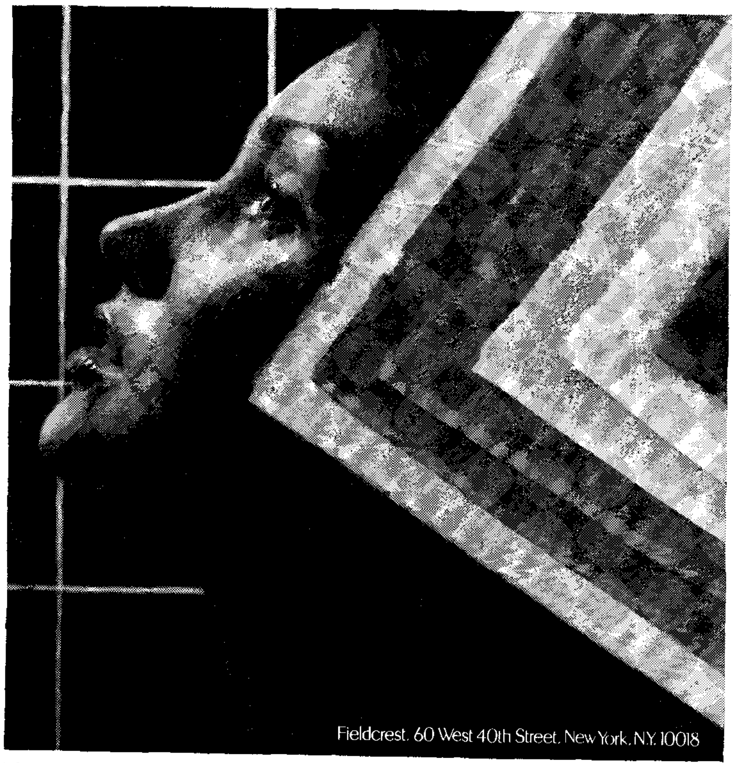
Complimentary copy of the 1976 Cybis brochure now available. Mail orders filled. Add $2 beyond Washington delivery zone.

CYBIS

Chas. Schwartz & Son.

1313 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
20004. Also at the Mayflower Hotel

the Lasting Impressions of Fieldcrest®



Fieldcrest. 60 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

The Royal Velvet towel, a lasting fashion favorite.

BOOKS

The Ugly Duckling

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S fairy tales were transfigurations of his own life; he was a male Cinderella. Absorbed in his fantasies, he tried to become his own Fairy Godmother, retaining the iron will of childhood to the end; waving the wand over his miseries incessantly was his art. This inspired egotist thought only of himself and made his magic unanswerable. There was a price, of course: lonely, restless, homeless, touchy, tormented by pride and humility, Andersen craved extravagant love.

His story is now examined in "Hans Christian Andersen" (Scribners), by Dr. Elias Bredsdorff, a Danish scholar. Andersen's total self-absorption is plain in his several bouts of autobiographical writing, his moody diaries, and his innumerable letters, and Dr. Bredsdorff quotes tellingly from them, noting the silences and embellishments. He shows the close but graceful relation of Andersen's life to his poems, plays, novels, tales, and works of travel, and is very valuable on the merits of the foreign translations, for Andersen was much bowdlerized by wordy Victorians. They were nervous about what another Danish writer once called Andersen's "moral indifference," and often sentimentalized him; they were shocked by his childlike moments of casual head-chopping and violence, and tended to sweeten the wormwood of comic glee that runs through the oral folk tradition from which the changeling sprang. Andersen stuck, with some irritability, to the just claim that his fairy tales were not for children only but had a layer that was ripe and adult, and I recommend that anyone who takes the tales up again should turn to Dr. Bredsdorff's excellent biography before he does so. His book is not only scholarly, it is illuminating and delightful.

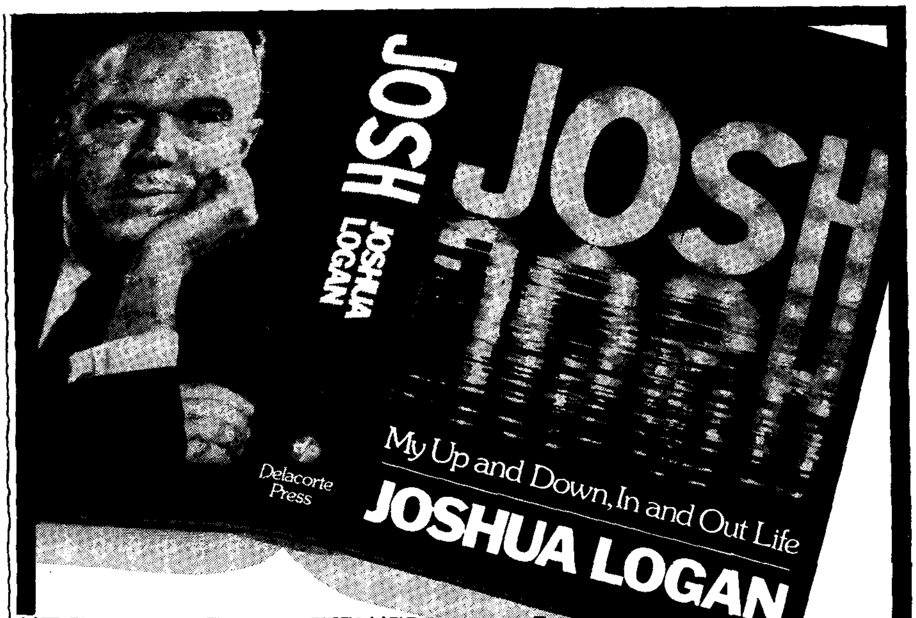
Andersen was candid but not always precise in his autobiographies. An early volume, written in 1832, when he was twenty-seven, is more concrete than the last one, written in his late forties, when memory had smoothed things over. It is well known that he was—as he said—a "swamp plant," a child of the lowest slum in Odense. He also liked to say, as have other writers, that he came from a family who had once been people of consequence, but this is not so. His parents were abjectly poor and marked by the vices of poverty. One of his grandmothers was a pathological liar, a grandfather was insane, an aunt ran a brothel in Copenhagen, and his adoring mother was an ignorant washerwoman and an alcoholic, who is touchingly portrayed in the story "She Was No Good." The poor woman liked to take a drop to warm herself with as she stood thigh-deep in the river washing clothes in the winter. She had had an illegitimate daughter by someone or other before she married Andersen's father, a freethinking cobbler. Here light enters the story. Under the rigid Danish system of his time, Hans Andersen *père* was too low to belong to a guild and was not permitted to employ labor. Seven years after little Hans was born, the father became a soldier in Napoleon's army. He was glad when he was discharged; soldiering made him melancholic. But he could read, he could draw, and he had the wit to make a toy theatre for his son and to concentrate on the boy's odd precocity in acting and singing. The strange marriage had produced a wonder, and when the father died early the washerwoman continued to spoil and encourage the child, who read all day, feared to leave the house, and had no "real boy" in him. He clung for protection to little girls.

ENTERING
HILLSVILLE
FOUNDED 1802
ALTITUDE 620
POPULATION 3,700
TOTAL 6,122

"Genius is an egg in need of warmth, in need of the fertilization of good fortune, otherwise it will only be a wind-egg," Andersen wrote in "Only a Fiddler." It might be thought that a medieval, caste-ridden town such as Odense was in 1805, in a country ruled by an absolute monarch and a rigid aristocracy, and inhabited by self-congratulatory burghers living in splendid houses, would be an unlucky nest for the egg. The fact is that Odense provided Andersen with a deeply rooted, if stagnant, culture. The ragged boy's shrill announcement that he intended to be a singer, an actor, and a poet was a droll presumption, winked at but not entirely despised. He had picked up the notions from the local theatre. When, at the age of eleven, he was sent to work in a cloth mill, he astonished the bawdy workers by acting scenes from Shakespeare instead of getting on with the job. They pulled his clothes off to see if he was a girl. Moving to a tobacco factory, he amused the workers again with his tongue-wagging and singing. An influential colonel heard of these antics and took Andersen to see a rich prince, who told him to get into a good trade. The lesson, for Andersen, was that still richer princes or princesses were indispensable. (Later on in his life, his naïve but concentrated gift for getting to know the great, from kings downward, astounded everyone.) At fourteen, he found a surrogate princess in an actress on tour. She encouraged him to go to Copenhagen, and he did, determined to get on the stage. He already knew how to trade on pity and to fascinate, to push forward, to plead and weep his way into chances to sing songs he had composed or perform clumsy dances, even if he roused nothing but ridicule. In appearance and character, he was a combination of Simple Simon and artful clown.

Andersen's life in the next ten years was desperate; he was an ugly duckling, convinced of his genius but incompetent in what he did with it. He was a pitiable mixture of conceit and humility and raw innocence, and the period forms the strangest and richest part of Dr. Bredsdorff's book. Verses and plagiarized plays poured out. A few well-wishers kept Andersen alive and at last made him see that he was hopelessly uneducated. When he was seventeen, they persuaded him to go to a grammar school, and the lanky, gaunt youth was made to sit with young children and have Latin hammered into him, and to suffer the mockery of a sadistic headmaster who had contempt for him. He was also made to swear to stop writing until he graduated. The headmaster's wife frightened him by trying to seduce him. Andersen owed his education chiefly to a philanthropic family called Collin, and he became virtually their adopted son, but well below the salt. The father cared; his son Edvard, a decent but priggish young man, was kind but lectured and condescended; the daughters were sweet and teasing. Other Copenhagen families also helped. A lifelong pattern was set: Andersen was fed by different people every day, but he was essentially homeless and fatally given to impossible loves. The "princesses" would not have him.

Nor did he really want them, except in a daydream way. Andersen was frightened of love and sex, and appears to have been a shockable virgin all his life. His love affairs—for example, his adoration of Jenny Lind—seem to have started because he was certain they would come to nothing. His clumsy, cadaverous figure, his lantern jaw, his ludicrous behavior, and his manias attracted wonder but not passion. He was relieved to see himself rejected, except in his long, agonized, and significant devotion to Edvard Collin. He loved Edvard (he said in a letter) as if he were "a lovely Calabrian girl"—at first sight, a homosexual passion, but I am sure Dr. Bredsdorff is right when he says that it was not. Edvard was patronizing and, as a correct, class-conscious, and educated young businessman would do, he thought that Andersen's genius was uncouth and his pretensions swollen-headed. At the heart of Andersen's love for Edvard was not sexual desire but desire to rise above his sense of social inferiority. He craved the status of brother in the wellborn Collin family. There is the pathetic comedy of Andersen's plea to be addressed by Edvard as "*du*," the second person singular. Year after year, Andersen nagged at this. Even when Andersen was allowed to take Edvard's son to Spain with him, Edvard would not give in on the "*du*" question. Another passionate friendship—with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar—



"Marvelous!"[1] "It's got 'HIT' written all over it."[2]

Joshua Logan takes us inside some of the great hits of our time—and into his own struggle to overcome two terrifying mental breakdowns. "Josh tells all," says Irving Berlin, "and he tells it well." "This is the essence of theatre," says Irwin Shaw; "for its anecdotes about the famous alone it is worth the price of admission." And Dorothy Hammerstein sums it up as "the greatest theatrical autobiography of recent years." A Literary Guild Selection. With photos. $10.00.

delacorte press
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

1. Harold Prince 2. Publishers Weekly

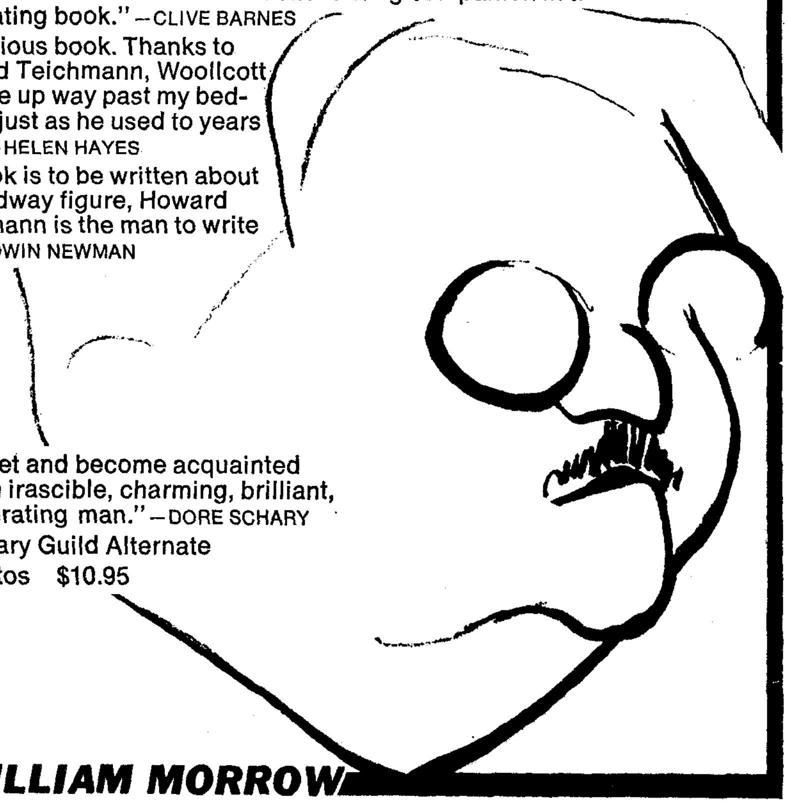
Smart Aleck THE WIT, WORLD AND LIFE OF ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT BY HOWARD TEICHMANN

author of the #1 bestselling *George S. Kaufman: An Intimate Portrait*

"Alexander Woollcott makes an enchanting companion in a fascinating book." —CLIVE BARNES

"A delicious book. Thanks to Howard Teichmann, Woollcott kept me up way past my bedtime—just as he used to years ago." —HELEN HAYES

"If a book is to be written about a Broadway figure, Howard Teichmann is the man to write it." —EDWIN NEWMAN



"We meet and become acquainted with an irascible, charming, brilliant, exasperating man." —DORE SCHARY

A Literary Guild Alternate
34 photos $10.95

WILLIAM MORROW

was less frustrating. It lasted for years, had the familiar fairy-tale quality of the wish to be transfigured, but was happier, perhaps because by the time he met the Grand Duke, Andersen was too famous to need to belong to any family whatever.

Few people outside Scandinavia can have read the novel "The Improvisatore," which made Andersen famous. When he was twenty-eight, the King of Denmark gave him a grant, which enabled him to go abroad for two years. The grant was a royal masterstroke; no wonder Andersen worshipped kings afterward. He went off to Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy—and Italy transformed him. With his shrewd, simple gift of making everyone interested in him, he was at home with the very poor and the very great at once. He could tell stories and mime; he could draw well and was a dabster at fantastic cutouts. As for "The Improvisatore," Andersen was the title character to the life. In the book, he turned himself into an Italian slum boy who is taken up by the Borghese family, no less, and goes on to capture a rich and beautiful girl. The novel is very real in its detail—Andersen's forte—and wildly romantic in feeling, and it was an enormous success.

Italy had unlocked an inhibition. Andersen was now ready for the writing of his first famous fairy tales, among them "The Tinder Box" and "Little Claus and Big Claus." These are clear, classical crystallizations of his life and the childlike heartlessness and drollery of his wandering temperament. From then on, travel was his inspiration. The great European journeys took his mind back to the crafty, luck-hunting journeys of the Danish folk.

As the perpetual traveller, Andersen was equipped with a marvellous, toy-bright visual gift and a valuable collection of suspicions and manias: his hypochondria and fears excited his courage. Journeys in southeastern Europe were dangerous in his time, because of banditry, the Turks, typhus, and cholera. Yet he went to Constantinople, crossed to Asia Minor to see the whirling dervishes, and dared to return up the Danube. Everywhere, he feared to be robbed or murdered. He always carried a rope with him so that he could escape from fire at inns or on ships. He would fancy that his passport was incorrect, that he could be arrested for stealing, that he had put letters in the wrong envelopes, had left lights on and doors unlocked. He was afraid to open parcels. All this fuss gave him the useful air of a tolerated lunatic.

The homeless, of course, are exacting guests. Andersen was a guest nearly all his life, but kings and queens did not mind him; he put his spell upon the *ennui royal.* (When one comes to think of it, Andersen's much criticized taste for courts had everything in common with his love of the puppet theatre.) He used to stay with the King and Queen of Denmark for weeks and sit down to lunch and dinner with them every day. But in England Dickens, whom he worshipped, and who, as a considerable actor himself, returned the admiration, got tired of him after he had spent five weeks at Gadshill. The Dickens family were exasperated by him. The eldest son was indignant when Andersen demanded that he shave him in the morning; Andersen was accustomed to the Palace barber.

The end of Andersen's life was rather sad. He was world-famous, but his work was pirated, he got nothing or next to nothing for the huge sale of translations in Britain and in other countries, and he was more affronted than grateful when devoted Americans took up a collection, mostly from children, as informal payment for his work; his work, as he had always said, was for adults as well as children. He was annoyed by a design for his statue because it included a child clambering over him. He was right; he addressed the *invisible* child in men and women.

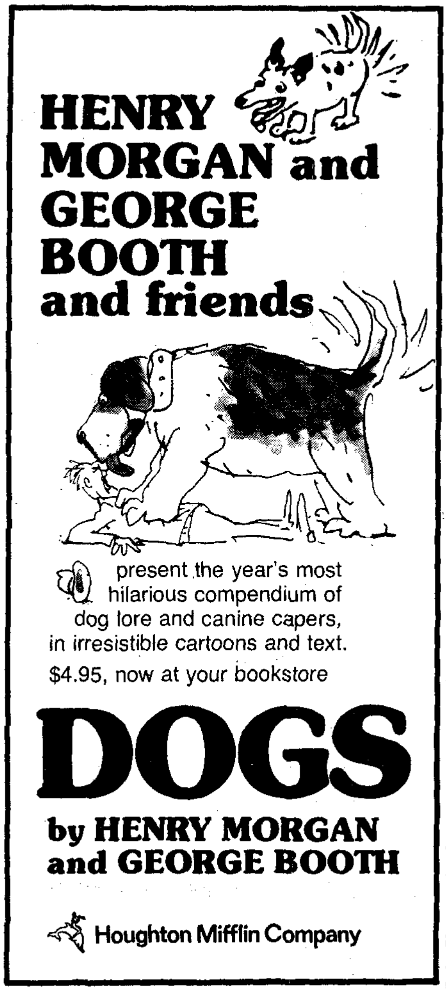
Dr. Bredsdorff makes an interesting analysis of the fairy tales and their sources. Some stories, like "Dad's Always Right," draw on deep peasant irony. In others, there is sophisticated mockery of Danish literary critics. Andersen's failures in love were the origin of some of the best of his tales; his passion for Jenny Lind was important, for it made him write "The Nightingale." "The Ugly Duckling" is a self-portrait, and came out of watching swans and their cygnets swimming in the moats at the manors of Gisselfeld and Bregentved. In "The Princess and the Pea," Andersen is the princess, demonstrating his own exquisite and royal sensibility. And in "Willie Winkie" he casts a somewhat colder eye on himself: he becomes the tired stork who is mocked by the turkey. "Those are nice lanky legs you have," the turkey says. "How much a yard?"

—V. S. PRITCHETT

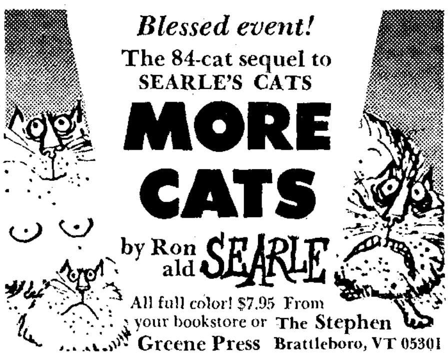
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BRIDE PRICE, by Buchi Emecheta (Braziller). The clash of Christian and African cultures, of generations, of ancient and modern


HENRY MORGAN and GEORGE BOOTH and friends
present the year's most hilarious compendium of dog lore and canine capers, in irresistible cartoons and text.
$4.95, now at your bookstore
DOGS
by HENRY MORGAN and GEORGE BOOTH
Houghton Mifflin Company

University of Rochester
Sixth Annual
Writers Workshop
July 11-17, 1976
An intensive week that includes daily classes with writing faculty, individual counseling on recent manuscript, lectures, discussions, evening readings. Final day is devoted to the business of editing and publishing.
Workshop faculty:
Paul Brodeur—non-fiction
William Gaddis—fiction
Michael Harper—poetry
Marya Mannes—fiction
L. J. Davis—program director
For descriptive brochure, applications, write:
Writers Workshop, 110 Administration Bldg.
University of Rochester
Rochester, N.Y. 14627


Blessed event!
The 84-cat sequel to SEARLE'S CATS
MORE CATS
by Ronald SEARLE
All full color! $7.95 From your bookstore or The Stephen Greene Press Brattleboro, VT 05301

pieties, and of group custom and the individual will are all vividly portrayed in this pure, fluid novel about a young Nigerian girl. The story, which is set in the nineteen-fifties, opens in Lagos, where the girl's family lives until her father dies, and then moves to the backward rural town of Ibuza, where the family is taken in by some relatives. The move is hard for her mother and brother, but it is particularly hard for the girl, especially when she is kidnapped by the family of a young man she despises and becomes (officially, at least) his bride, though she is in love with the village schoolmaster. The author has a plain, engaging style and manages to convey all the lushness, poverty, superstition, and casual cruelty of a still exotic (to Western readers) culture while keeping her tale as sharp as a folk ballad.

GENERAL

THE BUFFALO CREEK DISASTER, by Gerald M. Stern (Random House). Ordinary Americans whose lives are damaged or destroyed by the wanton negligence of powerful industries can right these wrongs—if, by some miracle, they can get together without individually settling their claims out of court for less than they deserve, in order to survive; if, by another miracle, they can persuade a large and important law firm to take their case on a contingency basis; and if, by still another miracle, they are assigned a young, vigorous, tenacious, and idealistic lawyer, such as the author, who will skillfully fight for their rights. Despite the unlikelihood of these miracles' occurring together—as they did after a dam made of coal-mine refuse burst in the winter of 1972 and the black water behind it poured down a West Virginia mountainside, sweeping away the houses and businesses of several thousand people—the story of how a complicated public-interest lawsuit can be fought and won is well worth telling. If enough lawyers were to imitate Mr. Stern's professional example and enough citizens were to follow his clients' example, this book could be far more valuable to society than his stunning legal victory.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: A BIOGRAPHY, by Peter Rowland (Macmillan). An outsize (eight hundred and four densely printed pages) account of an outsize figure. The reader's interest never flags, partly because the author is a good writer, and

"Cooking con brio."
–TIME

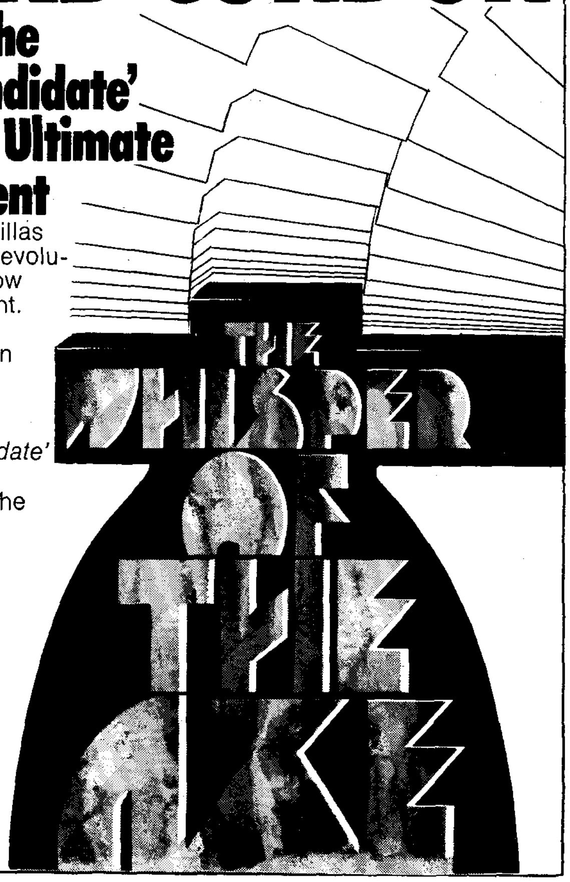
High spirits and hearty fare mark Margaret and Franco Romagnoli's TV cooking, as Time's *reviewer observed, and it's true of their best-selling cookbook as well. The Romagnolis show how to make everyday dinners delicious, diverse, "Italian quick and easy."*—New York Times Magazine. *"An excellent book, clear, precise and in good taste."*—House Beautiful

Italian Family Recipes from THE ROMAGNOLIS' TABLE

by Margaret and G. Franco Romagnoli

With 8 pages of photographs, $8.95
A Main Selection of the Cook Book Guild.
An Alternate Selection of the Literary Guild.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY


THE WHISPER OF THE AXE

RICHARD CONDON

The author of 'The Manchurian Candidate' perpetrates the Ultimate Bicentennial Event

On July 4, 1976, urban guerrillas will start another American revolution in an attempt to overthrow the United States government.

"Much more than a humdinger of a thriller... Condon has given us a peach of an entertainment."
—Jean Stafford, Esquire

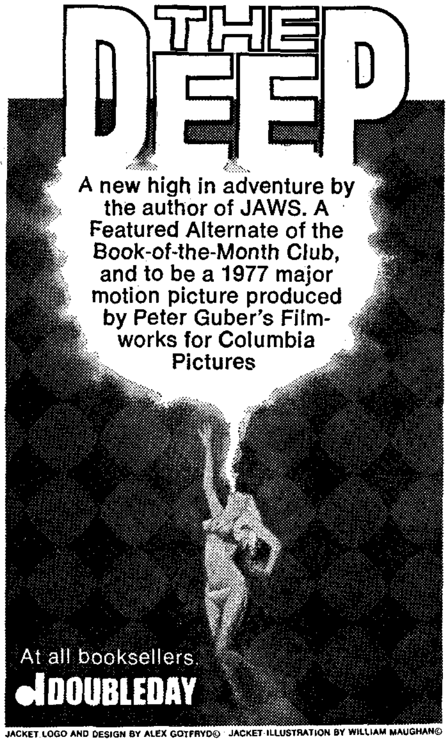
"'The Manchurian Candidate' was only a finger exercise in brainwashing compared to the spectacular mindbending of Condon's latest extravaganza... It's all enormously entertaining... Condon, author of *Winter Kills*, is a staggering virtuoso."
—The Kirkus Reviews

A Literary Guild Alternate
$8.95 at bookstores

THE DIAL PRESS
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

Suspense. Action. Menace. There's more from the author of JAWS.

PETER BENCHLEY



A new high in adventure by the author of JAWS. A Featured Alternate of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and to be a 1977 major motion picture produced by Peter Guber's Filmworks for Columbia Pictures

At all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

JACKET LOGO AND DESIGN BY ALEX GOTFRYD© JACKET ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM MAUGHAN©

THE ORIGINAL OLDSTONE
RUBBING KIT
Everything you need to make beautiful artistic rubbings of Early American Gravestones, Historic Markers, Coins, Plaques and Designs. Kit contains: Five sheets 24" x 36" Aqaba Rubbing Paper, Black and Brown Heelballs of Rubbing Wax, Tape, Bristle Brush, Illustrated Instruction Guide. Comes in Black carrying case. Price, $8.50 postpaid.
Send for Free Brochure
OLDSTONE ENTERPRISES
Dept. D, 77 Summer St., Boston, MA 02110

HISPERICA FAMINA
The *Prologue* and part of the *Book of Days* Interpretive translation from the Latin by WINTHROP PALMER BOSWELL using multi-linguistic sources intuitively. Deluxe illustrated edition limited to 400 by Andrew Hoyem, Printer. $60. Brochure available from The Brick Row Book Shop 251 Post Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94108

FOREST SECLUSION . . . TENTED
Two lovely wilderness camping sites, six miles apart, on Appalachian Tree Farm abutting National Forest. Tent camping only. One party at a time each. Water, mountains, wildlife, and yours alone. April – November. Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

partly because Lloyd George is an entertaining, surprising subject. His life span (1863-1945) takes us through eras of history so disparate that Great Britain seems a different country every twenty years, and Lloyd George, the pre-First World War Liberal reformer, had a hand in many of those changes. It is evident that he did not consciously scheme to destroy the Liberal Party when, in the middle of the Great War, he made his bid for power and accepted Conservative support in supplanting his own Liberal Prime Minister, Asquith. Through the nineteen-twenties and thirties, he tried to mend the party he had broken, but later, during the Second World War, envying his onetime junior colleague, Churchill, he sneered that "he will not smash the Tory Party to save the country, as I smashed the Liberal Party." In fact, Lloyd George—"mercurial," the commonest adjective applied to him, is understatement; no word exists to describe his degree of changeability—was not always certain exactly what he had done. This biographer tells us, and also provides a masterly political panorama as background to the life of a colorful, complicated rogue and great statesman.

NOTE: Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales" has been published by Knopf. A small portion of the book originally appeared in these pages.

•

"They felt great," she said. "The average-sized slip was just the right length as a dress—about mid-knee. It was soft and not clingy and very uncomfortable."—*The Times.*

It's the price you pay for greatness.

•

The vehicle, taken from Route 72, was found at the rear of the town hall.

The trooper theorizes that either another vehicle was waiting for the intruders or else they departed on foot.

—*Middletown* (*Conn.*) *Press.*

You can be proud of your police!

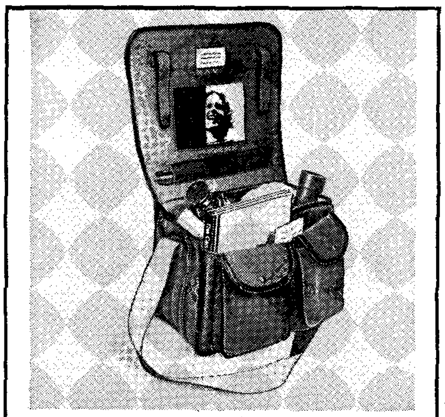
•

EMMET AND PALO ALTO
COUNTIES NEED

1. Speech Therapist, Estherville area.
2. Emotionally Malajusted teacher, Algona area.

—*Adv. in the Des Moines Sunday Register.*

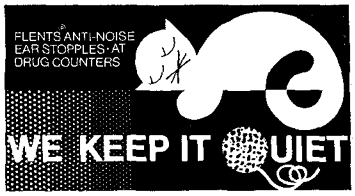
And two mad dogs.



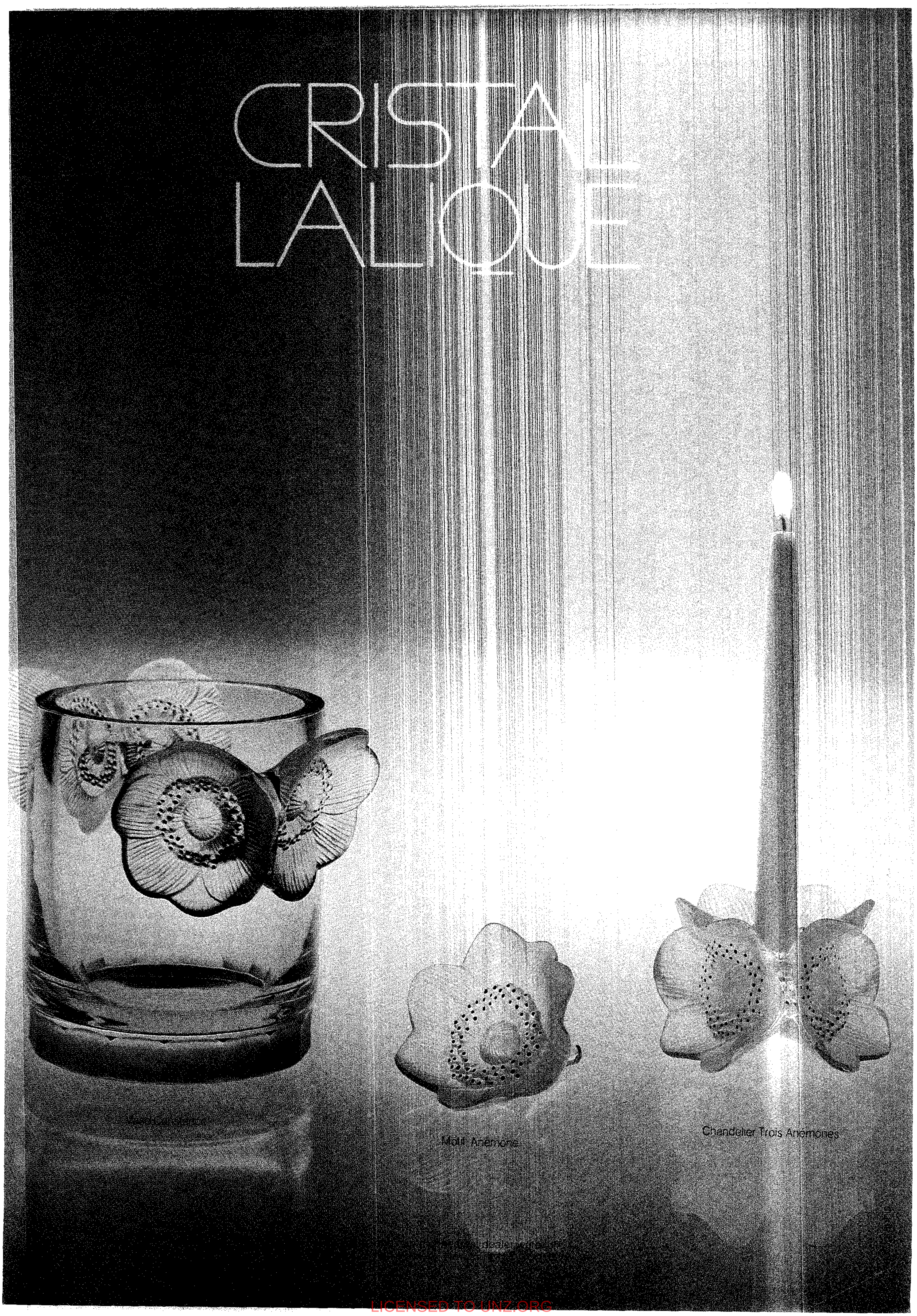
THE NEW SUPER-SIZE SCHOOLBAG FROM DENMARK
More pockets, zippers, flaps and compartments make this sturdy classic the best all-purpose bag ever. Terrifically functional with a great casual look. A favorite of models, photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, filmmakers, pilots, architects, doctors, reporters and travelers because there's always a place to stuff one more thing. A new zippered pleat can expand this improved version to double the normal width —now a full 15½" x 13" x 8". Perfect carry-on flight bag. Adjustable shoulder strap. In squashy gray, chocolate brown or bright Danish blue waterproof canvas. $26.00. (plus $2.00 shipping). N.Y. res. add tax. Canada add $2.50.
THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th Street New York 10021

when the bough breaks
by Stuart Rosenberg
"Breathes down your neck with the chill of an ice cube."—*Kirkus Reviews*
The shocking story of a twelve-year-old boy and his father on a murderous rampage.
$6.95
T. Y. CROWELL

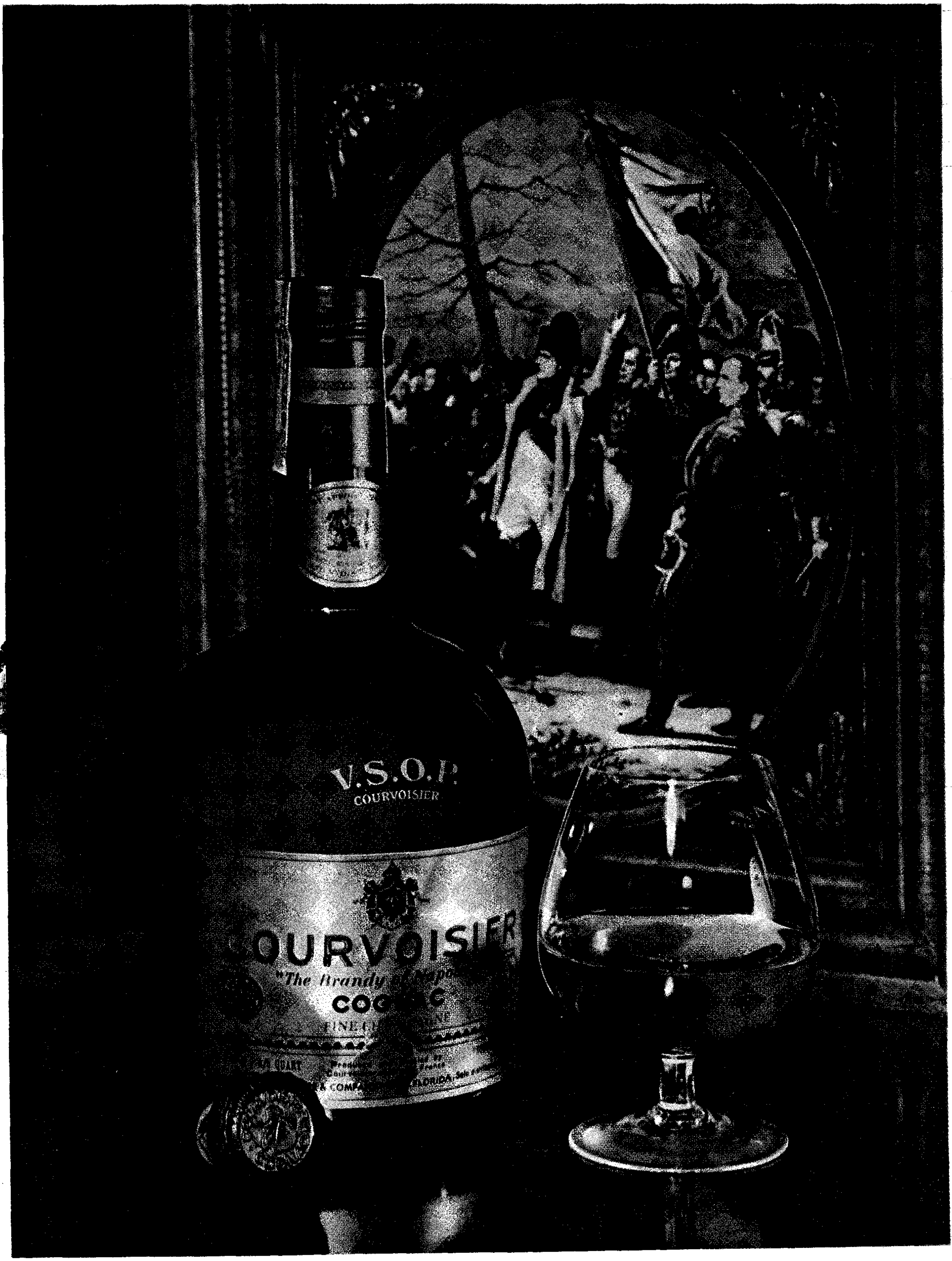
Camden, Maine
A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843



SEND FOR OUR CATALOG
14 ORCHARD ST., NORWALK, CT 06850


CRISTAL
LALIQUE
Motif Anemone
Chandelier Trois Anemones

Propert
AMBASSADOR
Eli


V.S.O.P.
COURVOISIER
COURVOISIER
"The Brandy of Napoleon"
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA, 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A. © 1975